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The American MERCURY

OCTOBER 1930

A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY

H. L. MENCKEN

THEY COME BEARING GIFTS
SHERWOOD ANDERSON

The "Assassin" of Wilson LOUIS ADAMIC
Fanning the Home Fires PHILIP HUDSON
Reflections on Farming FRED C. KELLY
The New Humanism in Industry PHILIP WAGNER
The Nobility of the Campus NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD
A Socialist Boyhood SAMUEL YELLEN
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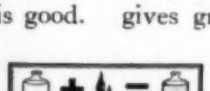

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

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THE LATER YEARS OF THOMAS HARDY, 1892-1928.
By Florence Emily Hardy. The Macmillan Company
$5 9⅜ x 6⅛; 289 pp. *New York*

Mrs. Hardy's narrative begins where "The Early Life of Thomas Hardy," published in 1928, left off, and continues until her husband's death. It is based partly on his diaries, but there is a great deal of other matter, much of it now published for the first time. Mrs. Hardy has performed her somewhat difficult task in a dignified, candid and very satisfactory manner. Other and more critical biographies of Hardy, of course, will be written later on, but all of them will have to lean heavily upon this one. Hardy died at the great age of ninety, and his passing was quiet and almost painless. His last day he spent in bed, toying with some grapes that a friend had sent him from London, and listening to his wife read aloud. The last thing he heard was the stanza of the Rubáiyát beginning "Oh, Thou, who man of baser earth didst make." The volume is illustrated and has an index.

MEN, MARRIAGE & ME.
By Peggy Hopkins Joyce. The Macaulay Company
$2.50 7½ x 5; 286 pp. *New York*

How much of this narrative is authentic it is not easy to determine. It appears in the form of a diary, ostensibly kept by the author since her school-days, but more than one entry suggests the brighter light of afterthought. But whatever the fact, the narrative is at least very amusing. La Joyce has not only married often; she has given hard study to the ways and weaknesses of men, and what she has to say about them is always interesting and often highly instructive. However, her wisdom does not seem to have worked very well in her own case, for the *leitmotif* of her book might be put very well into her own sad words: "When we went back to the Ritz-Carlton, after being married in the Lutheran church in Atlantic City, I thought I had found my ideal husband. I made a mistake."

DOWIE: *Anointed of the Lord.*
By Arthur Newcomb. The Century Company
$3.50 7⅞ x 5⅛; 403 pp. *New York*

For eight years Mr. Newcomb was in close association with Dowie, mainly as manager of the Zion City printing office. He also accompanied the apostle on his celebrated journey around the world. What he has to say thus came to him at first hand. Unfortunately, he has subjected it to a "novelizing" process, and his narrative, in consequence, is far less interesting and valuable than it ought to be. In more than one place, indeed, the fictional part is extraordinarily banal.

THE LETTERS OF DOSTOEVSKY TO HIS WIFE.
Translated by Elizabeth Hill & Doris Mudie.
Richard R. Smith
$5 9⅞ x 6⅛; 392 pp. *New York*

Dostoevsky was married twice. His first wife, Marie Isayeva, whom he married in 1857, was a dissolute woman, who brought him only misery. She died in 1864, leaving him, as a souvenir, an idiot boy, her son by a former husband. The novelist, in the meantime, had a mistress, the dashing Apollinaria Prokofievna Suslova. She was in her twenties, very passionate, and highly educated, and Dostoevsky was probably happier with her than he was ever with anybody else. But she dropped him about the same time his first wife died. He was miserable, so he set to work on "Crime and Punishment," "The Gambler," and "The Idiot." To expedite the writing of these books he hired a stenographer, Anna Grigorievna Snitkina. She came to him on October 4, 1866, he proposed to her the following month, and they were married the first of the year. She was in her early twenties, unassuming, and made an excellent wife. She bore the novelist two children. The letters in the present volume are not as important to an understanding of Dostoevsky's mind as Anna's diary, published two years ago, but they make very interesting reading just the same. Only rarely does he give an inkling of his ideas in the letters, as when he calls the praise accorded Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" "absurdly enthusiastic," or when he says that Wagner is "a most dull German dog." Most of the letters deal with domestic matters, and are full of passionate protestations of love. He was constantly worried about Ann's love for him, about the children's health, and about the family pets. The same plaint runs through them all: "The newspapers are full of talk about typhus. For God's sake, take care of yourself! . . . I kiss you 50,355 times. Kiss the children as many times for me. . . . Don't let Fedya catch cold. Take care of your health. What if you were to fall ill—who would look after them then? I had a nightmare about this. . . . Don't allow

Continued on page viii

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

Fedya to run near the wheels or the horses on the journey. And don't lose them in a crowd. Anya, I implore you!" There is a brief introduction by Prince D. S. Mirsky. An index is appended.

MORGAN THE MAGNIFICENT.
By John K. Winkler. *The Vanguard Press*
$3.50 9 x 6; 313 pp. *New York*

Mr. Winkler's account of the elder J. P. Morgan is well-informed, fair and judicious. He shows clearly that neither the fee-faw-fo-fum of the Hearst cartoons nor the angelic altruist of Wall Street adoration was the real man. Morgan was more daring and more competent than any other speculator of his time, but he was still a speculator, and when it came to choosing between his own interest and the public interest he seldom hesitated. There was always something medieval about him. He took his pleasures, as he did his work, in the manner of a robber baron. His piety was probably perfectly genuine. He believed in the Atonement as innocently as St. Louis believed in it, and died in the hope of a glorious resurrection. It is impossible, of course, to crowd so varied and gaudy a life into a single volume, but Mr. Winkler has at least made a gallant attempt. There is no easy moralizing in his book. He tells the story simply and without bias. The volume has a portrait of Morgan as frontispiece. It sorely lacks an index.

THE LONG HUNT.
By James Boyd. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 7⅛ x 5; 376 pp. *New York*

Mr. Boyd here presents a real personality of the frontier days of 1800,—Murfree Rinnard, a long hunter, who hates the smell of settlements as he hates the piddling talk of lawyers; who carries his fifty-pound bale of furs on his sharp shoulders without swaying; who "recognizes that he is as good as any trapper in Western Carolina, and more too, that at any other game he could, by his natural talents, hold his own with any man who came along, or any woman either." When he comes close to being trapped into marriage by the tawny girl Laurel he abandons her and throws a hundred miles of wilderness between them. Yet he never succeeds in forgetting her, for he is a born romanticist, dreaming of his love as he idealizes the old days "when the country had not been ruined by settlers, by movers, foreigners, land sharks, speculators, traders, Indian agents, lawyers, preachers, gamblers and whores; by the stream of money-grabbers, incompetents and crooks that was always flowing faster and farther west; that was always spreading deeper, wider, to spoil with their noise and litter the peace and quiet of the world." In the end, when he is killed in attempting to get water into a besieged stockade where Laurel is imprisoned with her elderly husband, the day of the free trapper is done. A highly readable narrative.

GLIMPSES OF THE GREAT.
By George Sylvester Viereck. *The Macaulay Company*
$5 8⅜ x 5⅝; 469 pp. *New York*

Mr. Viereck, in his rôle of journalist, has specialized in interviews with celebrities, and here he presents the results of his palavers with thirty-one of them. They include Bernard Shaw, Einstein, Dr. Sigmund Freud, the late Georges Clemenceau, Mussolini, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, the late Marshal Foch, Marshal Joffre, Kaiser Wilhelm II, the German Crown Prince, Ramsay MacDonald, Henri Barbusse, Dr. Eugen Steinach, Emil Ludwig, Count Hermann Keyserling, Gerhart Hauptmann, and Henry Ford. The author is a man of wide information, and the fact reveals itself in his interviews. They are quite devoid of the stupidities of the average journalist. He knows what to ask, and he has the faculty of getting frank and illuminating answers. There are portraits of all the men interviewed, and several other illustrations. The volume has a good index.

THE ARTS

MODERN ARCHITECTURE.
By H-R. Hitchcock, Jr. *Payson & Clark*
$5 11 x 8; 252 pp. *New York*

This is the most comprehensive survey of modernist architecture so far done in English. Mr. Hitchcock begins with that eclecticism of taste which flowed out of the Romantic movement, and proceeds to show how it gradually yielded to an eclecticism of style. "Once the past could be seen as a whole and not as a set of closed and contradictory systems, it became possible to imitate the effect of mass from the Romanesque and to support it with Baroque detail." But this new eclecticism, which Mr. Hitchcock calls the New Tradition, was almost as irrational as the old, and so the more enterprising architects undertook to work out the problems of their craft in an entirely original and logical manner. The result was the experimentation of the New Pioneers. That experimentation is still going on. It has produced, on the one hand, some striking innovations, probably destined to influence all serious architecture hereafter.

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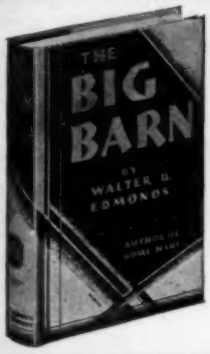

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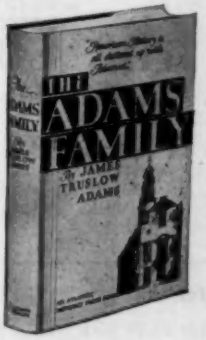

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Continued from page viii

On the other hand, it has produced a great deal of arty nonsense. Mr. Hitchcock describes the whole process at length. He has wide information and writes clearly and persuasively. At the end of his book he groups a number of illustrative examples.

CLASSICAL SCULPTURE.
By A. W. Lawrence.
Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
$5 7¾ x 5¼; 419 pp. *New York*

This comprehensive handbook covers the whole range of classical sculpture, from the beginnings in Greece to the rise of the Byzantine style. Mr. Lawrence, who has studied at the British Schools in Athens and Rome, discusses the purpose and content of the early sculptures, the materials used in fashioning them, and the favorite subjects of the sculptor. He then proceeds to a detailed consideration of the different schools, from the archaic period to the end of the empire. There are many figures in the text, and at the end are 160 plates in half-tone, illustrating practically all of the more celebrated pieces. The book shows sound knowledge, and will serve admirably for reference. There is a good index.

PAPERMAKING THROUGH EIGHTEEN CENTURIES.
By Dard Hunter. *William Edwin Rudge*
$17.50 9¼ x 6; 358 pp. *New York*

Mr. Hunter says that papermaking was invented in China, and reached Europe by way of Bagdad, Damascus and Morocco, probably toward the middle of the Twelfth Century. He describes the primitive process at length, and shows that, save in one detail, it is not changed in 2000 years. He begins his story with an exhaustive review of the older literature of the subject, proceeds to a discussion of old papermaking appliances and methods, and then deals with the early European and American paper-makers and their water-marks. His book is lavishly illustrated, and shows a very wide knowledge. Some of the material was used in his volume on "Old Papermaking," published in 1923, but he has added a great deal that is new, and carefully reworked the whole.

CHINESE ART.
By William Cohn. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$4 8⅛ x 6¼; 75 pp. *New York*

The text here, which occupies about half the book, is given over to a rapid survey of the history of Chinese architecture, painting, ceramics, sculpture, bronzes, and calligraphy. The remainder of the book consists of ninety superb plates.

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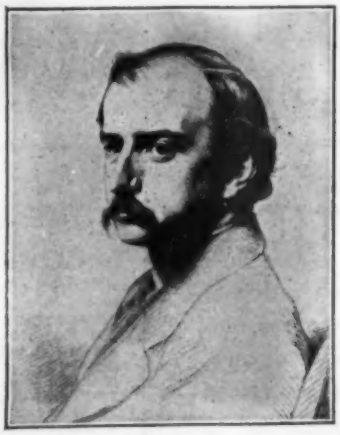

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Continued from page x

VENICE AND ITS ART.
By H. H. Powers. *The Macmillan Company*
$5 7¾ x 5½; 382 pp. *New York*

This book is a companion piece to Dr. Powers' earlier work, "The Art of Florence" (1912). It begins with a sketch of the history of Venice, and then proceeds to discuss, in order, the architectural treasures of the city and its rich store of paintings. At all points the development of the fine arts is related to the unfolding life of the people. The author does not attempt to cover the art of Venice completely, but his selections are representative, and his commentary is simple and sensible. Visitors to the city will thus find the book very useful. There are nearly 100 illustrations in half-tone. Unfortunately, the book lacks an index. The author is president of the Bureau of University Travel, and has spent nearly forty years in the galleries of Europe.

VIRGINIA WOODCUTS.
By J. J. Lankes. *The Virginia Press*
$7.50 13 x 10; 65 pp. *Newport News, Va.*

The vigor of Mr. Lankes' woodcuts is matched by the delicate fancy that he so often gets into them. They are never merely literal records, but always poetical evocations of a memory and a mood. Here, at large in the Virginia that he has made his own, he exhibits admirably all the facets of his skill. There are blocks that have the solid immobility of mosaics and others that are charmingly light and free. Perhaps the best are those which show houses. No other craftsman has ever conveyed more vividly the romantic dilapidation which runs all through the tidewater country. These old dwellings are not simply relics of the past; they are the past itself, shivering in a hostile and implacable world. Mr. Lankes' line was never surer, and never more revealing. The collection will delight every lover of his work. The book is well printed and there is a good introduction by Charles Harris Whitaker.

ARCHITECTURE.
By Christian Barman.
Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
60 cents 6¼ x 4½; 128 pp. *New York*

Mr. Barman, who is editor of the *Architect's Journal* (London), here manages in small space to make a shrewd and excellent survey of the development of architecture in Western Europe. His discussion of the influences that have conditioned it is always sound, and he presents his ideas in a simple and attractive style. The book belongs to the New Library. The bibliographical note at the end should

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have been rewritten for American readers. As it stands, it lists but one American book, and some of the English books mentioned are not easily obtainable on this side of the Atlantic.

SIX CARTOONS.
By Alfred Lowe. *W. & G. Foyle*
10s. 6d. 13¼ x 9⅞; 21 pp. *London*

Mr. Lowe began life as a miner, but afterward drifted to London. There he became a pavement artist. One day a newspaper man observed his work and took him to Fleet street. He got a job at once and his cartoons soon attracted attention, but when the paper he worked for suspended he was thrown back on the streets. Now he is rescued again, there has been an exhibition of his drawings at the Abbey Gallery, and he is under the wing of artists who can help him. In the present volume are six of his caricatures—of Barrie, Shaw, Kipling, Chesterton, Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells. They show a lively comic sense, a plentiful imagination, and a hard, effective line. In America his nearest professional relative is probably Covarrubias. The book has an introduction by Liam O'Flaherty.

ANTHOLOGIES

IMAGIST ANTHOLOGY 1930.
Covici, Friede
$3.50 8¼ x 5⅝; 229 pp. *New York*

This volume contains new poems by Richard Aldington, John Cournos, John Gould Fletcher, F. S. Flint, H. D., Ford Madox Ford, William Carlos Williams, James Joyce, and D. H. Lawrence. It "has no propagandist intentions," according to Mr. Glenn Hughes, who along with Mr. Ford, has contributed a foreword. "It is not fighting for anything. It flaunts the Imagist banner not as a challenge, but merely as a symbol. . . . We are to consider and to enjoy them as independent artists, who . . . only fifteen years ago . . . found it necessary to unite in the assertion of their right to artistic independence." There is little in the collection that was not in the previous volumes, published between 1909 and 1929, and listed in the bibliography at the end.

ARMAGEDDON: *The World War in Literature.*
Edited by Eugene Löhrke.
Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
$5 9 x 5¾; 820 pp. *New York*

In this huge anthology of war literature in prose and verse Mr. Löhrke has avoided such transient stuff as Guy Empey's "Over the Top" and confined himself to books and shorter pieces that promise to endure. Among the Americans he draws upon are John Dos Passos, Laurence Stallings, Thomas Boyd, Ernest Heminway, E. E. Cummings, William Faulkner, Edith Wharton and Carl Sandburg. The Englishmen include H. G. Wells, Robert Graves, R. H. Mottram, John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, John Masefield, Rupert Brooke, Hugh Walpole, J. M. Keynes, C. E. Montague and Katherine Mansfield. There are also a number of translations—from Romain Rolland, Erich Maria Remarque, Arnold Zweig, Maxim Gorky, Andreas Latzko, Henri Barbusse and others. The selections are well made. At the end there is an extensive bibliography, followed by notes upon the less known contributors.

LITERATURE

THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL.
Translated by Harlan Hoge Ballard.
Charles Scribner's Sons
$2 7⅞ x 5¾; 333 pp. *New York*

THE TRADITION OF VIRGIL.
By Junius S. Morgan, Kenneth McKenzie, & Charles G. Osgood. *The Princeton University Press*
$2 10 x 7¼; 40 pp. *Princeton, N. J.*

The current year marks the two thousandth anniversary of Virgil's birth. The house of Scribner has done well to reissue for the occasion the translation of "The Æneid" by H. H. Ballard. It was first printed in 1902 and reprinted in 1911. It is one of the happiest translations ever attempted in the United States, and has been very popular in the schools and colleges. "The Tradition of Virgil" is made up of three urbane essays: "The History of the Text of Virgil," by Dr. Morgan; "Virgil and Dante," by Dr. McKenzie; and "Virgil and the English Mind," by Dr. Osgood.

PHILOSOPHY

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF OTHER MINDS.
By W. Wylie Spencer. *The Yale University Press*
$2 8¼ x 5⅜; 145 pp. *New Haven*

The problem of the existence of other minds has bothered philosophers since the days of Plato. Roughly, they have divided into two classes: the solipsists, who deny the metaphysical and epistemological existence of everything save the self; and the realists, who maintain, for one reason or another, that other things and minds do exist, and

Continued on page xiv

ASSASSIN

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In eleventh century Persia, a secret order was founded by Hassan ben Sabbah, indulging in the use of the Oriental drug hashish, and, when under its influence, in the practice of secret murder. The murderous drinker of hashish came to be called *hashash* in the Arabic and from that origin comes our English word *assassin*!

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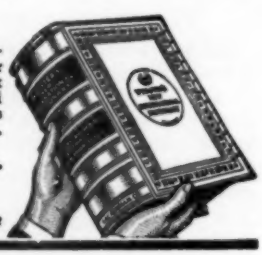

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that we are in a position to have valid knowledge of them. Dr. Spencer, who is assistant professor at Yale, thinks that "solipsism is refutable on its own grounds, because the distinction between dream and reality is one forced upon us by the facts of our private experience." But he makes this important exception: "We are not forced by the exigencies of life, so far as I can see, to regard these other persons as minds in precisely the same sense as we are minds ourselves."

THE AUSTRIAN PHILOSOPHY OF VALUES. *By Howard O. Eaton.*

The University of Oklahoma Press

$5 — 9½ x 6½; 380 pp. *Norman, Okla.*

Until the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century the concept of value was more or less taken for granted among philosophers, particularly those working in the social sciences. In their calculations, at least, they nearly all looked upon value as a purely objective thing. But then came Wundt, Weber, and Fechner, who impressed upon the world, once and for all, the importance of psychology, and the old theory of value was on its last legs. The three philosophers who made the initial readjustments were the Austrians Franz Brentano, Alexius von Meinong, and Christian von Ehrenfels. Their influence on the Continent has been tremendous, and of late it has begun to be felt in the United States. Dr. Eaton, who is assistant professor of philosophy at the University of Oklahoma, has here made the first extensive study in English of the so-called Second Austrian School. His book is not for the general public, but professional philosophers will find it of the first importance. A bibliography and an index are appended.

HUMANISTIC LOGIC: *For the Mind in Action.* *By Oliver L. Reiser.*

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company

$3 — 8¼ x 5⅝; 326 pp. *New York*

In the last two decades, due primarily to the influence of "Principia Mathematica," by Whitehead and Russell, logic has come to mean, more and more, scientific methodology. Even the old Aristotelian symbolism has been gradually discarded, and in its place has been put a more analytical system of quasi-mathematical notations. Logicians nowadays speak less of premisses and norms and syllogisms, and more of judgments, propositions, meaning, the discovery and classification of facts, the rôle of hypothesis in science, the establishing of causal laws, the theory of probability, and the nature of

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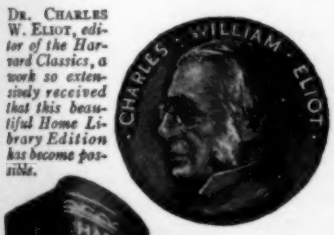

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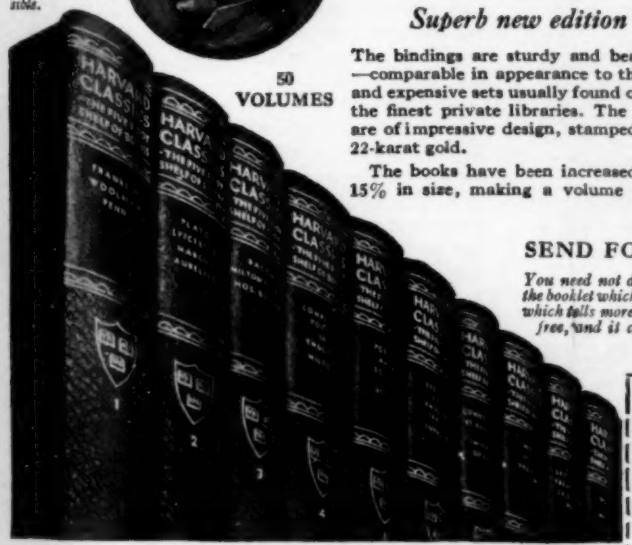

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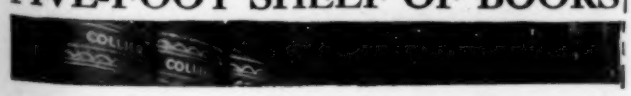

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explanation. The center of this new logic is Harvard, and its chief professors there are H. M. Sheffer, C. I. Lewis, R. M. Eaton, and A. N. Whitehead. The latter was imported two years ago. The public hears little of any of them save Whitehead, but already they have made more solid contributions to philosophy than Royce, James and Palmer put together. Dr. Reiser, who is assistant professor of philosophy at the University of Pittsburgh, has written an excellent introductory book to the entire subject. It is ably written and well organized. A good bibliography and index are appended.

CRITICISM

MILTON.
By E. M. W. Tillyard. *The Dial Press*
$5 8⅞ x 5¾; 396 pp. *New York*

This will probably be the standard biography of Milton for many years to come. It is not as detailed as Masson's celebrated one, but it is better written and has considerable new material. It contains, perhaps, the most judicious discussion of Milton's prose ever attempted. In the sections dealing with his poetry Mr. Tillyard, who is university lecturer in English literature at Cambridge, tries to explain away the decline in Milton's reputation during the past fifty years. He admits all the charges that have been made against the great Puritan: fitful thinking and feeling, occasional dullness, lack of wit and tenderness, and deficiency in sensibility. Nevertheless, he thinks that on the whole Milton must still be placed second only to Shakespeare, and that "he has a plain relevance today by his belief, fluctuating, it is true, from extravagant hope to almost total despair and yet persisting to the end, in the power of man to improve his destiny out of his own endowments." There is an index.

THREE TITANS.
By Emil Ludwig. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$3.50 9 x 5⅞; 363 pp. *New York*

LABORERS IN THE VINEYARD.
By Giovanni Papini. *Longmans, Green & Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 262 pp. *New York*

Having disposed of Jesus, Napoleon, Goethe, and the former Kaiser Wilhelm II in previous books, the amazingly prolific Dr. Ludwig, in the present volume, tackles Michelangelo, Rembrandt, and Beethoven. Unfortunately, his success with the latter is no greater than was his success with the former. Obviously, he has done some reading in the literature about the three titans, but he seems to have given them little careful thinking, and he writes

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about them in the manner of a star Hearst reporter. Papini, who in some respects may be looked upon as the Italian Ludwig, writes about fourteen leaders of ancient and modern Roman culture, including Petrarch, Michelangelo, Romanelli, St. Francis of Assisi, Jacopone, Manzoni, and the present Pope Pius XI. What he says about them is pretty familiar. His main contribution in each case is a pious sniffle. The Ludwig book has six illustrations; the name of the translator is not given. The Papini book is translated by Alice Curtayne.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

HISTORY OF CHINESE POLITICAL THOUGHT DURING THE EARLY TSIN PERIOD.
By Liang Chi-Chao. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.75 8½ x 5¼; 210 pp. *New York*

Liang Chi-Chao was one of the most potent influences in the making of the New China which now struggles to realize itself. He played a leading part in the *coup d'état* of 1899, the object of which was to depose the Empress Dowager and set up the young Emperor as a constitutional monarch. Afterward, first exiled to Shanghai and then to Japan, he flooded China with Liberal pamphlets, and became one of the intellectual gods of the younger men. His ideas still animate many who are denominated, by inaccurate newspaper correspondents, Communists. The present work was written during his exile. It deals with the formation of Chinese political theory in the classical period, and is marked by very wide information, clear writing, and an enlightened and tolerant spirit. The translation is by L. T. Chen. A biographical note and a portrait of the author are appended, and there are a glossary of Chinese terms and an index. The volume belongs to the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method, edited by C. K. Ogden. Liang Chi-Chao died in 1929.

SPREADING GERMS OF HATRED.
By George Sylvester Viereck. *Horace Liveright*
$3 8⅛ x 5⅜; 327 pp. *New York*

Mr. Viereck was an active propagandist on the German side during the first years of the war. In this volume he relates his own doings and experiences at length, and also describes the operations of his pro-Ally opponents. The story is full of amusing lights upon the credulity and stupidity of the American people. At the end he prints a chapter on prophylaxis against propaganda, but his remedy is far from convincing. "We can guard ourselves," he says, "by

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

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evolving a defensive mechanism similar to the defense which the modern man builds up against supersalesmanship." But has the modern man really built up any such defense? Certainly the evidence to that effect is not very strong. Mr. Viereck's book is well written and adequately illustrated. At the end there is an index. There is a somewhat colorless foreward by Col. E. M. House.

TRAVEL

A SCANDINAVIAN SUMMER.
By Harry A. Franck. *The Century Company*
$4 8 x 5⅛; 397 pp. *New York*

Mr. Franck's travels have covered half the world: he has written volumes about Spain, Germany, Japan and Formosa, China, Greece, Siam, the West Indies, and Central and South America. In the present book he deals with Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Iceland and Finland. As usual, his observations are homely and interesting: he skips over politics lightly and devotes most of his attention to eating, drinking, the everyday adventures of a traveler, and the common life of the people. The Swedish ritual of drinking, for example, gets detailed attention, and so does the celebrated Swedish *smörgasbord*. There are many illustrations from photographs by the author.

THE LAST PARADISE.
By Hickman Powell.
Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
$4 8½ x ¾; 292 pp. *New York*

The paradise of Mr. Powell's title is the island of Bali, in the Dutch East Indies. It lies directly east of Java and is so far but little polluted by civilization. But tourist ships are beginning to make it a place of call, and some of the more advanced native chiefs have bought Fords, so its decay cannot be far off. Mr. Powell describes the idyllic life of the people with great eloquence. The chief foreign resident, forgetting the few Dutch officials, is one André Roosevelt, a second cousin to the late President. Mr. Roosevelt dropped in to stay three days and has remained three years, living with the natives and teaching them the art and mystery of the film actor. He contributes a number of excellent photographs to Mr. Powell's book.

FOREST LIFE & ADVENTURES IN THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO.
By Eric Mjöberg. *William Morrow & Company*
$4 8¾ x 5½; 201 pp. *New York*

Dr. Mjöberg, who is a Swede, spent eight years as a scientific explorer in the larger island of

Continued on page xxii

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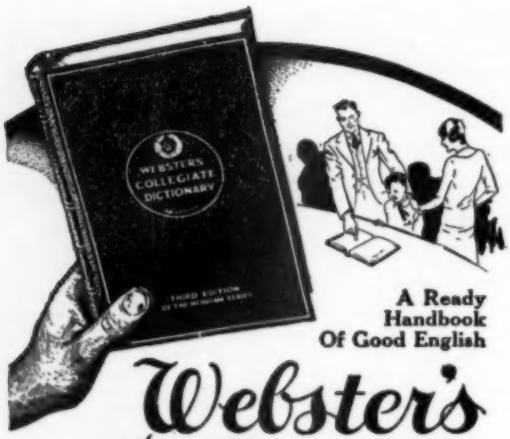

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Malaysia, chiefly in Borneo, and his zoölogical and botanical collections have greatly enriched the Riks museum at Stockholm. Here he describes his adventures, with notes upon the flora and funa. Unfortunately, he is a somewhat commonplace and dull narrator, and what he has to say is seldom new. His most interesting chapter, perhaps, is the one in which he tells of his efforts to determine the life-cycle of Perty's larva (*Larva singularis*). Those efforts were not wholly successful, but they at least brought out some new facts. His book is well illustrated.

LANGUAGE

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.
By Ernest Weekley. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
60 cents 6¾ x 4⅜; 128 pp. *New York*

Dr. Weekley here attempts to get his vast learning into small space. He begins with a discussion of the relation of English to the other Teutonic languages, traces its history briefly, and then proceeds to a consideration of its mutations in our own time. The most noticeable phenomena of today, he says, "are the decay of dialect, the dethronement of grammar, the spread of a somewhat pedantic pronunciation, and the adoption by all classes [he means in England as well as in America] of a more or less uniform Americanized slang." The author writes pleasantly, and has much that is interesting to say. He is head of the department of modern languages at Nottingham University, and the author of a standard etymological dictionary.

ADJECTIVES—& OTHER WORDS.
By Ernest Weekley. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2 7¼ x 4¾; 224 pp. *New York*

Dr. Weekley here continues the pleasant philological essays begun in "Words Ancient and Modern," "The Romance of Words" and "Surnames." He discusses adjectives, dictionaries, the speech of the nursery, English place-names, London street-names, English surnames, Americanisms, and artificial words. His style is agreeable and his learning is immense, so there is plenty of good entertainment. The author is head of the department of modern languages at Nottingham, and is best known for his excellent Etymological Dictionary.

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VOLUME XXI NUMBER 81

The American
MERCURY

October 1930

THEY COME BEARING GIFTS

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

THE two most notable young writers who have come on in America since the war, it seems to me, are William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway. I knew both men rather intimately just after the war and before either had published. Both were terribly injured in the war. One is a Northern man, the other Southern. Hemingway was with the Italian army and Faulkner with the English. Hemingway fought on the ground and Faulkner in the air.

If you want to know what happened to Hemingway and how magnificently he recovered read "The Sun Also Rises" and then read "A Farewell To Arms."

Then, if you do not get his story, I will never tell it.

Hemingway is a large man and Faulkner is small. With both men I had a quarrel.

The quarrel with Hemingway was by correspondence, during "The Sun Also Rises" period. It didn't amount to much.

I remember him most vividly as coming to my apartment one evening in Chicago. He had just got married and had got a job, as Paris correspondent, I believe, for a group of Canadian newspapers. He was leaving for Europe the next morning and had packed into a huge army knapsack all the provisions left over at his place.

That was a nice idea, bringing thus to a fellow scribbler the food he had to abandon. The big knapsack was filled with canned goods. I remember his coming up the stairs, a magnificent broad-shouldered figure of a man, shouting as he came. Why, there must have been a hundred pounds of perfectly good rations in that knapsack.

With Faulkner the quarrel was even more absurd. He is a Southerner of the Southerners and unlike Hemingway has stuck to his own place. We were in New Orleans and were sitting on the cathedral steps. It was night. A quarrel arose.

We were discussing the cross between Negroes and whites and Faulkner declared it couldn't work past the first crossing. "The result of such a cross is like a mule. It can't breed its own kind," he said, and when I laughed he grew angry and accused me of being a damn Yank, absolutely ignorant and stupid concerning all Southern things.

It may be we had both been drinking. We separated, each walking off alone and each turning to swear at the other.

Hemingway has already got his fame. He has written a beautiful novel and has made some of the few real contributions to the art of short-story writing in our times.

And Faulkner has written a beautiful and sympathetic piece of work in the novel, "The Sound and the Fury."

Here is a story of Southerners as far away from the South that most people think of—the South of romance that doesn't exist, thank God—as J. J. Lankes' lovely Virginia woodcuts are far away from the Virginia of "The Valley," the place to which come the rich from New York, trying to make themselves think they are Virginians.

II

But what I am thinking about as I sit here, writing on this Summer morning in my notebook, is of the relations of a writer to his fellows. I have just opened my mail.

There are, as everyone knows, all kinds of writers, good, bad and horrible.

They keep coming at you. Young men and young women write letters to a man like myself, an older writer. Well, I dare say my own position among American writers is somewhat established.

There is of course, a good deal of confusion about all this matter of the writer's relations with the reader and other writers. My name pops up now and then in the literary reviews. People mention me at dinner.

They do all sorts of things to me. "He has a powerful but a corrupt mind," someone says.

"Why, I don't see anything very powerful about his mind."

Once a lady wrote me. I could not remember her but I had once been seated beside her at a dinner-table. Then she read a story of mine. It shocked her. She wrote to say that, having read the story she hadn't recovered from the fact of having sat beside me, even after two years. "I still feel unclean," she said.

That, it appeared, was because of my sex obsession.

A good many people think I am rich. They write and ask me for money. They are mistaken. I haven't any money, although I do manage to swim. That is because I am sometimes mentioned in newspapers. "How can you get mentioned in newspapers without getting rich?" they think. You cannot blame them for that. Only this morning I read in a newspaper of some young men in Chicago who had stayed up in the air, in an airplane I think it was, twenty-one days.

At last they came down. They were surrounded by a howling mob, thrusting money at them.

God knows I have come down out of the air often enough. I have stayed up there more than twenty-one days. I have stayed up for months, refueling from time to time. But no one ever thrust any money at me.

But I was speaking of letters, pouring in on an older author. I presume other men have this happen to them.

There are the first edition fellows and the people who want books inscribed. I am not a first edition man myself. I do not believe I own one first edition copy of one of my own books.

The books come to be autographed. A few people write asking, "May I send such and such a book? I want you to inscribe it for me."

There are people who have queer slants on friendships, too. They want you to make it seem that you and they are intimate friends. "Write as though you had given me the book," they say. That isn't so bad. A man can, with a clear conscience, keep such a book and throw the letter away. It

is nice to have an extra book of your own in the house to hand to a real friend. Books cost authors a good deal of money.

There are a good many people of tact who write something like this: "I adore your story, 'I'm a Fool,' but I detest your novel, 'Many Marriages.' How could you ever have written such a filthy book? You must have a rotten mind. I admire you tremendously. Please send me an autographed photo and your signature."

They have got up a nice new trick now. School teachers do it. They tell their pupils to write to authors. There must be a form for this.

The letters come written in a childish hand. Here is a sample:

> *Dear Sir*: We are studying American writers in our class now. We are all writing our favorite author. Please tell me all about your life. I am a little girl, twelve years old.
>
> REBECCA SNYDER.

This as you see leaves you in a nice hole. You have to be rude to a child to get at the teacher. At certain times of the year I have got as many as three or four such letters in a day. "Well, I see school is open," I say to myself. Sometimes when I am flush I have a secretary and she fends them off, but I am not often flush. Heaven knows what she says to them. When I can afford a secretary I always try to get one with a strong character. I look at the lines of her face. I like fixed rigid lines.

They catch you, though. Young men come to see you. Two came one day last week. They said they had hitch-hiked to my farm from New York. They looked hot and dusty.

The farm woman who manages my small farm (she does wonders with it) does not understand. Sometimes I just say, "Go to Hell," and go into my room and shut the door. "They can sit there until they rot," I say to myself. In the country we are, as a rule, glad enough to see people. This is a Virginia hill country. When a neighboring farmer comes, even for ten minutes, perhaps to borrow a corn plow, his having been broken, we say "Don't go," we say "Stay to dinner," we say, "Stay and spend the night."

"No," he says, "I got to be getting along. Come go on over with me," he says. "Come go on up to my house."

The farm woman cannot understand. It seems so rude to her when I slam the door thus and walk away. Perhaps the young authors have come from a long distance. "I thought you liked people," she says.

"Well, I do and I won't have my liking spoiled." She doesn't, however, understand. She isn't an older American author.

The two young men said they were going on a pilgrimage. They were going to find the present location of and call on Mr. Dreiser, Mr. Eugene O'Neill, Mr. Hemingway, Mr. Carl Sandburg and others.

I was in a rather bitter mood on the day the young men came. "Why, you sweet things," I said, "won't the men you are about to honor so be delighted! You are taking them presents, eh. Where's mine?" I asked.

They were like the farm woman. They were puzzled too. They went away puzzled.

There is a judge writes from the Far West. He wants me to write out one of my poems on a piece of parchment. He sends me the sheet of parchment. He is getting many such sheets and will bind them into a book.

Well, perhaps he is an old man. I do as he asks. Sometimes an author may be up before him for murder. Perhaps he will let him off. A man writes from New Jersey. He doesn't want much. He sends a stamp. He says:

I wonder if you will be so kind as to advise me as to how to proceed in order to obtain of the newspapers, in the United States (as well as in continually keeping active) public opinion in certain phases of government, political economy and astronomy—three subjects which contains among them about everything practical, philosophical and scientific (Religion is included among the philosophical items).

He says a new generation is always growing up.

He is right about that. All he wants to know is how to so manage it that the newspapers of the U. S. A. will fill their pages daily with discussions of philosophic subjects. He doesn't want them to bother so much with the news. I presume he wants me to write to them and tell them to quit it.

III

But I was going to speak of a lady. Her letter came one day recently, in the afternoon, and I opened it as I was going down to dinner. We had a Georgia lawyer, with his wife, staying in the house.

There were other guests. A lawyer and a newspaper man had driven over to the farm from a nearby town. There was a painter friend staying in the house. I went down the stairs reading the letter.

It was, I thought, an amazing letter.

There was a $25 check in it. It was from a woman. She was a Ph.D.

I had asked those two young men—who hitch-hiked here from New York—"Where is my present?"

Well, $25 is a present all right. To an author it is a nice present.

Here is her letter:

Seattle, Washington,
921 LeGard street.

My dear Mr. Anderson: I am taking an unfair advantage of you, not giving you a chance to refuse to be bothered.

Teaching in a school for girls and boys, I have at hand a wealth of material which I ought to be able to present acceptably. Realizing my need of technical help, I took a correspondence course in short-story writing at one of our best universities. Imagine my chagrin to find that my things are even less successful with than without this needed training. Before that time the *Nation*, the *Survey*, and *Hygeia* generously accepted my stuff, while now even the popular magazines throw it out.

What does an editor mean when he states that he wants only the contributions of well-known writers? How is one to become well-known if every fellow turns him down?

For instance, won't you tell me briefly, brutally, what is wrong with the accompanying sketches? I realize of course that my things are crude and unpolished, but so are the people whom I know best, and try to tell about.

I can never hope to do such things as you, nor can I hope to ever hold a candle to A. E. Coppard, with his delightful cherry-tree story and all the rest. But surely some of you men at the top must remember a day when you were less successful, and sorely needed such help as I am asking.

Not in compensation, but as a symbol of appreciation may I enclose a small check? I wish it were more. Perhaps some day I can do better.

Gratefully yours,
LUELLA WILLIAMS GRACE, PH.D.

Well, there was a stinger all right. You know how it is at dinner. Someone has to make the conversation. I took the letter out of my pocket and read it aloud.

It's a bit queer, just the same. These people! I suppress the lady's name. What is to be done? You are brutal for a time and then you grow ashamed.

There are so many people wanting to write. I suppose they have got something corked up in them.

The Georgia lawyer asked about the check. "What is its number?" he asked. "Is it numbered?"

It was number 311.

"You see, she has written a good many checks. She has had a bank account a long time. I'd say it was good," he said.

The Georgia lawyer's wife didn't say anything. She is a very beautiful woman. It was generally agreed I should keep the check.

The lawyer from the nearby town talked about that. "I'd make her sign a contract," he said.

"Whereas."

The point was that she was to agree not to write to me any more.

There was some danger she might come to see me. Still, she was a long way off.

The newspaper man had a practical turn. "In any event keep the $25," he said. "You might be able to serve a little better wine than you are serving now. It's a little too sour," he said.

The painter in the house said nothing. Yes, he did. "Good God!" he said.

I went upstairs. I knew what the sketches would be like.

They were like that.

The guests in the house were all to stay for the night. It takes a lot of money to keep up a house. Even when you raise your own chickens, when you have a cow, when you raise pigs.

Editors are always turning you down. They never send you as much money as you think you ought to have. They never send you as much as you need.

IV

I wrote to her. I did it the next morning before breakfast. After all, she was rather on my mind, that woman.

Or was it the $25? I took down to breakfast what I had written. We were breakfasting out of doors, under some trees. It was a nice morning.

Here is what I wrote:

Ripshin Farm,
Troutdale, Va.

My dear Luella Williams Grace, Ph.D.:
It was a queer sensation your letter gave me. There was, in particular, the money, $25. No one had ever done just that to me. Money is a queer thing, isn't it? It is such filthy stuff. I have the artist's hunger to get hold of it. To such men as myself it means perhaps new shirts, bottles of wine, food, etc.

I balanced the check in my hand. "Shall I keep it or not keep it?" You have been teaching school. Perhaps you earned the money by hard work.

"But why has she been such a fool as to send it to me?" A pretty hard question, that one. The very fact that you have sent it to me, an artist, proves, my dear, beyond the last shadow of a doubt that you are not an artist. Alas, you do not know what an artist is.

Easy enough to tell you about the sketches. When the publishers tell you that they want only stuff signed by well-known names they are talking bunk. Most of these fellows, even the editors of the popular magazines, are pretty shrewd. They did not want to bother to tell you that your stuff was just plain bad.

It's bad because it's writey, dear woman. I dare say that, before you took that short-story course, you had an honest straight feeling about things you saw about you and so perhaps you put them down straight.

So you thought you would learn to write. Well, they have pretty well fixed you.

My dear, every sentence you write is writey. It fairly stinks of writing. "The filmy fog wavering, fluttering, settling over the cove was an old story, and passed unseen like the intricate pattern of lace picked out by the fast baring beeches and gums against the paling western sky." O, my dear! You were thinking of words, weren't you? You thought, I'm afraid—well, you thought, "Now watch me, watch me throw some words at that fog."

So you threw the words and the fog disappeared. There wasn't a sign of it left. There were only the words.

Words not laid against each other, not fitted together, meaningless words. But I won't scold you. I'll try to tell you something if I can. I'm going to keep your twenty-five and buy some shirts. Think of me as wearing them next Winter.

Now as to something about writing. Try first of all, if you must write, if it gets something out of you that you feel rather stops you up, try first of all to forget all magazines, all editors, all that business. If you just want to get your name in the magazines, or make money, you will get there faster by getting into a scandal or something of that sort, or, if it's a question of money, you'll make more money writing advertisements.

This sounds harsh. It's true enough. Begin again to try to be as you were before you fooled with the short-story people. They never could teach anything but tricks.

Try, my dear woman, to feel rain on you. Let the sun shine on you. If you are a real woman, love some man, if you can find one worth loving.

Try to let life flow through you a little. Above all, forget words for a long, long time. Keep silent a lot. Don't even say too many words. Remember that words are very tender little things and that these goddam people have tricked you into an almost unforgivable rudeness with them.

Keep this in mind also: The magazines are full of trick stories. The popular writers have no real feeling for words, any more than they have for the people they write about, but they are foxy. They know how to seem to be tender with words just as there must be thousands of women who know how to seem to love. Skillful whores can do that and the popular writers are, some of them, very skillful whores.

It is much nicer to be a nice woman and something tells me you are that. If you weren't I wouldn't take your twenty-five. If you weren't I wouldn't have thought about you last night after I went to bed; if you weren't I wouldn't be writing to you now. I would have sent your money back and would have forgotten the incident at once.

I don't, as a matter of fact, hold you responsible. You have been caught by the same cheap shoddiness that is in almost all departments of life now. You have been made to think you want success, fame, recognition when what you want is love of life, to come into you, to go out of you.

Get this back, dear; fight for it.

When you get it back perhaps the little words will be tender and real in you again, like children wanting to come out of you. You may write then, but if you don't it won't much matter to you. You'll have something worth more to you than all the fame and recognition in the world.

Fame is no good, my dear. Take it from me. I know.

Sincerely,
SHERWOOD ANDERSON.

So that was that.

"It will make her sore," the Georgia lawyer said.

His wife said I was an old dear and the newspaper man accused me of making love to her.

"You are always doing it," he said. "I don't think it's very nice of you. You work them up."

The lawyer from the neighboring town said nothing.

He's a coming man, that lawyer. He's in politics.

"Good God!" the painter said.

Anyway, I had the $25. I put it in the bank. It helped. The bank account was low. One thing I know is that I don't know much.

The name of my farm is Ripshin Farm. Ripshin creek runs through it. I get a letter addressed to me at Pigskin Farm:

My dear Sherwood Anderson: Had you returned my hard-earned check I should not be replying to your good lambasting letter of the thirtieth. Naturally, I had worked and scrimped for that money. Otherwise I would not have counted its value so penuriously, its value in the constructive criticism I needed at your hands. Then to have the stuff ignored, ridiculed, called words, mere words!

Just for that may your shirts be unbecoming, a bad bargain, and tight in the collar, with a button perennially lost! Truly you men would be amusing if your guesses were not sharpened to the point of cruelty. Couldn't you read between the lines, son, that I'm no young flapper with literary aspiration, but an old woman, old enough to be your mother, whatever your age, a Ph.D.? I have known the love of a good man and given mine to him. The only comfort and inspiration of my senile years are his four children.

Meantime, since his death I have spent years upon years living, working, playing with plain people in this Far West country. I have been out on the Western prairies, out in the rugged places of the Rocky mountains. I have lived on rough fare, helped to marry their youth, birth their babies, bury their dead. And now I am Mother Luella to a host of people, mainly to people who live close to the earth.

Can't you see, son, didn't I even get this across, that I'm bursting with stuff about these folks, stuff that makes Eleanor Risley's prattle, and Miss Furman's propaganda look and sound like twaddle? Of course, I am wordy. Columbia said I must loosen up, let my characters tell their own stories. And there must be a beginning, a middle, and ending, even a diagram of the plot before beginning. Oh, it was awful! Like telling a ten-months-old to toddle with his feet kept straight or he will walk bow-legged. As if he cared.

Well, I tried to learn the rules of the game, and you see the result. Here are you boys really doing things. You strike out walking, swimming, flying, without any rules. It is disheartening to an old sister. But I am not giving up.

Again you men are inconsistent. Plead with me to be gentle, tender with words. Then hurl them around as if they were brick bats or bullets. I'm still dodging.

All this is by way of saying that I am not taking your perfectly good twenty-five dollar advice. I am not waiting for the love of a good man. None in these parts! No, I'm going to write. I've got to get it out of my system, and you youngsters, well, if you want peace, you must help me.

Get your shirts, first, good ones. Then some cigars. Pack into your brief-case some stuff I'll be sending in a few days, and take the train for the first little unknown town and convince yourself that I am not seeking notoriety, nor any great amount of money—just enough to keep the pot boiling. I'll go down in my stocking for a more adequate check from

Yours gratefully,

Mother Luella.

Well, at any rate I had made her write something. She had written that letter. I thought it pretty good.

She wasn't word slinging, anyway, when she wrote that. It was clear and plain enough.

In the two sketches she had sent me there wasn't a plain sentence. There was hardly a sentence you could read. They were all jammed up with words.

I suppose also I liked it, her calling me one of the boys—after I had been publishing books for some twenty years. I sent back her $25.

But she didn't stop. She sent me a $100 check. And this:

Dear Son: I warned you of this avalanche, so you've probably followed Byrd to the South Pole. You will not be tempted by the check. One can only wear so many shirts, drink so much wine, and eat so much food even with a bursting larder. But you will—I feel sure, be moved to help me with this last imposition—I swear it! A prominent magazine refused it with thanks, but I have worked too hard on the stuff to give up so easily.

I am sending it with Mary Ross's marginal criticism, which I have not had time to go over carefully. Please add your own before I begin to rehash the whole thing, if it is worth it. Miss Ross says nothing about my stinking style, but gives many practical, constructive suggestions which are most helpful.

More than on anybody else, however, I am depending upon you for the final word. If you can convince me the thing is no

good, over it goes. But I am hoping for better luck.

Don't say criticism is not your job. Mowing the lawn is not your job either, but when Saturday comes and the wife says the word—my guess is that the lawn gets mown or mowed whatever happens.

Meantime, believe me with appreciation

Gratefully yours,

LUELLA WILLIAMS GRACE, PH.D.

It was a big package. It was a novel.

As I have said, there is a painter staying and working on my place. It happens that he and I have another friend, a painter, a first-class man we think, who is at present broke.

I knew what the novel would be like. But a hundred dollars is a hundred dollars.

I went down into a field and talked it over with the painter.

"It would sure help Ed, that hundred," I said.

"Good God!" he said.

"After all, it will only take a few hours. And $100 is a hundred dollars."

I wrote to her.

"After all," I said, "if I agree will you agree? Not to write me any more letters? I know it won't be any good. I won't be helping you a bit."

I drove down to the post-office and mailed the letter.

The novel lying there on my desk was like a heavy hand laid on me.

I tried to do something else. I couldn't. "Well, it's up to me," I said to myself.

I knew she would agree. I was pretty sure she would not stick to her agreement. After all, she was both a woman and an aspiring author. Other letters would come. I worked all morning. The painter lunched with me that day. We lunched in silence.

"You'll have to give it up," he said at last. He laughed uneasily.

"How far did you get?" he said.

"Why, half way through."

"Good God!" he said.

There must have been a forsaken look in my eyes.

"Don't do it," he said, jumping up from the table. "Send her back the hundred," he shouted. "Good God!" he said.

"You have to remember she is probably a nice person. She is probably all right."

"Oh, I dare say Ed will make it all right."

Dear Luella Williams Grace, Ph. D.:

I wrote you this morning that I would work on the MS. for the $100 under certain conditions. I mailed the letter at the farm. I had in mind that I would try to help you if I could and would send the $100 to a painter friend, a man of rare talent who is broke.

After writing you I started to work on the book and got through the first section. Then I decided to do what I am now doing, return the $100.

This because I can not possibly help you. The whole section seemed to me hopelessly dull and commonplace. This is but one man's reaction. I'm very sorry. I would have liked to help you and would very much like to have the hundred for the young painter, my friend.

I can't take your money just to tell you this and if I went on I couldn't tell you anything else.

I'm sorry.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON.

V

So there it is. I spoke of Ernest Hemingway and William Faulkner. I knew both of these men well before either of them had ever published a word.

I walked about with them a lot. I quarreled with them.

Of course, we spoke of writing.

"There is George Moore," one said. "He says that Synge—he says that Synge stole all his stuff from him, from Moore."

"He does, eh; he says that?"

"Yes, you see they are both Irish."

"He could not bear it, eh? That Synge, being also Irish, being better than Moore?"

"Well, you know how it is."

I knew both Faulkner and Hemingway for a long time and before either of them had ever published a word.

I was an older man, an older writer.

They must have been working all of the time. I know they were.

Neither of them ever brought me to read a word they had written. I never saw anything they had written until it was published.

It is another morning and I am in my house. I am writing in my notebook. My mail has come. It contains perhaps a half dozen letters from young writers. "Am I a correspondence school?" I ask myself.

But there is something I did not tell.

It is about the two young men who hitch-hiked here from New York. They went away.

It was toward evening when one of them came back. I was in the yard. After all, there was something very nice in him, something attractive.

He came in. He stood before me.

"I want to thank you," he said.

He said he and his friend had been sitting in the woods.

He said they were not going to see Mr. Dreiser, Mr. O'Neill, Mr. Hemingway.

I remember that he stood looking at me, something rather nice in his eyes.

"You were right about the presents," he said.

"Yes," I said.

"It's all right," I said. "You have brought me mine," I said and he went away.

He said his friend was waiting for him around a turn in the road.

THE "ASSASSIN" OF WILSON

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

In the Spring 1923, working on the docks at San Pedro, in California, I knew a good many I.W.W.'s. The movement was then at its height on the Coast, and they were just starting a new longshoremen's union in the harbor. Most of the leaders and organizers with whom I came in contact seemed to me to be more or less lopsided fanatics, given to overdramatizing themselves and their cause.

Perhaps the most level-headed and philosophical of the lot was a tall, gangling fellow, forty-five or so, sharp-featured, with deep-sunken brown eyes and bushy eyebrows, and his left leg stiff in the knee, which in walking made him swing it out sideways in a semicircle. He was obviously unwell, but still energetic; always coughing slightly, clearing his throat. He had a suggestion of the Indian in his leathery, long face and dark straight hair, which was beginning to gray over the ears; later, when we got acquainted, he told me he was quarter Indian, and a native of Colorado.

One day someone pointed to him in an I.W.W. hangout: "That's Jack Kipps, the guy who assassinated Woodrow Wilson."

I took this as some sort of wobbly joke and thought little of it at the time. The wobblies were full of wild stories. Wilson, in fact, then was still living.

Later I met Kipps, off and on, in the room of a mutual friend, and in the course of a few months he told me, in snatches, probably all there was to know about him.

As a very young man he had been a miner in Colorado. Early in the 1900's he became a Socialist and developed into an agitator for the radical Western Federation of Miners. He had known Bill Haywood and liked to talk of him. He had had but a few years' schooling; was self-educated and read, unlike most wobblies, not only radical literature, but everything else that he thought worthwhile and could lay his hands on.

In the so-called Ludlow Massacre in 1913, in which thirty or more working people were killed by employers' gunmen in a labor dispute, Kipps was shot in his left knee; hence his stiff leg.

During the war he laid low. Having trouble with his chest, he went to the Mojave Desert in California and read Plutarch's Lives and re-read Dickens and Fielding's "Tom Jones."

His health strengthened after the Armistice and he drifted to Seattle, where, in the Spring of 1919, a powerful I.W.W. movement sprang up almost overnight. Ole Hanson was mayor of the city and immediately gained national prominence as a 105% American by his efforts to suppress the wobblies. The country was being swept by the first wave of anti-Red hysteria. There were great strikes along Puget Sound. The wobblies tied up the port of Seattle, and gangs of American Legion heroes warred upon them.

Kipps soon attained to a sort of leadership among the Seattle I.W.W.'s. He wrote

pieces for *Solidarity* and other wobbly sheets, which often printed his portrait, playing up his part-Indian ancestry in an attempt to offset the patriots' charge that the movement was un-American and appealed only to "foreign scum." He was a leader of the faction that opposed dynamite, arson, gunfire and slugging; he advocated, instead, what he called "non-violent violence" or "the force of numbers." He published a pamphlet on the subject.

II

One evening, in San Pedro, I remarked to him that I had heard wobblies refer to him as the man who had assassinated Woodrow Wilson; what did they mean by that? I expected him to laugh at my question, but he didn't, though I knew him to have an active sense of humor. He just sat silent, evidently reluctant to talk about it.

Curious, I urged him to explain to me what the I.W.W. understood by "the assassination of Woodrow Wilson."

Then he began:

"It happened in Seattle in 1919. As you know, in August of that year, Wilson went on his swing around the country, to appeal to the people for his League of Nations, which the 'pigmy minds' in the Senate were determined to kill. He spoke in all the bigger cities and wherever he came the mob cheered him—not quite as wildly as he had been cheered in Europe a few months before, but still.

"According to his schedule, he was due in Seattle on September 13. As you know, the I.W.W.'s were then definitely on the up and up in Seattle, and so about the first of the month we announced that when Wilson came a delegation of wobblies would call on him and present to him a petition for the release of the political prisoners in the Federal penitentiaries. Of course we didn't expect him to act on our request, but we figured that presenting the petition would be good propaganda.

"But we no sooner gave out our announcement than the politicians in charge of the preparations let it be known that effective steps would be taken to prevent the wobblies from 'annoying' the President. That was the word they used—annoying him. It appeared that we were unworthy of consideration from anybody in authority. We were an 'outlaw organization' made up of un-American, low-down foreign scum—an ulcer on the fair and otherwise immaculate body of the Republic.

"Naturally, although scum, we didn't like this sort of treatment, but we knew that if they wanted to, they could keep our delegation from coming near Wilson. They had their cops and soldiers.

"For two or three days we didn't know what to do about it. But we couldn't let Ole Hanson and his gang of petty politicians, and the American Legion, lick us.

"Just then, we were talking a good deal among ourselves about non-violent violence and the force of mere numbers. I was hot for that idea, and still am. So I began to figure how we could get the best of Ole. I hated the little squarehead—not because he was against us, but because he was such a small-time opportunist. I had nothing much against Wilson, and that was true of most wobblies.

"We had numbers. Some of the biggest unions in Seattle were I.W.W. organizations.

"Then I got an idea—an inspiration.

"The idea seemed wonderful to me, and so I got together about a dozen wobs who were sort of active on the agitation end of the movement, and I said to them: 'When Wilson is driven through the streets in a machine so that the mob can see him and

cheer him, why don't we—thousands of us—line up along certain blocks along the route, all of us dressed up in our working clothes, sleeves rolled up, arms folded on our chests? It'll be Saturday afternoon and all the work will be suspended for the occasion, and some of us aren't working anyhow. We can get out thousands of workers and mass them all together, occupying, say, five or six blocks. We can get out early so that *hoi polloi* can't get those blocks. And when Wilson comes by, we don't give him a tumble; nobody lets out a sound of cheer and nobody claps his hands. We just stand still, all of us, thousands of us. Just stand still like this, our arms folded—nobody moves and everybody looks straight ahead, not at him, but at nothing at all—just stares past him—everybody still and silent.'

III

"The idea caught on right away. Everybody thought it was a great stunt. It spread around in no time and all the wobblies in Seattle got excited about it, and they also heard about it in Tacoma, Spokane, Centralia, Walla-Walla and as far down as Portland and Eureka. They even heard about it in the woods hundreds of miles inland.

"We only had about a week to organize the stunt, and it had to be done more or less in secret so that it would hit them as a surprise. You see, we still weren't thinking of playing a trick on Wilson, but merely of getting even with Ole Hanson and his bunch.

"Days passed. Monday or Tuesday somebody else, I don't know who, improved on my idea by suggesting that we print thousands of hatbands inscribed 'Release Political Prisoners!', which we did. We would thus present our petition to Wilson anyhow; he could read it while he drove past us.

"Thursday and Friday nights we held special meetings all over town to instruct the wobbly mob where to assemble and how to act when Wilson came by.

"On those two nights I couldn't sleep a wink. As I have said, it was my idea. I was as excited as hell about it. I began to see now that this wouldn't be merely getting even with Ole, but that we were pulling a stunt on the President of the United States. I knew how susceptible Wilson was to public response. How would our lack of response affect him? And would it work? You can imagine how a thing like this can flop at the last minute. Would the police interfere when they saw us assemble?

"But it looked great. All day Friday and on Saturday in the forenoon wobblies poured into Seattle from Tacoma, Spokane, Centralia and elsewhere, including the lumber camps in the woods—hundreds of them, from everywhere.

"Then Saturday afternoon came. Wilson was in town. He had been cheered in Tacoma; in fact, he had been cheered, more or less, wherever he had stopped and given the people a chance to see him.

"In Seattle everything was closed and tens of thousands turned out to see him and hail him. The streets he was to pass along were jammed.

"The reception was scheduled for two o'clock, but we had our mob out long before one. We occupied five long blocks near the end of the route, on both sides of the street. There must have been five thousand of us; some say ten thousand, but that's exaggerated; and we packed the sidewalks from the walls of the buildings to the curb. The great unwashed; all of us wearing grimy working clothes, blue-denim overalls and blue working shirts with sleeves

rolled—wobblies, outcasts, the scum—some of them six feet and a half, great big fellows, Bohunks and squareheads, with powerful arms and necks, chests like barrels.

"We had the five blocks that we had picked out all to ourselves. The respectable mob naturally steered clear of us. We were pariahs, the ugly big boil that Dr. Ole Hanson was trying to cut open and cure.

"At first the cops were sort of excited as we began to mass together, but they didn't know what to do about it. There were too many of us, and more were coming. Thousands of us. And some of the lumberjacks and dockwallopers looked as if they could eat five cops apiece for breakfast. Beside, how would it look if they tried to chase us off the streets when, so far as they knew at the moment, all we wanted was to see the President?

"The chief of police was all flustered. He rode by us in his machine several times with a worried and bothered look on his face, but finally—perhaps after a consultation with Ole—it was decided to let us alone. I guess they figured it was for the best. They didn't want to have a riot in the city while the President was there. Also, by being all together we would not contaminate the good people of the town further up the street.

"Most of us wore the hatbands: 'Release Political Prisoners!' We had many ex-soldiers in the movement; they wore their overseas caps and we put them out in front so that Wilson could see them.

IV

"Well, by and by the bands began to play—there were several of them along the route—and Wilson was driven through the city. The mob cheered him till you couldn't hear the music.

"He was all dolled up as a great statesman should be and he waved his plug hat and bowed a little now and then, acknowledging the ovation of the people. The President of the United States! It was a great event in Seattle.

"Secret Service men moved along the crowd just a little ahead of the presidential car, which was surrounded by cops on motorcycles. And behind it were other machines, carrying other great men—rolling slowly to give the mob a chance to cheer them a long time. There were ten or twenty blocks of cheering maniacs.

"Then, all of a sudden, Wilson came to a block where everything was quiet. Hundreds of grimy working men, interspersed with women, stood still and silent on both sides of the street. Not a cheer, not a sound, not a move. Most of the men didn't even look at him; some of them, of course, couldn't resist giving him the once-over, but everybody was instructed to look past him. Only a couple of kids were pushing and yelling here and there, which made the wobblies' silence and immobility even more terrible.

"I naturally had a personal interest in the thing. I stood on the edge of the sidewalk, between two ex-soldiers in overseas caps, on the left-hand side of the street in the first wobbly block. A policeman was planted right in front of me, but I could see Wilson over the cop's shoulder.

"He stood in the machine. He smiled as he came to our block. Then the smile went off his face—like that," snapping his fingers. "He knew that we were I.W.W.'s, I guess, but didn't know what to make of it. He looked flabbergasted. Back there the mob had cheered him till you couldn't hear the music; here these dirty bums didn't even move, but stood like statues, and among them were dozens of ex-soldiers.

"He continued to stand in the car, but it was obvious that he wanted to sit down. He looked stern. His frame looked sort of limp and hunched up. The hand holding his tall hat hung by his side. His face looked old and saggy.

"The music behind him now sounded clear and awful. A second before it couldn't be heard for the mob's noise, now you heard nothing but music and the roar of the cops' motorcycles.

"The car moved on—slowly. Then there was another block of still, silent wobblies in denim overalls, their arms crossed on their chests, printed hatbands on their hats and caps, most of them not looking at Wilson, but straight ahead, past him. Thousands of them. Block after block—five blocks.

"It was dramatic as hell, believe me.

"At the third block Wilson sat down beside his wife. I guess he had to because he couldn't stand up any longer. Those who saw him there said that he seemed to be crumpling up. He put on his tall hat, a little to one side. He had been told that the wobblies were out, but I guess he didn't expect anything like this. He was white as a sheet and hunched over.

"Beyond the wobbly blocks there were more cheering people, but Wilson didn't stand up again. He merely waved his hand and smiled sort of weakly to the mob.

"Afterward we heard that the newspaper men who accompanied the presidential party were asked not to play up the demonstration too much; it might only fan the anti-Red hysteria; and most of them reported it with great restraint or ignored it altogether. The New York *Times* man, for instance, saw fit to print only that the I.W.W.'s had been 'undemonstrative,' which gave the reception a 'sinister note.' I happened to see the write-up and have the clipping somewhere.

V

"That evening a messenger came to the I.W.W. headquarters with a request from the President for our delegation to call on him at ten-thirty the next morning and, if we desired, to present our petition.

"Of course we informed the messenger that we'd be there. Then we quickly made up a delegation of five men, including two ex-soldiers and myself. The ex-service men wore overseas caps and other parts of the uniform; one had a wound stripe on his sleeve, and we made him Number One of the delegation. He was to present the petition. His name was Harry Link. Each one of us was supposed to make a little speech, and we rehearsed half the night.

"At ten-twenty-five the next morning—Sunday—the five of us went to the swell hotel where Wilson was staying. The place was all in flags. A couple of sentries stood at the entrance to the lobby.

"A young Army officer in a snappy uniform—boots, spurs, Sam Brown belt and saber—met us in the doorway. I guess he was waiting for us. He gave us the once-over, especially the ex-soldiers.

"'You are——?' he began to ask.

"'We are a delegation of the Industrial Workers of the World,' said Harry Link. 'We have an appointment with the President.'

"Then newspaper men began to crowd around us, and the officer quickly ordered us to follow him. We went up an elevator, and then through a corridor, which was banked with flowers, with a couple of soldiers hanging around.

"We entered a small room and the officer asked us to sit down. His neat military appearance was in sharp contrast with our own. He kept on eyeing us.

"We were in the presidential suite. We sat there about ten or fifteen minutes. No-

body said a word. Somewhere we could hear the clicking of a typewriter.

"Then a door opened and a civilian secretary or Secret Service man advanced to us briskly. He looked us over and took our names. Then he said: 'Come this way, please,' in a crisp official tone of voice. He looked like a floorwalker.

"He led us into a great big room. Right near the door was a tremendous basket of flowers, and the rest of the delegation sort of crowded me against it. The top of a fern leaf tickled me under the nose.

"'Step this way please,' said the floorwalker, and we all moved toward the center of the room.

"Wilson stood by a long heavy table, his left hand holding the edge of the table top. I had a funny feeling that I can't quite describe to you. I was sort of mixed up, maybe because the fern had tickled my nose and I had almost overturned the flower basket.

"Wilson looked small. I had an idea he was taller. His face was long and his head seemed to be heavy on his neck. And he looked old—just *old*.

"Now he sort of took a step toward us and said: 'Good morning.' One of the delegation insisted afterward that he said: 'Good morning, gentlemen,' but I think he said merely 'Good morning.'

"He shook hands with us. His hand felt dry and shaky in mine, like nothing much. His voice sort of shook. He evidently was under a great strain. He could scarcely look the two ex-soldiers in the face. I believe he thought that I was an ex-soldier, too, because of my lame leg; he hardly looked at me either.

"After shaking our hands, he stepped back to the table and leaned on it with his left hand.

"I was sort of sorry for him. I wondered if he was still under the effects of our demonstration on him the day before. I almost wished we hadn't pulled it.

"Well, we stood there before Wilson, the five of us, all of us, I guess, feeling pretty nervous. Harry Link held the petition in his hand and shifted the weight of his body from one foot to the other. He was a great big six-footer and built like an ox; had been wounded in the war.

"Wilson then nodded to the floorwalker, who stood to one side, and the floorwalker withdrew.

"I guess Wilson waited for us to speak, and there was a long and awkward silence. Harry Link cleared his throat and was going to speak, but couldn't. Instead, he just handed Wilson the petition. Wilson took it. His hand shook pretty badly. Harry cleared his throat again, but couldn't get a word out. It was awful. I felt the blood rushing to my face.

"Wilson didn't look at any of us, only at Harry Link for a second. He expected him to say something. Then, when Harry said nothing, Wilson placed the petition on the table and said something to the effect that he would read it immediately. I don't remember his exact words. I watched his face, which looked very bad—long and gray. His long narrow jaw moved up and down, and his voice, while fairly clear, was sort of unnatural, or so it seemed to me. Perhaps the acoustics of the big room made it sound that way. I can't quite describe it. I remember it kind of vaguely. The whole experience was a little fantastic, unreal.

"According to the rehearsals the night before, each of us was supposed to make a speech, but I was the only one who managed to say anything. There was another long silence, and then I said: 'Mr. President, attached to the petition are the signatures of over one thousand of our fellow workers, all of them citizens of the United

States. We could have secured ten thousand signatures, but until last night we thought we would not be allowed to present the petition to you.'

"Wilson looked at me for a moment. Then he said that he was sorry that obstacles had been placed in our way when we had first planned to call on him. He added that he had been displeased upon hearing of the local reception committee's decision to bar us from him. His voice shook. His right hand shook, too, until he finally gripped the lapel of his coat.

"I almost wished I hadn't come along with the delegation. Man, but I felt lousy! My own voice, when I spoke, sounded strange in that big room. I was pretty well balled up, standing under that high ceiling, the thick, soft rug under my feet, feeling sorry for Wilson. I barely heard what he said; later I had to check up on his words with the other four men. They were all mixed up too.

"I was supposed to have said: '. . . all of them citizens of the United States, and, Sir, many of them ex-soldiers and ex-sailors who have served in the war to make the world safe for democracy.' But I forgot to say the last part. I'm glad I did; there was no use rubbing it in about making the world safe for democracy, though, of course, at the time I wasn't thinking of that. I had spoken at hundreds of workers' meetings, but now I was all mixed up.

"Wilson looked pretty bad, but perhaps he was the least flustered man in the room —that is, outwardly. Inwardly, I'm sure he was worse off than all five of us put together. I think it took all his self-control to keep his chin up.

"A couple of times during the interview he closed his eyes for a few moments and there was a little muscular movement on his face. With his eyes closed he looked even worse than when he had them open.

"I don't believe we were in there more than four or five minutes, and I was glad when it was over. Toward the last I felt sort of weak all over and dizzy in my head. It was the goddamndest experience I ever had.

"Finally, the door opened and in came the floorwalker and stopped at the door, near the flower basket.

"Then Wilson again shook hands with us. He said, 'Thank you,' and we went out. I saw him take a few steps after us, then he stopped in the middle of the big carpet and bowed a little. He looked like a ghost.

"The floorwalker and the Army officer got us out into the corridor, which was full of newspaper men. They wanted to know our names. What? . . . why? . . . when? They fired questions at us. But I said to the other four not to talk; to hell with them.

"We got out in the street and jumped in a street car. I almost missed it because, with my leg, I couldn't walk as fast as the others.

" 'Christ almighty!' said Harry Link. He was sweating, although it wasn't hot at all.

"We couldn't talk about it for an hour or more. We had been before the President of the United States—and what a mess he was! A pale old man standing in the middle of a big room, under a high ceiling, with a bowed head.

"Everything was a mess. The whole country. I thought to myself that Wilson, in his fine cutaway coat and striped pants, and we, in our working clothes, were just the opposite poles of the same mess. Here, in that luxurious hotel-room, we suddenly met for a few minutes and—well, I don't know. It was pretty queer, the whole thing, believe me. I had no feeling against him. I only thought what a mess he was. A goddamn tragedy—the President of the United States, the most powerful ruler on earth, but unable to do anything for us—

the workers—although I don't doubt now that in his heart he was for us. He couldn't do anything about the biggest problem in the country, in the world—the problem of the distribution of wealth. Helpless—the President of the United States. Nobody could do anything.

"I felt like two cents for pulling that demonstration on him the day before. It was my idea. It was as unfair to him to pull a thing like that on him as it was for the capitalists to exploit us.

VI

"Well, anyhow, from Seattle Wilson went down to Portland, and from there on to California.

"In a couple of days the wobblies in Seattle began to discuss the newspaper reports and rumors which were to the effect that Wilson wasn't well, that he was 'fatigued,' and so on.

"Of course, he was sick before he started West, but when two weeks after leaving Seattle he finally broke down altogether, and had to abandon his tour, the I.W.W.'s around Puget Sound developed the idea that our demonstration on September 13 was behind it all.

"We five men who had called on Wilson, of course, told about our visit. I tried to be accurate, but the other four, I think, exaggerated things a little. By and by the story of our visit, as it went from mouth to mouth among the wobblies, was to the effect that Wilson had collapsed while talking with us.

"Very few I.W.W.'s were willing to remember that Wilson was a sick man before coming to Seattle. Almost everybody seemed to be convinced that we—the thousands of wobblies who had lined the streets when he rode through Seattle—had 'assassinated' him. That was the word they used. And, since I was the one who originated the idea, I was given the credit for the 'assassination.'

"The idea persists to this day, and I don't believe there is any way of killing it. The wobblies argue that I finished Wilson a goddamn sight more thoroughly than if someone had shot him dead or blown him up with dynamite. Had he been assassinated physically, they say, he would now be a rival for Lincoln as a national hero. In 1919 he was going through the biggest crisis in his career. A shot from an assassin's gun would have saved him historically, whether his League of Nations went over or not, because such a death would have been dramatic and tragic. Instead, on September 13 he shrivelled up before our numbers, and in the next two weeks he degenerated into complete ineffectiveness. He has been of no consequence ever since. Now he is a futile old man—dead, although still unburied. That's the wobbly idea about it on the Coast."

I asked Kipps what he himself thought about it.

"Well," he said, "I know that Wilson was sick before he came West in August, 1919. To say that our demonstration assassinated him, of course, is an exaggeration, but there is no doubt in my mind that it hastened his breakdown. It was, perhaps, the straw that broke the camel's back.

"I'm called 'the guy who assassinated Wilson.' I guess I'll be known as such the rest of my life, though in the last two years I've heard of two or three other men who claim to have suggested the demonstration on September 13. But I don't care. They can have the credit. As a matter of fact, I often wish I hadn't had anything to do with it, though I know that as an I.W.W. I oughtn't to feel that way.

"There is no doubt, however, that the demonstration had a powerful effect on

Wilson. Only the other day I picked up the latest *Atlantic Monthly* at the library and there was a little article by him called 'Away From the Revolution!' in which he appeals to the responsible capitalists of the country to lessen their resistance to the proletariat's efforts to improve its lot. The article is almost hysterical in tone; the hysteria of a senile old man just awakened from a nightmare. Read it and you'll see.

"Wilson may live a few years longer and write a few more articles, but you can't convince the wobblies on the Coast that he hasn't been dead ever since that Saturday afternoon in Seattle in 1919."

VII

As I have mentioned, Jack Kipps told me this story some time in 1923. Shortly afterward the I.W.W. longshoremen's union in San Pedro called a strike, tying up the harbor for two weeks, at the end of which time the strike was broken and then several of the leaders and agitators, including Kipps, were charged with criminal syndicalism, tried and sent to San Quentin.

Kipps was released late in 1927, and I ran into him one Sunday afternoon in Pershing Park in Los Angeles. He had spent over three years in the prison jute mill.

I scarcely recognized him. He looked definitely ill. He was all skin and bone, and all his hair, what there was left of it, had turned gray. Coughing dryly, he told me with a shrug of his shoulders that now he had T.B. for fair. He grinned and said: "I'm a short-timer."

Woodrow Wilson had been dead then over two years.

Kipps was unwilling to discuss the Seattle incident any further. We talked of other things. He mentioned an article of mine that he had read in a magazine. I asked would he mind if some day I wrote up the Seattle demonstration. He thought a while, then he said:

"I'd prefer if you don't. I'm not exactly stuck up over the fact that the idea behind the affair was mine. I never had any bad feelings toward Wilson. He probably was all right in some ways. He was part of the System, helpless to do anything for the workers even if he wanted to. He meant well. The workers must help themselves; nobody else will or can help them; and whether they can or not remains to be seen. That stunt in Seattle was aimed more at Ole Hanson and that bunch of coyotes there than at Wilson.

"If you wrote a piece about me, I probably couldn't resist looking it up: and I don't want to see it. I can't get the affair off my mind as it is. In San Quentin, when I couldn't sleep nights, I thought about it for hours. I haven't a bad conscience about it, or anything like that; but everywhere I go they say I'm the guy that assassinated Wilson. They called me that in San Quentin. Lately I've started to deny having had any connection with the matter whatever. I don't like it. Wilson is dead now, so why gloat over it? After all, he was President of the United States. I can't help feeling that way, although, perhaps, as a radical I oughtn't to."

He paused a minute, coughing.

"But of course," he said then, "I don't care what you do"—coughing—"afterward. I mean in a year or two. I probably won't last that long."

Soon after this someone induced a wealthy woman radical in Pasadena, a parlor pink, to send Kipps to a sanitarium at Sierra Madre. He was there two years, a hopeless case, sitting in the sun, reading.

Last Spring he died.

FANNING THE HOME FIRES

BY PHILIP HUDSON

We, the elect of Dubuque, Iowa, two hundred of us, are herded into the basement of St. Luke's Methodist Episcopal Church. We have accepted invitations to an "informal, complimentary dinner given by the Manufacture and Business Committee of the Anti-Saloon League of America." Early on a windy evening we enter the vaulted Sunday-school rooms, where long tables are decorated for us.

Mr. Thomas Bent Jarvis, a national staff lecturer of the League, shepherds us from the places we have chosen to those which he would have us occupy. He remarks to a co-worker that he "would as soon herd for Bailey's Circus as try to get these people to shove along." He is a large man with a big mouth and he grins at us, hanging on to his temper and adjuring us in a mild bellow to enjoy our ree-past.

The hum of two hundred voices dies down when the prayer "to return thanks" gets under way. We learn that "we are gathered here tonight to help our fellow man and to keep from him that which he ought not to have."

While we mumble the words of the first stanza of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," the smell of coffee and ice cream mingles pleasantly with the odor of song-books and chalk.

As we sing we nod to each other. Every really influential member of every one of the Evangelical Protestant churches of Dubuque is present tonight and has brought her husband. In some cases she also has with her a daughter or two or a maiden sister.

Some of the husbands own the mills and the factories of Dubuque. Some are teachers. There is a lonely representative of the bar. Two or three are physicians. "Dubuque's first citizen," the Catholic Archbishop, is conspicuous by his absence. The members of the Ministerial Association are nearly all present, but I miss the rector of St. John's. He may be here, but if he is I miss him.

We are served promptly with roast pork, mashed potatoes and string beans. There is a dejected salad at each place and sodden buns are before us. We have excellent coffee and later, ice cream.

Mr. Jarvis bustles about seeing that the guests fill out the questionnaire he distributes, which is in the form of a souvenir guest card. The card has space for one's name, one's address, one's business, one's place of business, and one's telephone number. The eyes of our host slide over us, counting.

The Methodist ladies who are serving stack the dishes and carry big trayfuls back to the kitchen. They leave the crumbs and the pink candles and tall bouquets.

Our mayor *emeritus* acts as chairman. He informs us amid the clatter of plates that Dr. William P. McGarey, who intends to speak to us, has been with the League for thirty years as assistant to the Rev. F. Scott McBride. Dr. McGarey is a clergy-

man too, a United Presbyterian, and turns out to be possessed of a melodious voice.

He rises and we see that he is small and delicately formed. He speaks sweetly, saying without preamble that the wets are people who haven't gone to church much and won't take any responsibility. By genial questions designed to put us in the best possible humor he discovers that the majority of the guests were born on farms and are happy to stand up and say so. He induces the whole company to stand in groups and for an assortment of reasons: the W.C.T.U. ladies, because they are the "mothers of the Anti-Saloon League."

"Oh, what a story could be told about them!" says the doctor, with feeling.

The teachers rise in a body. "A man or a woman," says Dr. McGarey, "who is not a Christian has no business teaching my boys and girls."

He extends to the gentlemen engaged in trade the felicitations of the Chamber of Commerce of Kansas City.

By this time the din in the adjacent kitchen has abated. Joyously, our speaker announces that we, who have perceived our duty and our unique opportunity, and have thus come here tonight, are now going forward under the banner of the "most cordially feared and hated of all the organizations in America, the Anti-Saloon League."

Dr. McGarey's small, smooth countenance takes on a pucker of solemnity. "The church means to see this through," he announces. "The Anti-Saloon League is an instrument of God to blast out the liquor traffic. The Anti-Saloon League is the church. The church stands for God. The wets are against the League. They are fighting against God."

His voice grows husky.

"And by Heaven, if they fight against God they fight in vain!"

II

He subsides in favor of a heavy gentleman with an upstanding shock of white hair and a bay window, whose square face is consistently red and angry. This expression of fury remains fixed throughout his address. His stiff hair vibrates and shudders in the wind of his oratory. He screams and rages at us until the still air of the room moves horridly against the eardrums.

"There came a day," he roars, "when the church coöperated with the League. And on that day, the voting church of Jesus Christ came home from a national election and laid the scalp of the liquor traffic at the feet of her Lord."

My neighbors shift uneasily in their hard chairs. They sit hastily erect as the bushy, white eyebrows are directed at them. This gentleman of the piercing eye and the equally piercing hair is taking the place of Dr. Howard Hyde Russell, "the associate general superintendent of the League, and the founder in 1893, who, being seventy-five years old, could not come to us."

"There is a man," the substitute shouts informatively, "in Detroit, where I live. His name is Henry Ford. He manufactures automobiles. Mr. Ford has made the threat that if the saloons come back, he's through with production. That's what threatens this nation."

He pauses that we may have a moment to regard this possibility.

"Suppose," he goes on, "that the engineer who ran the express train on which I rode last night had had his brains befuddled with liquor!" He makes a slashing upward gesture of arm and hair. "A license to drive, not only a train, but an automobile, should be refused the man or the woman who is not a total abstainer."

He points with satisfaction to that "new hope in the sky, the Chief Executive," who

believes with him, and with Thomas A. Edison, that education is the best bet of the Anti-Saloon League.

"Don't let your boys and girls form their ideas from the cheap cartoons in the wet newspapers." There is a tear in his voice. "If you do, when they come to maturity they will rip the Eighteenth Amendment from the statute-books. I cannot comprehend how our government could allow such a treasonable piece of writing as the wet advertisement in *Vanity Fair* to go through its mails. If that advertisement was not treason, then Benedict Arnold was a Sunday-school teacher!"

He raises a warning arm.

"Our whole system of self government will crumble," he thunders, "if this amendment is repealed. Let us accept the challenge the wets have given and with God's help, see this through!"

He sits ponderously. For thirty-one years, Dr. McGarey tells us, he has done service for the League, for us. We are requested to pray for him. He it was—or could it have been Dr. Howard Hyde Russell?—who pawned a watch, his own, because the sinews of war were lacking. Some pawned watches, some went without salaries for months on end. The hands of the League were tied. The church members of the nation, noble but uninformed, believed that since the Eighteenth Amendment was in the Constitution, we had reached Heaven.

Now comes Mr. T. B. Jarvis. He has traveled from Washington to tell us of the doings of the Congressmen there. First of all, he desires to go on record as glad that he is a Methodist. He speaks to us, a la Jimmy Walker, from a corner of his mouth.

"The wets say the law can't be enforced. It can't in New York. The wets think New York is three-fourths of the country when they say three-fourths of the country don't want the law.The dumb nuts! Who'd want to join up with a bunch of dumb nuts like that? Will New York secede from the Union? I wouldn't care, would you?"

From the applause which answers him, it is evident that some of the ladies here tonight have a private pick on the city of New York. But Mr. Jarvis decides that it must remain in the Union.

"My grandfather was a patriot and so was my father. My father marched to show Johnny Rebel that he had to stay in the Union. I'll march to show New York if need be. The wets are marching toward war, tonight. Let them bring on their revolution. We'll meet them!"

He pounds the paper tablecloth with his fist. The vases rock and the glass candlesticks, their flames moving in the wind of his eloquence. The chiffons of the ladies move, too, in agitation. Everyone claps violently, excited at the prospect of marching against the wets.

In the dramatic pause which follows the "warrior of the cause" gives vent to a deep Aa-men, and Dr. McGarey to a polite but unmistakable yawn.

Thomas Bent Jarvis holds us in the hollow of his hand. Elderly ladies like his plain speaking and his bold, bad boy ways. When he says a wet Congresswoman is a dummy they laugh with him, and when he says that a dry politician is a decent and high-minded man there is no dissenting voice. He tells us that "the Volstead Act is enforced better than any other Federal statute. Particularly here in Iowa." Heads nod in approbation. "Your own Brookhart is so dry he can't spit any more," says Mr. Jarvis.

But, "we gotta keep up our ejucation," he reminds us. "Or else the saloon is coming back. I say, it's coming back!" To applaud Mr. Jarvis has become a habit now. He glances about him and sits down.

III

Dr. McGarey makes the final plea. His tones are soft, sweet, tender. "What can we do? I say to you, if there's a man here tonight who uses the stuff, I won't say a woman, but if there's a man, wonja give it up?" Leaning his short torso over the table, he pleads. "Wonja? For the sake of these noble women of the W. C. T. U.? For the sake of the unborn, stretching out their heavenly arms? For the sake of the soldiers? Oh, men, for the sake of the soldiers, who have done so much for you, won't you give up booze?"

The guests have not heard so moving a plea in years—not since the days when Arthur K. Harper, the captain of industry, reported to be "better than Billy Sunday," erected a tabernacle at the corner of Eighth and Bluff streets and a huge evangelist by the name of Gordon shouted from the pulpit of the First Congregational Church.

It is the thought of the soldiers which most moves Dr. McGarey. "Shades of Valley Forge and Flanders Field," he exclaims, "have we no heroes left? Are we keeping faith with those who died? Those boys who sleep in Flanders Field, haven't we come perilously close to treason against those boys?" He pleads, first with the president of the Theological Seminary and then with the organist of the Baptist church, to "give up the stuff."

The doctor knows that his hearers are mightily stirred. They will want to do something, something concrete. They are waiting to be told what to do.

"You can pray," he says. "You can talk to your fellow man. Don't let anyone flaunt his personal liberty in your hearing. God will wipe out America as He wiped out Rome if America follows personal liberty rather than personal responsibility."

Dr. McGarey finally admits that we can give money to the Anti-Saloon League. "That goes without saying," he says. "The League can't fight without the sinews of war."

But he does not become impassioned over the League's need of money until he remembers his co-worker, Mr. Thomas Bent Jarvis. Mr. Jarvis, it appears, "must pound the pavements, going afoot, from door to door, asking for the sinews of war. You wouldn't like that job, would you?"

It is a sad picture of Mr. Jarvis wandering flat-footedly over our hills and through our valleys. One can scarcely believe one's eyes, coming upon him later behind the wheel of a car.

The Presbyterian clergyman petitions Almighty God for His blessing. There is a startled pause in the middle of the prayer when the rousing A-men of the bushy-haired substitute for Dr. Howard Hyde Russell comes to his ears. But he resumes, gives us his blessing, and finishes finely.

We all remain in our places and sing the last stanza of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

EDITORIAL

This is a bad season in the publishing business, as it is in other lines of business in the United States. The advance orders for books on the Fall list have run but little beyond half those of last year, and there has been a similar, an even more dramatic, drop in the sale of books already in print. Most of the American publishers, fortunately, seem likely to weather the drought without serious damage, for it follows several seasons of good business and they thus have ample reserves. Moreover, they are so organized that they can cut down at least a part of their overhead to meet the shrinkage in sales. But the booksellers, with expensive stores to maintain, are making heavier weather of it, and not a few of them seem to be in serious difficulties. One of the largest of them, in fact, is already in the hands of a creditors' committee, and several others of the first flight have had to ask for extensions.

No doubt the collapse of the Hoover prosperity is chiefly to blame for this lamentable state of affairs. Whether rightly or not, the American people believe that hard times are upon them, and in consequence they tend to reduce their expenditures, especially for luxuries. The automobile men have felt the pinch for almost a year past, and so have the hotel men, and the steamship men. As for the theatre men, they have their backs to the wall, and are fighting, not only for a living, but for life itself. No one, in times of stress, does much theatre-going, for the movies are much cheaper and the radio is cheaper still. In the same way, no one buys as many books as in good times, for magazines are cheaper and newspapers are cheaper still.

The chief burden of all this falls upon the booksellers, for the publishers, as I have said, can go slowly when the going is bad and thus trim their expenditure to meet at least a part of their loss of income. But the bookseller has to keep his store open as usual, and it is hard for him to diminish his overhead. His customers, even the best of them, buy less than usual, but they expect him to maintain the same service. If one of them asks him for this or that book, and he hasn't got it on his shelves, he is apt to lose not only the immediate sale but also future patronage. For the people who read books, taking one with another, are an impatient lot, and do not submit to delays with any grace. When they have to wait five or six days for what seems to them to be a standard book—which means any book they may happen to want at the moment—they put down the bookseller as a merchant who is bad at his business, and begin to say that it would be a good thing if a better one opened across the street.

What this means to the bookseller who pretends to a really dignified position in the trade is that the size of his stock, considered in relation to his annual sales, must always be a large one, and that his investment in it, in consequence, must be relatively unproductive. It means that he must carry at least one copy of nearly every book that any customer who really knows books is apt to ask for. How many such books are in print in the United States I don't know

precisely, but some time ago, examining the catalogues of all the American publishers for another purpose, I had a chance to make a rough estimate. My conclusion was that between 4000 and 6000 such books were listed—say 5000 to make it more definite. In other words, every bookseller who pretends to keep a first-rate store must have most of these 5000 standard titles in stock, though many of them sell very slowly and all of them together probably net him less than 10,000 sales a year.

Perhaps I had better illustrate what I mean by standard titles. A good example is Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography. If you went into a bookstore and asked for it, and the bookseller told you that he would have to order it, you'd certainly conclude that he kept a third-rate store. So with any book by Mark Twain, or any play by Ibsen, or any one of Joseph Conrad's novels, or any book by Galsworthy, or H. G. Wells, or Thackeray, or Dostoevski, or O. Henry, or Thomas Mann, or Poe, or Dreiser, or Carl Sandburg. And so with a vast mass of miscellaneous books—Renan's "Life of Jesus," Adam Smith's "The Wealth of Nations," Darwin's "The Origin of Species," Newman's "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," the *Spectator*, Boswell's "Life of Johnson," Mrs. Post's etiquette book, Giles's "Chinese Literature," Howells' "The Rise of Silas Lapham," Harris's "Uncle Remus," Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," Andrew D. White's "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom," Tolstoi's "War and Peace," the Koran, Mill's "On Liberty," Bryce's "American Commonwealth," Plato's "Republic." These books are not best-sellers. Even the largest bookstore may go a year or even five years without selling a single copy of any given one of them. But any bookstore that didn't stock most of them would seem a poor thing, and not many habitual readers would patronize it.

What this amounts to in money invested I don't know, but certainly it must be plain that the bookseller suffers from his very slow turn-over, and that his net profits must be small. A good part of his stock of standard books, in fact, he probably never sells at all: it remains on his shelves for years, and is then handed over to his successor, or to the receiver in bankruptcy. The books become shopworn; he must keep on reducing them, often to below cost. New editions come out, and displace those he has in hand. Books that are standard today become obsolete tomorrow. And all the while rent, interest, insurance and help hire go on.

II

His actual profits, of course—if he makes any—do not come out of this sort of business. He keeps it up out of pride in his business, out of a desire for prestige—perhaps most of all in the hope that keeping it up will draw in another and more lucrative kind of trade. That is the trade in new books.

But here he faces difficulties almost as serious, for nearly 10,000 new books come out in the United States every year. How does he choose among them—for plainly enough he can't stock all of them? He chooses, in the main, by sheer guessing—and unless he guesses with extraordinary luck he is very likely to be stuck. On the one hand, he may not order enough copies of one book to meet its sudden and unexpected sale, and on the other hand he may order too many copies of another book and find them lying on his hands.

The risk here is very real, as every bookseller knows to his woe. Every publishing season is full of surprises and alarms—

books that become best-sellers unaccountably and other books that as unaccountably fail. The former sell with a whoop, and the sale is usually over in short order; everyone wants them at once. If the bookseller, having guessed well, has laid in a large supply he may make a quick and big profit. But if, like a good business man, he has discounted his hunch a bit and bought cautiously, he may see scores of customers walk out of his store in dudgeon, the while he telegraphs frantically (along with 400 or 500 other booksellers) for fresh supplies. And when they come in he may discover that even the most eager book-buyers do not hold their libido long, and that the hot demand of last week has been satisfied by borrowing or by forgetting.

But what really fetches him is not the book that is an unexpected success, but the book that is an unexpected failure. He has to buy it long in advance—sometimes before it is actually written. If it is to be published in October the drummers may see him as early as May. They are very eloquent fellows, and know how to cry up their goods, even when those goods are still nothing more than vague ideas in the heads of certain godless and perhaps highly alcoholic authors. The bookseller, succumbing to the rhetoric, orders heavily—and six months later he may have a ton of unsaleable books on his hands, and be sitting up nights trying to figure out a way to induce the publisher to take them back.

In the middle ground, among the books that are neither great successes nor great failures—in other words, among the books that strike a fair average, and give him whatever regular profit he really makes—here in this middle ground he has troubles too. Of a given book, shall he order ten copies or twenty-five? He risks the twenty-five and sells nineteen within a month; then the book dies. He has lost nothing—but his profit is still standing on his shelf. Of another book he orders ten, sells them at once, orders ten more—and has five of them at the end of the year. Settling down bravely for the long, long pull, he lives, perhaps, to see the publisher close out the title as a remainder (at 20 cents on the dollar) to the department-store down the street, or rent the plates to a cheap reprint magnate who loads up the drug-store at the corner.

Is it any wonder that a merchant so beset, when hard times come down to add to his ordinary troubles, tends to be pushed to the wall? The marvel is, indeed, that he ever survives at all. It is as if a haberdasher, in addition to meeting all the hazards of the current fashion, had to keep in stock a specimen of every kind of shirt, collar, sock, necktie and undershirt in favor since 1750. And as if the same haberdasher, in addition to selling against all the other haberdashers in his town, had to face the competition of cut-rate stores selling standard shirts for fifty cents and collars for a nickel.

III

Just what is to be done to rescue the poor bookseller I don't know, but certainly most of the remedies currently proposed are plainly dubious. There is, for example, the remedy of reducing the prices of books—selling new novels, say, for a dollar, and new works of a more "serious" cast at proportionate reductions. Will it do any good? I see little reason to believe so. The theory behind the scheme is that books are now too expensive, and that people would buy more if they were cheaper. Superficially, that may seem to be sound reasoning, but there is really no evidence that books are now too expensive, or that they could be sold profitably at the low prices now talked of. My guess is that cheaper books, if they

become numerous, will simply bring down the bookseller's profit to nothing, and so hasten his bankruptcy. Even with luck, he is making very little now. How can he be expected to make more when his margin is reduced to a few cents?

Already, in fact, he handles a good many very cheap books—perhaps more than he ought to. They are reprints of books that have sold in the past at higher prices, and are sufficiently well known to command a more or less steady sale. But it is one thing to sell such books, whether in a bookstore or in a drug-store, and quite another thing to sell new books, however low the price, that are quite unknown. This last is what the apostles of cheaper books are asking the bookseller to do. They want him to sell three, four or six times as many copies of a given new book than he can sell now, simply on the ground that the price has been reduced from $2.50 to $1. But how is he going to do it they do not say. By inducing his present customers to buy three, four or six times as many books? Or by developing a trade among persons who will buy anything, so long as it is cheap? In neither direction can I see anything awaiting him save more trouble.

The cheap book experiment, in fact, will probably injure the bookseller in another way, for it will tend to lure more and more drug-stores, department-stores, hardware-stores, grocery-stores and other such emporia into bookselling, and so drag his customers away from him. People will no longer go to bookstores as they do now, to browse among books and be educated in reading; they will make their selections from meagre and shabby stocks, with piles of camera films to one side and bales of hot-water bags to the other. Buying books will cease to be the pleasant adventure that it has been ever since the invention of printing; instead it will become a kind of vulgar shopping. Perhaps this will be of benefit to the drug-store chains, but how can it bring any good to the bookseller?

I suspect that his salvation (if, indeed, he is ever saved) will lie in specialization. He will become a dealer in *good* books, and leave the trash to his new competitors. He will scrutinize his stock more carefully than in the past, and try to get rid of the dead wood that now encumbers it. He will withdraw from competition with the drug-stores and the news-stands, and make his appeal to readers who are really readers, and not mere idlers. Following the example of his German colleagues, he will address himself to interesting such readers, directly and promptly, in the new books of genuine merit, and so do something to promote his sales in the market where an enlightened will to buy already exists.

Along this route there may be a way out for him. The drug-stores and their like are hurting all booksellers very badly, but they are hurting the incompetent ones a great deal more than they are hurting the good ones. All the horde of vague and silly booke-shoppes, run mainly by female amateurs, will go first. When they are cleared off, the gap separating the first-rate book-store from the cheap-jack book-counter will be wider and plainer than ever, and people who really love and respect books will turn automatically to the former. There will be fewer booksellers, but they will be delivered at last from a kind of competition that they are not fitted for, and that can only ruin them.

IV

Both publishers and booksellers, in the recent past, have been badly upset by yielding to the current American rumble-bumble about high-pressure salesmanship, mass production, and the "creation" of buyers.

The gentlemen who now venture upon the large-scale manufacture of cheap books are still under that spell, and will presently, I believe, come to grief. The more prudent publishers will cut down their lists; not a few of them, in fact, are already doing so. Too many books are being published—and especially too many bad books. They pile up absurdly, almost insanely. When I first began reviewing, now nearly a quarter of a century ago, I could make some sort of acquaintance with practically all the new books that came out in the United States each year, discarding the obvious trash. But of late it has been a sheer impossibility. I am lucky if I get my nose into a third of them.

Fewer books would mean not only better books, but also better sales for them. As things stand the bad ones offer heavy and often ruinous competition to the good ones. The same publisher, eager to grab every MS. in sight, publishes books that actually compete with one another, and his whooping for one is indistinguishable from his whooping for the rest. No one believes a publisher's recommendation any more, and the blurbs printed on dust-covers, like the prefaces by eminent hands within, have lost all force and effect. The publisher who comes out of the present hard times with the least damage, and faces the revival of business with the best chance of getting a profitable share of it, will be that one who most resolutely purges his list of the meretricious and the unnecessary, and so gives the highest authority and dignity to his imprint.

The booksellers too might very well mend their ways. Some of their troubles are beyond their control, but not all. Too many of them, like the publishers, have got drunk on huge sales. It will do them good to reflect that sales, in themselves, mean little: the important thing is profits. I believe that selling good books, in the long run, is more profitable than selling bad ones—that the high apparent yield from trash is set off by large losses, and that the business, in the last analysis, is a losing one. Some of the drug-stores, I am told, are already finding that out. Perhaps it will take a year or two of experience with bargain books to convince the booksellers. Those who are convinced soonest, I am convinced, will be keeping the bookstores of the United States five years hence. The rest will be working as garage attendants, chiropractors, policemen or bootleggers.

H. L. M.

FREEMAN STREET PANORAMA

BY H. L. BLAKE

Sucking up a chocolate soda through a straw, Alex sat in Abe Taub's new place in Freeman street.

Abe had just moved from behind the delicatessen store to beside the florist's. The new place was much larger than any other of its kind on the street; there was more plate glass, there was a newer tile floor, and there were two telephone booths and a radio. Behind the front door was room for a new bookrack to hold the circulating library, and nearby was a glass case full of love, mystery and adventure magazines. There were three marble-top tables, with four new chairs at each, and two jackpot machines, in each of which one might invest a nickel on the all too rare chance of causing the dials to register the combination that would send a tinkleshower of brass slugs, five dollars' worth, into the pay cup below. Back of the candy case, in the rear, was a small one-windowed room which, the landlord had said, might be of value as a storeroom. In it was ample room for a table and five chairs, so Abe let his customers use it as a *chambre de chance*. They paid him twenty cents a pot for poker and ten cents a deal, passed hands included, for pinochle. Abe supplied the cards at a slight discount, and home-made sandwiches which were easily worth fifteen cents more than a store product.

There was another confectionery store on the opposite side of Freeman street and there was a small candy-cigars-soda booth half a block below, where Simpson street came to its last corner, but these did only the morning rush hour business. The afternoon and evening money went to Abe's.

Abe was a war veteran; his helmet, flag-draped, was on the panel above the cash-register. He was very fat and rosy now, and the bald circle in the center of his skull made him seem a sort of newday Friar Tuck, with a long, curving nose and a Jewish strain in his talk. He was married to a small, round, loud woman with a hawk's own beak for a nose and so blowsy as always to give the impression of pregnancy. She nursed, often diapered, the Taub heir at one of the tables and it got to be hers by right of appearance and smell; no one ever sat at that table to eat ice cream or drink a soda.

Mrs. Taub's younger sister often came to the store to help with the baby. She had thin legs which seemed to quaver a little under the impact of her mature hips. She was pretty in a bloppy way and Abe's customers became very cordial toward her. Mrs. Taub got rather peeved at that, but the younger girl, to start a competitive movement among the candy-store cabalLeros, said, "Say listen, the felluhs I go out with got class, tuh say nothin' about theatre-ticket money. An' manners? ——" In Abe's, after that, the boys played only the machines.

It was late in the Spring and the machines were clotted with men and boys, playing, waiting to play. A young one, blubber-lipped, oafish, came away cursing.

"Aaaah, de lousy machine! Stinkin' machine! Why 'n't cha t'row 'em out? Lousy machines! Both of 'em. I come in here wit' a quarter an' now I got a nickel. Stinkin' machine! Now my mudder'll bawl me out. Lousy machine. I was winnin' a half a buck. Why 'n' I quit? No, no! No, I di'n' quit. I played de lousy machine. Now I got a nickel. Stinkin' machine! Why 'n't cha t'row 'em out?"

At the front of the store, the little imbecile boy, Beppi, was entertaining three Wilkins avenue taxi-drivers. Beppi was ten years old, pea-eyed and blinking, with a silly mouth and a tongue that touched his nosetip for a penny. Beppi sang and danced, too. Now, in a frail, cracking falsetto, he sang "Sonny Boy" and they laughed and threw him pennies.

"Intuh your dance now, Beppi."

"Yuh gimme maw pennies?"

"Nevuh min' de pennies, yuh little dope. Go 'head an' dance."

Beppi danced.

Alex looked on.

How much these nowits concede themselves! Yump Fritz, I gif you liffer. Heh. Peh heh.

Strings and static-twitters from the radio: "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes." They all whistled and sang until the vocal interlude by the orchestra's leader, the most renowned of all asthmatic tenors.

"De pansy! Toon 'im out, toon 'im out, de mug!"

Somebody dialed to a panegyric on Prohibition and left quickly to get his place at a machine.

Outside, before the newspaper stand, were the Liebling boys, ultimate descendants of a family which had settled on Freeman street when it bore trees. They stood, with their fellows, in comment on the girls going to a dance at the recreation center two blocks below.

"Oh, looka, looka what's comin' down our block!" and "Would yuh help a blind man, girlie? Would yuh help a blind man tuh feel his way aroun'?"

The iceman's son, Tony Carlucci, came in with his brother whom they called Eight Per Cent.

Tony had never grown very tall, but he was bulge-muscled and a three-colored card on a panel in Abe's store proclaimed him "The fighting Bronx wop and promising contender for the world's featherweight title." Tony was a very popular local boy; he could hit and he could take it, too. All Freeman street used to go to his fights. He always went to the barber's on fight nights; they used to hold the shop open for him, although they curtained the windows. There was a crowd to wait for him at the storefront and some would get up on the adjoining stoop to look in at him. Eight Per Cent, always in wait for Tony, would talk fight with the boys. "It's a setup tuhnight, felluhs. Dis udder guy's chump for a left. A cinch. We got 'im all set for a layout in de fift'." Oilhaired and unshaven, Tony would come out to a great splash of applause. "Tuhnight's de night, big guy," and "Us fuh you, Tony, us fuh you, boy." He'd get into a shopnew roadster and drive to the ring and the crowd would follow in cars and cabs and root for his guts to stay put under the lacing he took when the odds on him to win were sufficiently big.

Tony was making a lot of money and he was paying out of his gates eight per cent to his brother for services as second, and the rent for a pool and billiard hole on the boulevard. He had paid, too, for a fine used Hudson sedan which he'd given to the family. It was parked at the curb before Abe's, now; it never seemed to go anywhere. Nights, after the evening meal, little Mary used to come down and sit in it with

her friends. Then little Nick came along and ordered the girls out so he could sit at the steering-wheel, wrenching it, shouting, "Wow, looka me go! Wow, boy!" Later came the old woman to babble admonishing words in her native tongue; then to sit serenely in the rear. Finally came old Carlucci, brown and bent; he'd join his wife in the rear and they'd sit and talk and every little while he'd lean out of a window and spit brown plug on the sidewalk. By sleeping time, the roof of the car was spattered with meal and fruit wastes, thrown from the windows in the house above Abe's. On Sundays the Carluccis took a lot of food and a cask of wine and went to City Island in the ice-truck.

Jim, the policeman, big-chinned, big-paunched, came in and watched the boys playing the machines. After a while, he played himself. When he had lost a quarter, he said to Abe, "Why doncha duck these things? Suppose the sergeant pulls around here an' sees 'ese on my beat? Then where the hell'll I be? It's the rap. Go on now, get 'em outa here." He took three chocolate bars and walked out.

Alex smiled.

Majesty always did lose hard. Phhhaw!

II

Charlie Beamis, Cockeye Charlie Beamis, rocketed into the store; he was scummy-mouth drunk. They could usually smell Charlie coming. He was a highly paid truckman; he ran furniture from New York to Connecticut. One time, when Charlie was on a run, his wife ran away with a chorus boy she had known in her professional days. Outside of working hours, after that, Charlie stayed drunk. Every night he stopped in at the florist's and bought lilies and stood in front of Abe's throwing the flowers at all the women who walked that curb of Freeman street. Now Charlie ordered a chocolate soda; he took a long drink, bent his head back and gargled. He walked to the door and spat it out. Then he went away.

Outside, Joe Liebling said, "Hullo, Helen." The others said, "H' are yuh, Helen?" and "How's th' old married life?"

Nobody knew whom Helen had married but somehow they all felt desolate. She had been slim, lithe, once; then she had gone to the Thursday night dances at the recreation center. She had taught many of them to dance, and had obviated the necessity of going to Red Annie's on the creek front. All the boys thought kindly of Helen; she had saved them money and worry, and they had all been sorry to learn that she had run into someone who was either very young or very careless. These days, in the rare moments they saw her, she looked plump, sated, at a perambulator. Joe Liebling kept saying that marriage had made a virgin out of Helen.

Alex looked out at her.

In this, my native land, that dame is an object of infinite respect. And why not, Alexis? I don't know.

Pete Sabini's wife came in to see Abe. Pete was the head barber at the shop, three stores below, that was patronized by Tony Carlucci. Pete took bets on the fights, races, ball games; he hadn't been seen since he had taken money on the Aqueduct races a few days ago.

"Ollo, Meester Abe."

"Hullo, hullo. How are yuh?"

"Awright. I could see you fah minute?"

"Sure. Where's Pete wit' my dough? I ain't seen 'im aroun' since my dog came in at Aqueduct."

"'At's what I wanna see you. Pete, 'e's gone."

"Whatta yuh mean? 'Pete, he's gone.' Where'd he go?"

"I no know."

"You 'no know?' How about my jack? Did he give you my dough?"

"He's no give me no-t'ing, Meester Abe."

"'No-t'ing,' huh. The lousy crook! I'll fry him in grease if I ever lay my mitts on 'im. The lousy wop! Didn' I know he wus a phoney? Didn' I know it?"

"Meester Abe, you like to help me get heem?"

"How? Just tell me."

"De-tec-teeves."

"Oh, cops?"

"You len' me money, I hire de-tec-teeves. Dey get heem awright. Den I sue."

"Sue fuh what?"

"Fuh go 'way. He's no leave me rent. He's no leave me no-t'ing. I starve, Meester Abe. I got no-t'ing 'tall. I n——"

"An' you want me tuh——. Geeet outa here, yuh lousy tramp! Go wan beat it, yuh chiselin' snake! Blow! Go 'head now!"

Abe said he had placed twenty-five dollars at two to one and had figured on getting with his winnings a tuxedo for his brother-in-law's coming marriage.

Outside, there was a hubbub, and Alex looked out. The crowd was coming in with a bulky, pigeyed one in its middle.

"The Baker's back. . . . Hey, Abe, lookit! Look who's here! . . . Hang out de flag, yuh muzzler; hang out de flag! It's de Baaaaker."

Baker (Maxie) Silverstein was the second of three sons; his father owned the must-dim little breadshop across the street.

As an anemic little boy, small-voiced and rather ugly in a half cross-eyed way, he had played punchball, mingled with the other boys; they had given him a place they would not accord either of his brothers and had designated him as Baker. They were aware of his family only because they knew him.

Maxie's older brother, Abe, was the butt of many buffooneries; they called him Abie Good Lookin', this cross-eyed rambling wreck who paused hunchbowed under a bag of laundry to watch them at their games. Abe was a punchball fan; an ardent one, since he himself did not play. On Sundays, when the Freeman streeters played a downtown bunch, Abe stood at third base and ranted mightily for the home team. He'd swing his arms and yell as loud as he could and he always brought to mind a rooster-voiced chimpanzee on a spree.

One time Abe bet a dollar on the home team. The game was rained out in the fifth inning, with the Freeman street boys in the lead. He went to collect his bet from the opponents' manager, but the other wouldn't pay.

"We didn' make up about if it rained."

"Wha'? Whatta yuh mean? We're playin' major league rules, ain't we?"

"Whaaaat major league? Dis is punchball, not baseball, cockeye."

"Who yuh callin' cockeye?"

The downtowner was woefully larger, stronger. "What's a matter, don' cha like it?"

"No, I don' like it. Gimme my dough."

"Awright, take your lousy buck. Here."

"Hey, wait a minute, dere. Wait. I got anudder buck comin'."

"Yuh got what comin', yuh cockeyed monkey? Yuh got a good slap in de nose comin', 'at's whachu got."

"You gimme dat buck, yuh Eas' Side rat."

There was already a circle about the two.

"——rat, huh? I'll show yuh who's a rat, you co——"

Abe swung first—a mouse slapping at a mastiff. He was smashed back, down, and he was kicked in the stomach before the East Siders pulled away their manager. Very soon, after they had booked a return

game, they went away. The oldest Liebling boy, Johnny, helped Abe to get up. "What's a matter, Good Lookin'? Yuh think you're Carnerer or somebody? Why didn' cha take your dough an' forget it? Yuh should a taken your dough. Now yuh ain' even got de buck, yuh chump. But cha got a good kick in de gut, though, didn' cha? Does it huyt?"

The youngest, Sammy, was the best looking of the three; his eyes were in more direct focus, he was cleaner, fresher in complexion. He got the best grooming: all the best things to eat, clothes to wear from his mother; presumably because he looked less like his cross-eyed father than his brothers. Sammy was a good scholar and, in Freeman street consequence, nothing at all of an athlete. The hours after school he devoted to study, and to the violin. He was given money to hear Seidel, Elman, Heifetz, the better to ground him in his own efforts. Often he was asked to play at weddings, social gatherings; he was well paid in such instances. In the rare moments that he was seen on the street, he was recognized as Baker's brother and they greeted him, "H 'are yuh, Paderooski?"

During, even after, adolescence, Maxie never could get into things. He was never one of their bund, the Winton Club; he had no personality, looks, appearance, and he never could get past the fringe of a group in semi-esoteric joketalk. With girls, it follows, he was stare-eyed and very stupid.

He was working for a glazier then, at seventeen dollars a week; of this he got fares, lunches and a dollar for a week-end joyseek.

He was very quiet at home, somewhat aimless when asked as to how he was getting on with his job, was there a raise in view? Nights, after a meal of onions and a heavy meat stew, he would go out and seek the others. He was always careful to chew a slice of heavily spiced gum, but somehow they kept telling him, "Baker, you're best friend won't tell yuh, but I will. There's fire on your breath, cherie. Try Lifebuoy, Forhan's, but do *something*."

When he was twenty-one Maxie was to his onetime companions a by-product of a long-ago day. He was getting twenty dollars a week and a lot of work from the glazier, onions in various forms and abuse from his mother.

"Four years you wuykin' dere a'ready, an' fuh what? Twunny dollars a week. Peh! Look on 'im. He sits dere like a dope. Lummox! Why don' cha ask?"

"What for?" he said, this time. "What for? So's de pet can have lady fingers wit' his milk? Why don' cha sen' him tuh wuyk? Is he a cripple any more than I am?"

The father looked up from his soup-lapping. "What's de matter wit' chu all of a sudden?"

"Nothin's de matter. I'm fed up, that's all. Yuh hear me? I'm fed up."

"Wit' what? Wit' what are yuh fed up?"

Jupiter on a dung heap: "Ain't dat a question! Pah!"

His father got up. "Sit down an' eat, an' no more talking. You hear?"

The instinct that had motivated him in half a hundred street fights bubbled fast in Maxie and he hit his father on the jaw, kept hitting until the pop-stare eyes, thick mouth, fell away and there was only a babel of half familiar voices; from these he ran and he slept in Crotona Park that night.

He came early to the glazier's next morning and let himself in with a key that had been given to him so he could start his day's work all the sooner. Knowing the combination of the safe, he fumbled at the

dial until the door stood open before him. He rummaged madly through old bills and invoices, through pigeonholes and sample cases; he saw a strong box and he started to jimmy it with a glazier's chisel. He was working on it when the boss came up and saw him at it through the show window. By the time the boss came back with a policeman, Maxie stood over the box, looking at two dollars and some change.

Only after two weeks they heard on Freeman street that Baker had been sent up for a year on a larceny charge and then, somehow, he was in the middle of things. They clotted on the streets, at Abe's, to talk about him, reconstruct his image, to slyly admire his daring.

Big and lump-shouldered now, his face seeming to have been pushed to one side, because of the way he spoke, perhaps, Max talked to a packed house at Abe's.

"Dannemora dey sent me to. Nice joint, Dannemora. It's in a country like, an' yuh get plenny a fresh air—when dey let cha. I wish some a you guys could a been wit' me on my fuyst job. Yuh know de whole idea of puttin' guys in prison is tuh—tuh reform 'em. A guy don' wanna wuyk, so he tuyns into a glom. Well, de idea is tuh teach de guy tuh be a useful citizen so dey teach 'im a trade up dere. De fuyst job I hadda do was go out wit' four other guys an' dig up a stiff outa potter's field. Nice job! Lovely! Oh la de da! Some dame came up tuh claim her husban' which was supposed tuh be buried in dis field. So without gas masks, we chiseled up de stiff, an' whu! De lady said it wusn' her husban' after all an' I don' blame her. A nice smell he was to take back to a family."

Others had come to fill the store and Maxie talked louder.

"—— come back at last. I goes to de ol' lady an' I says, 'Gimme eat.' I says, 'Gimme regular eat.' She gave me, too. A steak, French fried puhtatoes an' watermelon fuh dessert. De ol' man opens up 'is yap tuh me an ——"

III

Alex pushed his way out of the store; he walked down towards Intervale avenue, to home.

The lousy wolf. Don't be petty, Alex. Petty petty. Blah. I eat steak and I eat French fried potatoes and I eat watermelon and I don't get up and bellyache about it. Oh, but you're a wise guy, Alex. Yeah. Oh yeah. I'm a wise guy. I know. I know all about life. It's a state of consciousness. I am. Therefore the world is. I die. That's the end of the world. Sure. They wait for a messiah, a saviour, an ultimate man to smile from the sky and say, "This, my children, is Judgment Day. Step up and get your diplomas." The end of the world? Oh no. You don't fool me, Jesu old boy. You're no valedictorian. Oh no. And the world was born when I was born and it'll end when I die. Or should I say the world? No Alex. Freeman street, Intervale avenue, this —— Oh no, no. From Freeman street to Zanzibar, from India to Nome it's a world. I'm now at Freeman corner Intervale and it's still my world. It is t——

A man came running up Intervale avenue. He was small, dryapple-faced, and his hair stood up from his head like the bristles of a shaving-brush. He was in only a shirt; his mouth was open, and he wheezed as he ran. Another man was behind him, a heavy one, red faced and sweating; he was shouting, "Grab that lousy rat! Grab 'im! Grab 'im! Don't let 'im g——"

People and children came from other streets, from the Freeman street hill above Intervale avenue, from Simpson street,

from Southern boulevard. The small one slowed down; he tried to go down the stairs leading to a cellar, but the heavier man caught him by the collar, turned him around, smashed at his mouth. Two men took the small one by the arms and led him back down Intervale avenue to where a woman was screaming to a clot of housewives. A policeman flivvered up; he got out and talked to the men. Then he told the small man to get into the flivver.

The man got in and sat quietly; his head was down, with the back of his hand he wiped blood from his lips. People and children crowded around the flivver, looking at him, trying to hear what the policeman was being told. The man had attacked a six-year-old girl in a hallway. The child's mother, small, round as a buttertub, gibbered to the policeman; the policeman scratched his head, then got into the flivver and drove away to the station house in Simpson street.

Alex got through the crowd to his house.

The window of his bedroom had been open all day, but it was heavyhot and a neighbor's radio squalled loudly and Alex was very long in getting to sleep.

REFLECTIONS ON FARMING

BY FRED C. KELLY

I AM sitting in the approximate center of nearly a square mile of my own farmland, wondering what there is about agriculture that makes those engaged in it exhibit so abnormal a degree of stupidity. What is there about the soil that checks the powers of ratiocination, as well as lowers the ethical code, of so many who are close to it? Why, for example, does an intelligent and highly successful business man from the city behave just as idiotically, after buying a farm, as regular farmers do?

It often happens that such a city man, grown weary of the noise and hubbub of town, sets out to buy himself a farm. What he really wants is quiet, and space about him—plenty of land to serve as a buffer between himself and his neighbors or the public. He doesn't crave any additional business worries, either in the city or in the country. He yearns for the peace and tranquillity of the open spaces, but not for the petty annoyances and expense of trying to turn those open spaces to profit. Yet, what does he do? Instead of enjoying his acres in a sensible care-free manner, the first thing he knows, he is investing time, money and effort in the farming business and has become a lackey to numerous cows, horses and pigs. Bills for feed, fertilizer, seed, labor, and material of one kind or another greet him on the first of the month. The farm that he bought for recreation, for surcease from business cares, only multiplies his worries enormously.

In other words, he begins to make a fool of himself. He can't summon up the resolution to refrain from doing just what his neighbors are doing. Because *they* are farmers, he assumes that he must be one also—even though he acquired *his* farm for a totally different reason. There is really no valid reason why a city man who goes to the country for pleasure should feel bound to take up farming—any more than, if he wished to spend part of his time in Florida, he should invest in motorboats and other equipment to engage in bootlegging. Does every Iowa farmer who moves to California try to become a motion picture producer just because other men are doing so? Why should a city man try to make his farm pay? He doesn't try to turn his home or his family automobile to profit, does he?

Yet the same man who acted shrewdly and sensibly enough in the original selection of his farm, starts behaving stupidly almost as soon as he takes title to the place. The only explanation I can think of, at this moment, is that there is some mysterious relationship between imbecility and the soil. I know what the soil does to folks, because I can look back and review a procession of my own follies, dating from the day I bought my first farm. It was nearly fifteen years before I stumbled upon the discovery that the economical way for a city man to conduct a farm is to buy a shotgun instead of farm implements, and vigilantly protect his property from any farmer, whether tenant or neighbor, who attempts

to come on the premises with a plow. I could have saved a small fortune by discovering sooner that to a city man a plow is about the most costly tool on earth.

If you have a tenant or employ a farmer, and permit him to keep a plow, sooner or later he will use it. Indeed, he will plow up, and perhaps even plant, more ground than he can ever keep under proper cultivation; for a farmer becomes ambitious every Spring and imagines that he can accomplish far more than he ever did before. But even assuming that he cultivates only as much ground as he can keep free from weeds, the city man soon finds himself with crops on his hands. These must be harvested, and harvesting requires both machinery and labor. Farm machinery is the most expensive on earth, because it costs as much as if it were used every day, though it is actually never used more than a few weeks a year. Even the labor is more expensive than it should be, since everybody in the neighborhood is bidding for it at once.

Having harvested his crops, the city man has his choice of selling them immediately, at a time when prices are naturally low, or he can store them and sell later when the market is less glutted. But what he probably does is to follow the advice of other farmers in the neighborhood and feed at least part of what he has raised to cattle, sheep and hogs. Thus the circle of his errors is completed. He has now invested in land, fertilizer, seed, labor, machinery, and finally in various kinds of animals—each one likely to require costly ministrations. In other words, he has let himself in for all kinds of expense, and each expenditure has made demands upon his time and thought. His situation is that just one thing is sure: he has invested much money.

The return on this money is uncertain, but the average experience of all other farmers indicates that it will not be large. Even if he has no operating loss, as he doubtless will have, the profit on his investment, before making any allowance for depreciation, can hardly be more at best than he could have received from the most gilt-edged of government bonds. He has taken the maximum risk with no hope beyond a minimum return. If his broker or banker had suggested that he engage in any such transaction in the city, his pride would have been outraged. He would have demanded: "What do you *take* me for?" Yet in the country he makes a fool of himself just as a routine operation—all because he made the mistake of permitting somebody to come on his place with a plow.

After years of mistakes and rueful contemplation of them, I am convinced, I repeat, that most troubles that a city man has on his farm could be warded off by this simple plan of shooting anybody on the place who attempts to harbor a plow.

II

The surprising thing about my own farming experience is that I started out somewhat shrewdly. My friends were so surprised at the intelligence I showed about acquiring a farm in the first place, that they said I had more sense than they ever suspected and began to hope for the best. They thought I might contrive to make the farm pay its taxes. A few of the more optimistic even believed that I might have enough gumption to own a farm without trying to farm it at all. But that was expecting too much.

I came by a farm innocently enough. One Summer I chanced to go to the Adirondacks on my vacation and found out what had been the matter with me. I had disliked cities for years without knowing it. On my return to the job in town, I

began taking long street-car rides and getting off at the edge of town to wander about the country. Since I couldn't go often in those days to the Adirondacks or the Maine woods, it occurred to me to buy a patch of more accessible ground, to which I might journey and putter about during week-ends. It was thus that the trouble all started.

By their uncanny faculty, the real estate agents knew that I was thinking of buying a farm almost as soon as I knew it myself. After I had inspected, in their company, nearly every farm in the county, an old fellow who had a merry way of squinting one eye when he talked showed me three or four farms, any one of which would have suited my purposes well enough. All these places were on fair-to-middling gravel roads, except the one that had the choicest scenery. I liked it best of all; but the road was little more than a swamp for four or five miles. The agent told me frankly that the road was impassable several months a year. Indeed, that was why everybody in the neighborhood was trying to sell. If I bought this farm, about the only good I would get out of it, he admitted, would be having it to refer to. If we had a spell of rain I couldn't drive to it. Even a horse trying to navigate the road would probably get mired in the mud.

But it so happened that shortly before this I had read in a book a philosophical discussion of the Chinese and Japanese alphabets. It seems that away back in the gummy past the Chinese alphabet with its 50,000 characters, or whatever the number is, was regarded as comparatively simple. The Japanese alphabet was so much worse that the Chinese system appeared, to those who were used to it, as relatively free from complications. Because their alphabet was thus hopelessly cumbersome, the Japanese devised a new and simpler one. Then they began to print books and the nation became enlightened. But the Chinese felt that theirs was good enough. They could make it *do*. They are still making it *do*; and consequently, there is in China today no true spirit of Rotary, no quantity production, no instalment buying, and few radios.

Be all this as it may, I got the idea from this account of the Chinese and Japanese alphabets that one must beware of the thing which appears to be good enough to *get by*. It occurred to me that the swampy roads would probably be paved before the gravel roads, because, in a civilized community, the mud road would soon come to be regarded as intolerable, even by the politicians who let paving contracts. I therefore bought the farm on the mud road. Sure enough, in a few years, it became a beautiful boulevard and the gravel roads are still gravel roads—still being made to *do*.

I mention this episode because for once in my life I showed good judgment. As I say, my friends began to have hopes for me. You see, I didn't behave so stupidly in *buying* the farm. It was *after* I had bought it that I began to run more true to form. I still don't know what ever possessed me to try to engage in the business of farming. Surely I had no more craving for it than I had to open a store in the city and start selling a line of underwear or hardware. Possibly I tried to farm because my Scotch ancestors had given me a sense of thrift. I had been brought up to waste nothing and it did seem wasteful to have broad acres lying idle.

What a lot of costly experiments we all make in the name of economy! An uncle of mine suffered from dyspepsia for years because he persisted in eating more food than he wanted rather than see it go to waste. He always felt duty bound to clean up his plate. Looking back now, I don't

know why I didn't suspect that taking money out of one's pocket to cultivate land at a loss is even more wasteful than letting the land lie fallow. I was to discover that keeping a farm is a little like I imagine it must be to keep a woman—always confronted by some unexpected expenditure that it seems foolish not to make, because if you don't spend just a little more you won't get the good of what you have invested already.

My farm had an old house and barn on it. If some kind neighbor had only set fire to them I might not have replaced them and thus would have saved thousands of dollars. But those empty buildings prodded my thrifty soul. I desired to see a farmer lurking about them, busying himself with lowing kine and other domesticated beasts, while the fields yielded ample supplies of food. I wished to contribute to the gay, glad, wholesome horn of plenty. I pictured how cute it would be when friends from the city came out and I shucked open a nice big ear of corn to show them what we farmers were doing for the food supply.

The first thing I knew I was fretting about my crops—the same as other farmers. My crops were usually poor because they were planted and handled by a tenant with whom I worked on shares. As I gradually learned, a tenant farmer is likely to be an inferior type and the best friend he ever has is bad weather—because bad weather gives him a suitable excuse to cover his own shiftlessness. If it is too wet, too cold, too hot, or too dry to prepare a certain field, he can amuse himself fooling around with his old Ford. Even though he is a no-account fellow who doesn't really expect ever to amount to much, he nevertheless doesn't like the evidence of his failures to be too glaring. He therefore likes bad weather far better than good—since good weather may mean hard work.

I have dealt with a considerable number of tenant farmers, most of whom used to write me letters in which they placed a dot over the first personal pronoun. Lack of education is to be mentioned in sadness rather than in derision, but the point is that the fellow who uses a lower case *i* in referring to himself is probably not well enough educated to be aware even of his own shortcomings. We feel sorry for him; but that is no reason why we should not face the fact that he cannot hope to be successful in one of the most difficult enterprises on earth.

Even a man of high educational attainments is certain, sooner or later, to recognize his own inadequacy on the farm, since good farming requires a greater variety of exact knowledge than almost any other occupation. A truly competent farmer should be an expert buyer as well as a master salesman; he should be a biologist, a chemist (especially capable in dealing with the chemistry of soils), a mechanic, an engineer, a meteorologist, an all-around man with much specialized as well as much general knowledge. In contrast with this, most of the farmers I employed not only were not outstanding geniuses, but were scarcely of even average intelligence. They would have ranked about on a level with ordinary day-laborers, capable only of doing what they were told—provided they were not told to perform any work requiring skill. Looking back on many of my tenants, they were no more entitled to success at farming than the untrained laborer who sweeps out a bank corridor is entitled to triumph as a financier.

III

As an example of the inherent stupidity of farmers, consider the fact that high prices for any farm product is almost certain to

mean lower prices for that same commodity the following season—because nearly every farmer thinks the high prices will continue and therefore plants too many acres.

Indeed, such clever students of the cotton market as Bradford Bixby Smith have been able to forecast not only the price, but the size of the cotton crop many months in advance, by mathematical formula, using the present price as a starting point. When prices of cotton, or wheat, or almost anything, are high, the planter wishes he had cultivated more ground for that crop, but vows not to make that mistake another year. Consequently, he proceeds to plant an excess. Even if it were possible for some agency, such as the national government, to apportion just how much cotton, or wheat, each farmer should raise, to avoid over-production, this would do little good, because each farmer would say to himself: "I'll bet all the others plant only small crops this year to create high prices, but I myself shall have a big crop and take advantage of the good market." In other words, he intends to cheat a bit.

Time after time, it happens that the cotton-growers would make more money by plowing under 10% of their crops prior to picking. The total amount they would receive for what remained would exceed the value of the larger quantity. Not only would there be less cotton to glut the market, but there would be less to pay pickers for gathering. The cost of picking would be lowered, not only because there would be less to pick, but because there would be less competition for labor. The time to plant a big crop of almost anything is when one's neighbor, and everybody else, is discouraged and is planting a small crop.

To be a successful farmer, then, one would have to be a keen economist, with the ability to forecast commodity prices. But if a man had that ability, why should he bother with farming? He could take the same money that he would invest in farm equipment and play the commodity markets. The only plant he would require for his operations would be desk space and a telephone.

I discovered that because the average farmer is incompetent to carry on the difficult kind of work he is attempting, his ethical code is shockingly low. Being unsuccessful, because he is attempting something far beyond his abilities, his income is small and he feels so uncomfortable that he often becomes disgruntled and resentful toward the world, and ready to vent his displeasure upon whatever gets in his way. He is particularly likely to feel no special love for the man to whom he must contribute either money rent or a share of his crops. Rather than give up part of them to the owner of the farm, he will resort to almost any subterfuge, sometimes even including downright falsehood. One often hears rumors of tenant farmers who sell crops in which the owner of the farm has a half-interest and then become so occupied with their thoughts as to forget to report the sale.

After dealing with farmers for several years, it occurred to me that I might get along better if I had proper bait to attract a type of tenant somewhat above the average. Suitable bait, I thought, would be better buildings. No matter how incompetent a farmer is, he dotes on having the use of a large, commodious barn. I therefore set to work and built a gorgeous, big red barn. Sure enough, when I advertised the farm for rent after that, many of the applicants did exhibit streaks of something akin to intelligence. I began to dream of having a man on the premises who knew his business.

One young chap so impressed me with

his seemingly frank open countenance and neat appearance that I thought I had found a farmer who was different. He told me that he had had experience as an architect and would like to coöperate with me in building a charming layout of buildings, while renting the farm from me to use in conducting a dairy. This all seemed plausible. Moreover, he came along at a time when I had other irons in the fire and was glad to turn my farm problems over to somebody else. I was like a man who has an incurable disease and is therefore ready to believe any quack who says he can cure him. In other words, I was fooled by my Will to Believe.

So I let my new tenant have rather free sway and the first thing I knew I was devoting much of my spare time to writing checks for sheds, milk-houses, motor pumps, stanchions, silos and the Lord knows what all, for the purpose of showing the world what a model dairy farm should look like. It was some time before I would let myself face the fact that nearly everything my neatly-dressed tenant did was slipshod and wrong. Whatever he built was not only poorly done, but at incredibly excessive cost. He had a high old time while it lasted, wasting another man's money.

One cold Winter day, I noticed, standing back of the tenant house, his lawn-mower, just where he had left off cutting grass many weeks earlier. It was scarcely two feet from the walk between the house and barn that he followed every day, and yet it had never occurred to him to take the machine in out of the weather. I then persuaded him to take his talents elsewhere. I'm still wondering: Does a man become a tenant farmer because he is naturally incompetent and slovenly or does being a tenant farmer make him so?

The next tenant I had after that came to me literally crying and sobbing one day because, as he explained, he was unable to pay the small rent I had asked him. I thought perhaps the fellow needed encouragement.

"Oh well, don't worry about that," I told him; "I'm willing to wait a while."

Nearly a year later, when I gently brought the conversation around to the subject of rent, he didn't cry or sob, but began to talk to me in a tone such as I myself hold in reserve for pickpockets, corsairs, highwaymen and such folk.

"You got a hulluva crust to be askin' me for rent," he said, "after promising me faithfully that there wouldn't ever be any."

IV

One day a great idea finally popped into my head. This was it: A man doesn't have to engage in farming just because he is the owner of farm land. No laws compel me to carry on farming operations. Why do it?

Since then I have been letting my 600 acres go to grass—precisely that. As rapidly as crop rotation could bring any field to grass, I have let it remain that way. Today the entire farm is in either forest or grass. It will remain that way so long as I have any say about it. For a time I tried selling hay off the place. I thought: So long as the hay is growing there anyhow, why not sell it? There can't be any harm in letting a man come and cut it for a cash payment, can there?

But I found that even that kind of farming is costly. It takes so long to find a man willing to pay a decent price for one's hay in the field that the owner is better off to stick to his regular job. I, for example, can gain more revenue by writing about my hay troubles than by selling the hay. That's why I am writing this. Today I simply

make a contract with somebody who owns a mowing-machine and have him cut all my grass twice a year, with the understanding that he is *not* to rake it up. Compared with what I used to lose on these same fields each year, the cost is a mere trifle. Indeed, it is no more than the interest on the money that I foolishly spent to build a large barn for which I now have not the slightest need. Think what I could have saved if I had only known enough to bar all plows from my farm in the beginning!

Many of my friends call me a shirk when they see my acres all lying idle. "Suppose," they say, "that everybody who has a farm were to do that—where then would our farm products come from?"

Of course, such a line of reasoning is just as silly as to ask a contented bachelor, with scores of charming women friends, what would happen to the race if everybody were similarly to avoid marriage and parenthood. The answer is that we don't need to worry about such problems, because there is no danger of too many behaving thus cautiously. There will always be plenty of people glad to raise children, and plenty more glad to raise wheat—even though, at the present time, there is more wheat raised each year than the world needs.

Farmers naturally like to think they are performing a service of vast importance in feeding the nation, but the truth is there are too many farmers. When we hear of a large number of people starving, it isn't because of a lack of wheat in the world, but more likely because those same unfortunate people, due to improper training, or lack of training, are not capable of performing for society any service as valuable as the wheat that they need.

I have two or three apple orchards. But they are so small that the time required to hunt up buyers for my apples is always worth more than the most I can hope to receive for the fruit. Hence I often have apples lying on the ground going to waste. Then my friends criticize me for being just as shiftless as the rest of the farmers. But last year we had a lucky break. A late frost killed all the fruit and I had no apples to worry about.

Every time an incompetent farmer becomes discouraged and quits, as I did, the world is just that much better off—because we are thus brought just a little nearer to the time when farmers will be at a premium. When that time comes, the rewards of farming will be so enhanced that men of intelligence will be drawn into it.

One night recently, another farm-owner, who, I notice, is doing less farming each year, dropped in to see me. He remarked: "You have beautiful woods here. Now, what you ought to do is to encourage grouse and pheasants. If you were to hire a gamekeeper, he could kill off the owls, foxes and mink, and then the grouse and pheasants would have a chance."

"You," I replied, "are just like the rest of the farmers—always ready with a suggestion for some plan by which I could squander more money. Why should I take sides with grouse and pheasants to protect them from owls and foxes? In fact, I'm not sure that owls and foxes aren't fully as interesting as grouse and pheasants. At any rate, their struggles for survival are no affair of mine."

"Yes," chimed in my friend Herman Fetzer, who had been listening to the conversation, "who are you that you should send marines into Nicaragua!"

AMERICANA

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE HON. RALPH FULTON LOZIER, LL.B., of the Second Missouri District, in a speech to his gaping colleagues of the House of Representatives, shows what the people of the United States miss by not reading the *Congressional Record*:

> The Renaissance order of architecture is that style of building and decoration that originated in the early Fifteenth Century in Italy. It is based on a modification or adaptation of the Roman-classic orders and design. It spread through Western Europe, succeeding the Gothic order. It was the product of the Renaissance period, which marked the revival of European learning, art, and culture, especially a revival of the classical design in letters and art. The Renaissance was the transitional period between the medieval and modern world. In this epoch there was a marked advance in painting, sculpture, and architecture.
>
> This revival was accentuated by the fall of Constantinople, which drove the Byzantine scholars, with the Grecian literature and ideals, into Western Europe and was immensely stimulated by the invention of printing and the discovery of America. The term means "a new birth, or revival."

GEORGIA

THE HON. W. B. TOWNSEND, editor of the celebrated Dahlonega *Nugget*, on a point of English prose style:

> We noticed the other day where some highly educated person who had nothing to do but nurse their hands, was criticising those with less money and fewer cultivated brains for using *don't* and *won't* instead of *do not* and *will not*. We use whatever comes the handiest and the shortest. When out and come to a mudhole we jump it instead of going round.

THE Thomasville *Times-Enterprise* helps the literary Renaissance in the Confederate States by giving space to:

JUST KEEP ON PRAYING

Just keep on praying, the Lord is nigh
He will hear your humble cry,
Just keep on praying
He will answer you by and by
So don't stop praying;

When clouds of doubt o'ershadow your sky
Just keep on praying
Your faith will increase as days go by
So don't stop praying;

Don't stop praying when you're happy and well
One misstep might land you in Hell
Just keep on praying
The strength of a word, in prayer, no one can tell,
So don't stop praying.

MRS. W. A. PETTIGREW.

INDIANA

THE Valparaiso *Vidette-Messenger* presents the measured judgment of the Hon. Frederick Landis, LL.B., ex-Congressman and brother to the Baseball Czar:

> The recent international convention of Rotary at Chicago was the most distinguished gathering of leaders from the ends of the earth since the Conference of Religions of the World's Fair of '93.

MASSACHUSETTS

ADVERTISEMENT in the Boston *Evening Transcript*, chief organ of the Bay State intellectuals:

HAMPTON COURT HOTEL
1223 Beacon St., Brookline

The Lord has lent John C. Hill, manager, to the earth for only a short time. Be sure to stay with him before the Lord takes him away.

St. Paul and Beacon Sts.
RESTFUL AND HOMELIKE

MINNESOTA

ÆSTHETIC note:

MACPHAIL SCHOOL OF MUSIC
La Salle at Twelfth Street
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Regarding Oscar Quam and his duck-hunting school:

Why not make your hunting trip an enjoyable one this Fall and every Fall, from now on? Learn to talk duck. You will be astonished at the results.

Instruction in the art of calling ducks, and lectures on everything else pertaining to duck-hunting are now being given by Oscar Quam, who needs no introduction to the hunting public.

The first group of men to finish the course are enthusiastic about the way they can talk duck—away beyond their expectation.

The course is $12 and can be taken individually or in classes.

Six lessons to a course.

Individual lessons thirty minutes—classes three or more, one and one-half hours.

The school is open during the day and in the evening. Call Main 4424 and the Registrar will make a convenient appointment for you.

Yours truly,
OSCAR QUAM

NEW JERSEY

LAW ENFORCEMENT news from Jersey City:

Ten cents' worth of beer, purchased a year and a half ago at 273½ Washington street, has led to the padlocking of the St. Paul Negro Baptist Church, which now occupies the premises. Innocent of the history of their place of worship, more than one hundred members of the parish gathered yesterday at meeting time, ready to dedicate the church. They were greeted by a padlock placed there by United States Marshal Frederick C. Schneider. The padlocking was a severe blow to the parishioners, who had spent $2,000 refurnishing and redecorating the former restaurant, and had installed a piano and organ. The padlock notice obscured an "All Are Welcome" sign.

THE great town of Westfield, through the Associated Press, presents the world with a new champion:

Mrs. F. W. Taylor of Westfield is an enthusiastic radio listener. She has owned a radio receiver five years, and for the first four years of listening she averaged ten hours a day. A year ago she bought a new set, and her daily average went up to sixteen hours. Besides her listening ability, she reports that she writes at least 1000 letters a year to radio artists and stations.

NEW YORK

FROM the up-and-coming publicity department of the New York Y. M. C. A.:

Young men in New York City live in an environment in which happiness can be attained more readily than in any other urban center in the United States, according to a study recently made by representatives of the New York City Y. M. C. A. And the young men of the metropolis are found in general to be as fine specimens of the human race as are now at large anywhere.

For one thing, as the report points out, the young man of New York is as healthy a male as recent civilization has witnessed, living in as healthy a city as there is in America. And health has a lot to do with happiness. Available to him are the best athletic clubs in the world, the best Y. M. C. A. physical departments, public golf courses, tennis courts, swimming pools and beaches, interesting hiking trips, opportunities to participate in recreational games and athletic sports. Here are the best doctors to advise him on health matters. Radio stations broadcast daily health exercises for his benefit. Modern advertisers have eliminated all traces of halitosis. The Summer sun gives him a beautiful bronzed body with plenty of "it" and solariums help to maintain this vitality throughout the frigid term.

As a prospective husband to any charming member of the opposite sex, he is from a health standpoint an ideal risk. Being the best dressed and least be-whiskered of younger generations further enhances his personal appearance and magnetic appeal.

He is more serious-minded than he is given credit for. He is more religious than most folks suspect even if not always to be found occupying a church pew on Sunday. He works at his job as if he expected to be a partner in the firm, which happens many times. He is morally clean, so much so that prostitutes have given him up as hopeless, and what few of them survive have to specialize on discontented husbands. To accommodate his lady friends he will sometimes pet, frequently because he feels that coöperation in this division is expected of him. He possesses poise and self-control and has sown fewer wild oats than have the youth of any other era. As a lover, he rates A Number 1. Whether he expresses his affections on top of a bus, at the movies, in Central Park or in the greater privacy of his or his girl's apartment, he is generally found to be honorable. Yet in no city does an individual have more personal freedom than in New York, or more opportunity to raise the devil unknown to his friends. A characteristic of his environment is his lodging place which, in many cases, is unique and makes for possible liberties in hospitality not available to youth in most other places.

Socially he has no difficulty in playing the game at par or a little better. No more satisfactory dancer has ever graced a modern ballroom. Girls generally admit his skill in this pastime. No more delightful bridge player has sat down to shuffle a pack of cards. He is even known to hold his temper in check when a fair partner trumps his ace. If not a good conversationalist, he is a patient listener. He is a great week-ender. And as a week-end guest he is usually an exceptional success.

This young New Yorker is a cultured gentleman, and should be, for he lives in a center of exceptional cultural advantages. Available to him are some of the best collections of art, archeology, animals and other objects of cultural value. Here he can enjoy the best music, listen to the best preachers, attend important lectures, witness dramatic art at its best, use a wide variety of libraries and meet important people. The range of constructive entertainment available is practically endless, including the radio, talkies, best dance halls, billiard rooms, bowling alleys, league baseball games, college football spectacles, Coney Island and others. If these are not all cultural, he is likely to major on those which are the least crude.

He is not a confirmed bachelor. And why should he be? In New York he finds an endless number of delightful feminine personalities. No more charming girls are alive. They too are healthy, intelligent and capable of being on their own. They are also interested in marriage and a home with some desirable male. And this sort of life seems to appeal to young men.

With such advantages, the young man in New York who does not achieve a substantial goal of genuine happiness has himself and no one else to blame. His environment has in it all the essentials. Only unwise choices can keep him from achieving that satisfaction in life which is the right of all human beings.

NORTH CAROLINA

Footnote on the Noble Experiment from Asheville:

> Millions of honey bees have succumbed to alcoholic poisoning in Buncombe county in recent weeks due to the presence of moonshine stills in the surrounding mountains. R. Craig Bloan, of Black Mountain, says he has only eight colonies of bees, whereas a year ago he had thirty. Each colony numbered from 30,000 to 50,000 bees. He is of the opinion that mash from stills has caused him to lose nearly a million bees. The bees become drunk after partaking of the mash, and are unable to find their way home. It is then that they starve or freeze to death. Others are lost by the alcoholic poisoning.

OKLAHOMA

The Hon. T. B. Williams announces his candidacy for Congress from the fifth Oklahoma district:

Politically I am affiliated with and registered a Democrat.

I am making the race independent because I want all the people, regardless of their politics, religion race or color, to pass on my candidacy.

I have no idea how my candidacy will be received.

After I state my position and purposes I may not get any votes. So far as I am personally concerned this is immaterial.

I am not a member of any church.

I am not a member of any lodge.

I am not a member of any club.

But I have no criticism of any person because of their lodge or church affiliations.

I have never done anything in my life to win any great distinction.

Perhaps this is your first opportunity in life to vote for a man for any public office who admits that he is only an average ordinary man.

I am not a Prohibitionist but I am a total abstainer. However, I do not believe it is morally wrong to take a drink. I only abstain for the following reasons:

1st. Because the liquor is poor quality.

2nd. The price is too high.

3rd. It gives me headache and indigestion.

And until the present law is repealed I would require every judge and every juror and every court official to make oath that they had not violated the Eighteenth Amendment or Volstead Act within one year, and if they could not or would not make this affidavit they would disqualify as an officer.

This would take enforcement out of the hands of drunkards, hypocrites, bootleggers and enemies of temperance. It would prevent the drunken Prohibitionist, and there are many of them, from getting his liquor, and this alone would result in an overwhelming demand for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and for the enactment of a liquor law that could and would be enforced.

Prohibition laws, like many other laws, are only made for Negroes and poor white folks.

I don't believe it is morally right, nor in the interest of temperance, for a cotton picker to be arrested by a drunk sheriff, tried by a drunken jury, sentenced by a drunk judge, prosecuted by a soused prosecuting attorney, transported to prison by a drunk guard, and held in prison by a drunk warden.

WASHINGTON

ADVERTISEMENT in the Yakima *Morning Herald*:

> Let's Go! Annual Benefit Dance given by Wenas Cemetery Association. Snappy music. I. O. O. F. hall, Selah, Thursday.

CARD of thanks in the Wapato *Independent*:

> We wish to express our heartfelt thanks and appreciation to Harry Sourwine, Dr. Perry, Jack Agopsowicz and others who so kindly gave their assistance during the short illness and death of our beloved cow. Also to Dr. Dills, who made no charge when he answered a call about five minutes too late.
>
> SPEED YEAROUT AND FAMILY.

REPORTS of human progress in the Spokane press:

> Henceforth and hereafter the terms *coffin*, *undertaker*, *hearse* and *morgue* will be obsolete in the State of Washington, and in their stead the terms *casket*, *funeral director*, *funeral coach* and *operating room* will be used. A resolution to this effect was adopted Saturday at the final session of the three day convention here of the Washington State Funeral Directors' Association.
>
> Personality of service, as expressed by the funeral dir ctor, will preserve his profession from encroachment by chain stores and other competitors, C. E. Smith, Spokane undertaker, told the meeting. Chain stores in the South have instituted casket departments and are selling complete funerals, he stated.

LAW Enforcement note from the rising town of Kelso, in the Columbia river country:

> B. Martin, arrested for alleged liquor law violations, told Sheriff C. B. Dill in jail here today that he had his fourteen-year-old son tend a still to keep him out of mischief. "There are so many things a

young fellow is liable to get mixed up in nowadays," Martin said.

CANADA

CONTRIBUTION to the science of prayer by a reverend reader of the Montreal *Star*:

> The loss of life that has resulted through storms of late leads me to write testifying to the value and efficacy of earnest, persistent, believing prayers in times of storm. I am writing from the experience of several years in which I have prayed through nearly all thunderstorms here. Usually when I hear the first sound of thunder I begin to pray to God to preserve life where the storm is, and continue so to pray until it has passed over, sometimes following it in prayer as it has traveled on for a considerable time.
>
> I have had plenty of evidence that prayer has been answered. In this praying I have had much conscious guidance of the Holy Spirit, and the results have corresponded with the way in which I have been led to pray. For instance, I have had the sense in my spirit that my prayer would only be effectual by restricting it to a given area; and have found afterward that there were narrow escapes in that area, and that not far beyond it a life was taken or conspicuous damage done to property. In a great storm it means incessant prayer, and prayer that you dare not take time to express, but in most laconic language. Such praying is repetitious, but not by any means vainly so. Such praying must result in the years in saving some lives, and also some property.
>
> The Son of Man came to save men's lives, and there are many ways of saving life, prayer being one. This kind of praying requires most faithful attention, and while for some time the intercessor may be led on with enthusiasm by the novelty of the experience, later he becomes impressed with the sense of his responsibility to pray because of the effectiveness of his prayers. He knows that his unfaithfulness in this regard may cost lives, and it may cost him his own life. Both divine and satanic powers are at work in storms, and prayers for mercy and for deliverances are in order.
>
> [THE REV.] A. H. RHODES
> Point Edward, Ont.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

LIFE in Twentieth Century England, as revealed by a news item in the London *Evening Standard*:

> The Crewe (Cheshire) Corporation have decided to close a children's paddling pool on Sundays. It was contended that there was the risk of the children soiling their best clothes. Another argument was that people living near resented the noise of the children's laughter on Sundays.

THE *Seven Seas*, house organ of the North-German Lloyd, records the extension of American *Kultur* to the Low Countries:

In GHENT *and*
MALINES,
in ANTWERP
and OSTEND
after long days of sight-seeing
there's Coca-Cola to
refresh you

The Belfry at Ghent, a giant rising high above this quaint old town. And Antwerp —narrow streets, old houses, docks—full of interest and beauty.

How you'll enjoy these towns that look like primitive paintings! You'll want to roam for ever—but how tired it makes you and how thirsty!

That's when you'll suddenly want your Coca-Cola, and you'll find it in most cafés and restaurants, Coca-Cola to quench your thirst, to take away that tired feeling.

THERE'S COCA-COLA ON THE BOAT—
ASK THE STEWARD FOR A BOTTLE NOW!

THE NEW HUMANISM IN INDUSTRY

BY PHILIP WAGNER

THE name of the prophet who first proclaimed the New Industrial Humanism has somehow been lost; but his spirit, like that of the unknown soldier, marches on. The body of doctrine that he fathered—it is not, of course, to be confused with the New Humanism which now rages on the college campuses of the land—got its first real workout in a few factories while the war was on, but a full-fledged movement did not develop from it until the doughboys had come home and complicated an already ticklish industrial situation. By that time, the bottom having fallen out of the war-time boom, the patriots of the Higher Industry had stopped their feverish cultivation of labor's friendship. The silk shirts of the war days were gone, unemployment was acute—even more so than in the year 1930—and the masses were said on all sorts of authority to be toying with the heresies of Bolshevism. It was obvious that the pre-war line-up of capital versus labor would not do any longer, for anything of the sort would simply make worse a situation that was already bad enough. So the industrial magnates were ready for something new, and Humanism stood knocking at the door.

The idea itself was simple: Why not start treating these workmen like men and brothers? Some consecrated Y.M.C.A. secretary, swollen with love for his fellow creatures, was possibly the first to suggest it. Certain inspirational magazines also, such as the *Survey*, quickly took up the idea, and it was not long before employers began to see something in it. Why not, indeed? A smoke screen of Humanism would at least obscure the sharp lines of the labor battle; and once the formation is destroyed, labor breaks down into the individuals who compose it, much pleasanter to deal with, much easier to pull around by the nose.

The technique developed for doing this was pleasantly simple and very much like the working formula of the politician. It consisted of two elements: the boloney element, and that of practical concession.

The boloney was introduced into industrial relations through several channels, but the most successful was the company union, a device which had been cooked up in the heat of wartime and introduced into a number of factories with the assistance of the master minds reigning at Washington. When it was first talked of the company union was naturally looked on with some suspicion by the older industrialists, but presently, after its power to quiet the grunts of organized labor had been demonstrated by the war-time pioneers, there was a rush to adopt it.

Mr. O. F. Carpenter, an eminent Humanist, and one of the historians of the movement, tells why. "At hand," he says, "were testimonials from manufacturers who had the plan in operation, affirming that it had brought them good will, better quality, greater output per individual, and lower unit costs." Unanswerable argu-

ments! So between 1918 and 1927 the number of plants adopting some form of company unionism trebled, and the number of employés working in these plants reached two millions. The movement has continued unabated to the present, so that now whole industries have no other form of employé representation than that of the company union.

The chief purpose of the company union is to keep out the regular union, or else to let it out by the back door if it is already established. In rare cases it is operated side by side with the regular union. It must naturally be introduced with a good deal of caution; but once established, it seldom fails to accomplish what it was designed for. There is, for example, the experience of the Printz-Biederman Company, a dress-making concern which was one of the earliest converts to Industrial Humanism. Its House of Representatives became so popular (so it is said) that when the International Ladies Garment Workers tried to unionize the plant the representatives actually passed a resolution protesting.

The first sign that a factory is about to be treated to a company union is an unaccustomed interest among the foremen and the more exalted bosses in Industrial Democracy. Superintendents begin to talk loftily at annual banquets about "giving the worker a voice" and "providing channels of expression." These words gradually get the ears of the workmen, producing in them a vague and somewhat incredulous curiosity. After the ground has been thus prepared, a plan for "bringing the elected representatives of the workmen into the councils of the management" is suddenly trotted out. Printed copies of a constitution are distributed; a campaign of persuasion is begun. Here is the preamble to the constitution brought forward by the American Multigraph Company:

> In order to provide for and maintain an effective, unbroken contact between the management . . . and the employés, as well as to institute in our organization the same principles of democracy that have proven so beneficial in our national government, it has been deemed wise that the following plan of coöperative management become effective . . . We believe that this form of employé representation . . . will be a step to a more perfect union between employés and employers—provide for a common purpose—promote general welfare and secure ultimately the utmost confidence among the members of our organization.

The plan which hung like a tail to this rhetorical comet was very elaborate. It consisted of a Congress of Employés, a Senate of the Management, a Cabinet, and a Supreme Court. Other plans are less elaborate, but all have elements in common. Almost invariably, for instance, voting power is nicely balanced between the representatives of the workmen and the flunkies of the management. In the words of Arthur H. Carver, boss uplifter for Swift & Company and author of "Personnel and Labor Problems in the Packing Industry," "this has usually been found sufficient to protect the financial interests of the business without resort to presidential veto."

The representatives are chosen amid a great clatter of ballot-boxes. Thereafter they meet at regular intervals on company time (a necessary detail) and transact their business, such as it is. Some time ago Professor Herbert Feis, of the University of Cincinnati, became interested in the company union and investigated the operation of one of them in minute detail. He chose the Committee Conference Plan of Proctor & Gamble (Ivory soap), and this is the way he describes a typical meeting:

> They come into the room singly and sit quietly. Their united presence brings no stir of common plan or purpose. It is rare that a proposal indicates previous confer-

ence of the representatives outside the conference room, and rarer still that a proposal evokes a vigorous exchange of views. The matters brought before the conference are usually of small dimensions and are addressed to the management, not to the body of the conference. The calendar of business is read. It consists mainly of a report of management decisions on proposals brought forward at previous meetings. A few representatives rise in response to the query for new business and bring forward for attention some suggestion for improving the plant's operations, some small need, criticism of some condition in the plant—a discomfort or a hazard, for example.

Anyone who has had the pleasure of sitting in on company union meetings will vouch for the accuracy of Professor Feis's observations. Nearly all are alike. In almost every case the meeting is a one-ring circus, with the superintendent or the works manager doing the performing. In these Humanistic days a boss is no longer a sour-faced driver. A new type has sprung up to take the place of the old-fashioned tyrant. The typical superintendent of today must combine other qualities with the traditional gifts of the administrator. He must have a ready smile, preferably with a tooth or two missing (to look more democratic). He must have a ruddy complexion and a hearty Y. M. C. A. manner. If he has been to college he does not display the fact. He must have a memory for names more retentive than that of Addison Sims of Seattle. He must be quick at response and an adept in the arts of flattery; he should also possess a Dominant Personality. He must, in short, be of the kind who are always the Life of the Party and Masters of the Situation; for it devolves upon him to keep the parliamentary mummery going, and going briskly, for at least an hour twice a month.

The first hitch in the conduct of one of these meetings comes when the minutes of the previous meeting have been read.

"And now, gentlemen," smiles the superintendent from the chair, "is there any new business?"

There is a long pause. Then he continues. "Are there any reports from committees? Perhaps the Health and Hazards Committee has something to say?" He turns to the chairman of the Health and Hazards Committee, whose first name he has been careful to remember. "What do you say, Jimmie? Got any report to make?"

Jimmie can never get used to having the superintendent call him by his first name. It affects him violently. It upsets all of his old labor union convictions about robber barons and exploiters of the poor. He gets to his feet. "Well," he says, twisting his machinist's cap in his hands and trying hard to think up a grievance, "all I got to say is that we hadda coupla kicks about the toilet down in Building 46-C. She ain't been flushin', as you might say, quite right."

"Fine, Jimmie!" cries the superintendent. "That's what I want all of you boys to do. Just speak right up. The only way we fellows can get together on these problems is to lay our cards right down on the table. Nothing clears the air like a little frank discussion, boys."

He continues, prodding and kidding and cajoling. And when the meeting is over what has been accomplished? The superintendent has told them the state of orders for the coming month, and how many men will have to be hired, transferred (of course to a department with a lower wage rate), or "suspended." The deplorable condition of the toilet in Building 46-C has been aired. Permission has been granted for the men in Building 12-A to smoke in the alley-way during the noon hour on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and the council has unanimously voted that the flagpole at the entrance to the plant should be repainted.

Thus do the wheels of industrial democracy grind on. And the management, having "provided adequate machinery for the presentation of labor's grievances," goes ahead and plans out its work unmolested by delegations of men from the shop demanding their "rights."

II

Another important cog in the boloney-making machinery is the plant magazine. This new species of journal, like the company union, is a war baby. Fifteen years ago it was almost unheard of. Now no self-respecting manufacturing plant is without its own organ of opinion. The latest census, conducted by *Printers' Ink*, includes the names of approximately 800 of them, and their combined circulation runs into the millions. Books are published telling how they should be edited, and the schools of journalism begin to teach how it should be done.

The editors have their country-wide organization, under the sheltering wing of the National Safety Council. They meet biennially to discuss the problems peculiar to their craft and to hear papers on "Why An Employé Magazine?", "How to Maintain Reader Interest" and "Does a Plant Magazine Need an Art Editor?" The magazines vary greatly in appearance. The *Western Electric News*, for instance, is an extremely plushy affair. Typographically it may be compared to the most high-toned general magazines. It is printed in several colors throughout; its photographs are arty; its covers, gaudy yet in good taste. At the other end of the scale are a number which have never gone beyond the mimeograph stage.

But the great bulk of the magazines lie between. There is, for instance, *Mead Coöperation*, published by the Mead Pulp and Paper Company, which is small yet very highly thought of in the profession and has been honorably mentioned in any number of competitions. There is the *Kodak Magazine*, which is edited by Spencer Hord, one of the Grand Old Men of the fraternity. This is also excellent in its way. The railroads get out quite voluminous periodicals, that of the New York Central being especially famous.

Some of them are prepared under the supervision of high-geared publicity counsellors. Ivy Lee, for instance, supervises that of the Interborough subway in New York. But the majority of them seem to be edited by persons who, previously, had just been sitting around waiting for their pensions to fall due. A few are edited by ex-newspaper men, and a growing number of earnest young men, still wearing the rose-colored goggles of college days, are entering the profession. Salaries, according to a recent survey conducted by the National Safety Council, range from $12,000 a year down to $500. The most famous editor is Dr. Charles A. Eaton, a silver-haired and -tongued orator who left preaching to become an industrial uplifter and now divides his time between editing a plant magazine and representing a part of New Jersey in the halls of Congress.

However they may be edited and printed, these magazines all have the same purpose. The National Industrial Conference Board's textbook puts it this way:

> The function of the employé magazine is essentially educational and its success is measured in terms of the degree of mutual understanding existing between management and labor in the business group which it serves, and in terms of the spirit of loyalty, coöperation, and pride of accomplishment which it may develop.

Or, to quote the words of Charles T. Miley, editor of the Carpenter Steel Company's *News*:

> The why of an employé organ is to make industry more human; indeed, this must be the purpose if the publication is to succeed.

Everything depends upon the way you say it, of course. In plainer language, all of these magazines are organs of propaganda designed to make their companies seem as much like Big Brothers as possible.

The stuff that gets the reader-interest in these magazines is the personal material. I quote at random from the *Baltimore & Ohio Magazine*:

> A new baby has arrived in the home of Pullman Conductor FitzGibbons, of Trains 7, 8, 19-20. He has been on our trains for several years, and by his courteous and accommodating disposition, made many friends here.

But let us shift from Conductor FitzGibbons to a hypothetical family, say, the Gumplowicz family. Sadie, wife of Mike Gumplowicz, sweeper, Building 32-B, has just borne her eighth baby. The act is carefully recorded in the magazine. As the baby grows larger and the stork favors Sadie with other visits the rest of the plant is duly informed. A picture of little Mike, Jr., dressed in miniature boxing togs, is published. A view of little Della in her toe-dancing outfit, as she looked while entertaining at the Building 32-B outing, follows. Perhaps Mike himself, with many Slavic mutterings, is persuaded to pose holding the twenty-one pound carp that he caught on the Fourth of July. Births, marriages, deaths—all the vital Gumplowicz statistics—receive exhaustive and sympathetic treatment. When Mike "retires" he receives an extra large dose of verbiage, and the story is illustrated with a picture of the walking-stick which his pals all chipped in to give him, "in token of their esteem."

The use of this sort of boloney is not confined to the simpler orders of laborers. They all like it, high and low. Here is an example from another railroad magazine, railroad men being the acknowledged aristocrats of labor. It is from *New York Central Lines*:

> Charles V. Brown once ran an engine eleven miles from Jefferson to Ashtabula, Ohio, without fire or water. . . . Finding himself out of water, Engineman Brown had the fire dumped and ran into Ashtabula on what steam and air he had left. . . . The above reminiscence was caused by Mr. Brown's farewell run on Sept. 1, nine months before he reached the age of seventy. He decided to give up railroading because of two spells of sickness which he suffered last Winter. . . . He has not, as yet, decided on any plans for the future, but he is thinking seriously of entering business if he can find something that suits him. He is sincerely sorry to leave because, he said, "The officials of the road have been wonderful to me and I deeply appreciate all they have done."

Another favorite with the editors is the man who hasn't been late to work in twenty years. The names of all employés and the names of as many of their relatives as possible are published several times a year; for it is the prospect of seeing his name in the paper that keeps every reader interested. Except for the inevitable joke column, the magazines do not try to be humorous, because kidding "sometimes hurts." When humor is used it is apt to be of a rather dreary character, as is this piece culled from *Public Service*, mouthpiece of the Philadelphia Company:

> Jack Tennant knocked his stenographer over the other day. He started to pull the dictaphone over to use it and upset the thing.

A few of the editors fancy themselves in the rôle of philosophers and conduct columns of wisdom à la Elbert Hubbard and Arthur Brisbane, of which the following sample from the *NCR* (cash register) *News* is typical:

> A quitter is a geke whose ambition has the yellow jaundice.

Sandwiched in between large slices of such stuff are the articles which the company is chiefly interested in: stories about how the product is used far up in the Andes or in the wilds of Anatolia, chastely executed biographies of the company's directors with special reference to their war records if any, one-syllable translations of the annual report with special emphasis on the vast share of the gross income that went to wages, and a good deal of what is called Inspirational Stuff, calculated to show that the bosses are all Good Fellows and the plant is a Great Old Place to Work.

III

Unfortunately the use of boloney, whether in company union meetings or in plant magazines, has its limits. To quote the sage Mr. Miley again: "Powerful as these organs may be, they cannot make an inhuman employer appear human to the employés." The other half of the New Humanism—that of practical concession—is not neglected. This element may be compared to the postoffice appropriation which the Congressman gets for his home town, or the veterans' bonus, or the Gold Star Mother crusade. Certain employers have learned to their acute distress that the most gullible group of workmen in the world will presently cease to be gulled if they get nothing tangible. The occasional tangible gesture of good will must not be forgotten.

The notions of employers as to what constitutes such a gesture vary considerably. There is Mr. Schwab's celebrated dictum about the need for cultivating musical sensibility among steel workers. Said he:

> I believe music has an elevating and harmonizing influence among working people. In all my establishments I encourage bands and choral societies, and everything of a musical description. I have always believed that better business and better work is done by people who have an appreciation of the finer things of life, and what is finer than music?

Dr. L. Grace Powell Sitzer, who humanizes the girls employed by Wrigley, the gum man, has other notions. Her idea of a tangible gesture is to give her girls hot food for lunch, at cost; for, as she says, "girls who eat hot food at noon produce more work in the afternoon than those who carry a cold lunch from home." Dr. Sitzer has also introduced other tangible gestures. She is credited, for instance, with the scheme of giving every female employé a free shampoo once a month, on company time. This is defensible, certainly, on hygienic grounds, and the girls probably appreciate the chance to stop packing gum for a few minutes. Dr. Sitzer also has great faith in the power of education, and the course on how to dye fabrics which was sponsored by her is said to be particularly popular.

Eastman Kodak, Hershey Chocolate, the LeBlond Machine Tool Company of Cincinnati and many others have found that the efforts of landscape gardeners and horticulturalists afford much spiritual comfort to their workers, and have planned and maintained elaborate park systems. Endicott-Johnson (shoes) furnishes free swimming pools for the workers' kiddies. Sanford de Hart, whose opinions are always heard with respect by the Humanist brotherhood, advocates the installation of radios in factories where the tasks are automatic or semi-automatic. He adds, however, that the workers generally get more kick out of the installation if they pay for it themselves.

G. A. Pennock, of the Western Electric Company, whose papers on rest-room installation and maintenance are classics and

have given him the title to speak with authority, feels that adequate, not to say sumptuous, rest-rooms are a worthwhile investment. Certain slaughter-houses favor selling cuts of meat at reduced prices to their employés. L. K. Urquhart, assistant editor of *Factory and Industrial Management*, has conducted careful researches into the drinking water problem and has concluded that an adequate supply of fresh water, properly cooled, is appreciated by the workmen.

The list of such individual specialties might be extended indefinitely; but along certain lines these concrete gestures seem to have been crystallized into a uniform practice. With characteristic efficiency the industrialists have organized and standardized their distribution of favors. All forward-looking factories now have their Industrial Relations Departments, each of which is a sort of permanent check on the conscience of the management. These Industrial Relations Departments organize sporting competitions. They make the plans for the outings—clam bakes and fish fries in the East, wiener-roasts and corn-roasts in the West. They promote minstrel shows. They manage, in most plants, to arrange for an annual Family Day, which gives all the kiddies a chance to see where daddy works, and, with lollypop juice (from free and contented lollypops) dripping from the corners of their mouths, to take a ride on the overhead crane or the bed of the planing mill. They also promote noon-hour dances and band concerts and movie shows. They keep a close watch over illness, sending a professional glad-hander to see everyone who falls sick and give him a word of cheer—even, in one plant, to give him a nip of whiskey if that is what he wants.

This department usually has charge of the company's educational programme, if there is one. I have already told of Dr. Sitzer's efforts for the Wrigley girls. But Dr. Sitzer, compared with some others, is only a piker. Ford, Westinghouse Electric, General Electric, and other concerns which depend upon the constant development of technology for their continued solvency have built up elaborate educational programmes. Out in Dearborn there is the Ford Institute of Technology. Up in Schenectady, on the banks of the New York State barge canal, there is the University of General Electric.

This latter concern boasts that it has more employés actually attending classes than most colleges have students. There are vocational courses whose object is to fit the employé for "positions of responsibility," the usual name for white-collar jobs. There is in this same concern a host of unclassifiable courses ranging from harmonica playing, tap dancing and needlework on up to physics, advanced electrical engineering, and cost accounting. Apprentice courses—apprentices are now "industrial internes"—grow more comprehensive all the time. Many of these technological corporations also endow scholarships at respectable institutions of learning for the sons and daughters of their employés.

IV

The plums which enlightened employers now hand out are not limited, either, to those in the custody of the industrial relations boys. There are a great many which affect the employé's pocketbook directly and which are doled out of the management's bag one at a time and with as long an interval between as discretion dictates. The various bonus arrangements which many companies have established are typical. The United States Rubber Company employs what it calls an incentive plan, by which employés exhibiting various

virtues deemed valuable to the company are rewarded with shares in a home-owned investment trust.

Another variation of the same idea is the "suggestion system" which many concerns have introduced. That of the American Schaeffer & Budenburg Corporation of Brooklyn is typical. By this scheme any employé who has a bright idea may pop a description of it into one of the mail-boxes distributed about the plant for the purpose; and if it is accepted he receives an award in cash and a somewhat ampler award in praise. The suggestion may have to do with improving the product; it may have to do with improving a process. Dozens of such ideas are lying around loose in every factory, and it is of great assistance to a company to have everyone looking for them.

The varieties of bonus or incentive plans are so many, however, that it is quite impossible to catalogue them all. Almost every plant has one, if only the practice of handing out gifts of cash at Christmas time; and all of them are alike in that the management greatly prefers them to granting raises in pay. A bonus, after all, is a bonus. It is a treat. It need not necessarily be repeated. It does not come back to plague the boss with his generosity every week, the way a raise does.

Another widely adopted scheme is that of giving away free insurance to employés who have served a specified length of time. This helps to reduce employment turnover and saves the company a good deal in burial costs. In 1928, more than $7,000,000,000 worth of this kind of insurance had been distributed to approximately 5,500,000 American workmen, and it was estimated that by the end of 1929 the number of workmen so insured would be more than 6,000,000. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has had a good deal to do with this wholesale insuring of industrial workers, and it maintains a large organization for the purpose of selling the group insurance idea to manufacturers. The Travelers Insurance Company and a number of others have also gone heavily into the business.

Thrift plans in general are great turnover eliminators, and they are being adopted very generally as such. They also help to provide for that time when, as the eloquent Mr. Carver has said, "the keen edge of our mental powers begins to dull, our physical energy begins to wane, and enthusiasm begins to flag in our will to work." A number of concerns are, with certain misgivings, yielding to the growing demand for adequate old-age pensions in which both employés and employers participate. Westinghouse is one of the larger companies to adopt such a plan recently. Other concerns, such as the Mitten-managed street car lines, are content to sell bonds or preferred stock on the installment plan to their employés. But others maintain investment trusts, or make a practice of lending money at low interest, thus saving their workmen from unpleasant contact with the loan sharks who always infest industrial cities. Still another variation is the plan of guaranteeing a second mortgage for an employé. This makes it easier to buy a home with a small down payment, and incidentally ties the happy victim still closer to the company.

A number of companies, notably the Western Electric, have gone even farther afield in their desire to keep their employés happy, and have voluntarily offered vacations with pay, the length of the vacation depending upon the length of service and other evidences of a docile spirit. Such a policy as this of course makes the pre-war industrialists writhe. It makes them wonder what the younger generation is coming to, that it can think of such fiendish

schemes. But the Humanists reply that these vacations are worth their cost in increased efficiency, not to mention all the good will they generate.

V

It pays. That is the key to the popularity of the New Industrial Humanism. And for proof one has only to examine the history of organized labor and industrial bargaining during the past decade. Certain of the unions are still powerful; but in most cases they are in the trades which do not as a rule deal day after day with large manufacturers. In the big manufacturing industries organized labor has not only failed to make advances; it has fallen back. And in certain of the newer industries, notably automobile manufacturing, the unions haven't even squeezed a wedge in.

The American Federation has lost in prestige and in numbers. Once militant, it is now conciliatory; and its organ, the *Federationist*, spends endless space discussing "coöperation" and the "mutual interests" of employer and employé. The Hon. William Green, president of this once-militant engine of the labor cause, is now much in demand as an after-dinner speaker at conventions of manufacturers, where he and the erstwhile enemies of labor sit around all evening and spray perfume on one another.

Where do the strikes take place? The answer is that they don't take place any more on any considerable scale, except in the most reactionary industries or in those that don't embrace the New Humanism with a proper fervency and wholeheartedness. Unemployment during the past year, for all our lack of statistics, has been at least comparable to the unemployment in the slump of the twenties. Yet labor has taken the matter flat on its back. Only the Communists have risen to the occasion, and the activities of the Communists haven't upset anyone but the Hon. Elihu Root, the Fish Red Investigating Committee and the ladies of the D. A. R.

All the high-powered industrialists have definitely forsaken the old-fashioned notion that management must be on one side of the fence and labor on the other. And just to prove it they have jumped over the fence themselves. The general situation is so well in hand that some companies even make a practice of letting a few trained seals (*i.e.*, mild Socialists) run loose among their workmen, just for the faint shadow of liberalism which is thus thrown on the management. It is very hard to go out on strike when the boss has just called you Jimmie, when the toilet was fixed only yesterday, when you're hoping for a suggestion award in a day or two, when the company holds your second mortgage, and when a kindly lady called with a jar of jam for the sick wife only last week.

The workers are kept so busy being grateful that they have little time for grousing. Now and then, perhaps, a few get the notion that all isn't quite so well as it might be. But that notion is vague, and presently another outing comes along and the faint spark of discontent is smothered under a thick blanket of fried fish, potato salad and ice cream.

THE NOBILITY OF THE CAMPUS

BY NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

(THE Greek letter fraternities in the American Colleges all make a great to-do about what they term fraternity material. One of them, for example, will enter Stringtown College because, although 80% of its students are already fraternity men, it has in the remaining 20% an abundance of such material. It will stay out of Penguin University because Penguin, with only one-fourth of its students wearing gold-and-enameled pins, hasn't any more material available. The phrase is defined by the brethren in terms of sportsmanship, loyalty, intellectual ability, character, and idealism, in the vague language employed by politicians in nominating candidates for office.)

Realistically, of course, it is something else. The eighty national college fraternities in the United States differ greatly, indeed, in their interpretation of fraternity material, else they would all be exactly alike. A number—chiefly younger organizations with an inferiority complex—rigidly exclude Jews. Several admit none but Jews to membership, and several only Negroes. At least one, Alpha Chi Rho, restricts its roster to "professing Christians," and as a matter of fact has strongly Anglican leanings. Phi Kappa is confined to Roman Catholics. The Masons are represented by Acacia, and the Order of De Molay by Delta Sigma Lambda. Even the Odd Fellows used to have a collegiate order, Phi Lambda Theta; in 1925, however, this fraternity cut loose from its papa and has since pursued an independent career, though with only six chapters. Alpha Gamma Rho refuses to admit anybody who is not a student of agriculture, and in true granger fashion carries a sheaf and a sickle on its badge. A few of the older fraternities pride themselves on having small chapters, but many of the newer ones would rival the Eagles or the Knights of Pythias in size if they could. Sigma Alpha Epsilon boasts of one chapter containing 110 members.

(Outside these differences, the fraternities in any large college set up about the same qualifications for membership. The foremost is cash. Some chapters definitely assure themselves of their prospects' solvency by demanding initiation fees of around $1,000. Thirty years ago attractiveness to the girls stood first, and money second. A favorite fraternity song of those days described the perfect pledge:

> He was handsome and so was a pet with the girls,
> And of cash his pa had a mint.

(Today these qualifications are reversed, or rather the former is hardly considered at all. The boys know very well that any brother with ready money will get sufficient consideration from the beautiful coeds and college widows.)

It costs money to run a fraternity chapter. According to the last reports, 5,910 houses are owned by such chapters. Some of these, of course, are small and unpretentious, but an increasing number are large and costly, and there is intense rivalry

on many a campus as to which fraternity shall have the most expensive. Naturally, the younger organizations are most eager to make a showing, and they spend the most money. The average value of the houses of Kappa Alpha, which was founded in 1825 and occupies a leading position, is less than $40,000, while Alpha Epsilon Pi, founded in 1913, has a group of chapter houses worth $51,000 apiece. Of course, there are exceptions. Delta Psi, more than eighty years old, has the most costly houses of any fraternity. Two of these, however, were given outright by millionaire members of the fraternity, which represents the wealthiest and most fashionable membership among college organizations.

(When the alumni buy the house, the active chapter is naturally not so hard pressed as when it has built on borrowed capital. In either event, however, it must keep the house going, for alumni, however rich and loyal, are seldom willing to contribute more than a supply of gin toward the running expenses of the chapter. Hence the necessity for rich freshmen—and plenty of them. If opulent young nobles can be snared who know how to eat soup noiselessly and dance without ruining every satin slipper on the floor, well and good. If not, the chapter will undertake to train them. Not a few of the less literate chapters have had to introduce systems of fines to promote manners and add to the treasury. For instance:

Late at meals, 10 cents.
Spilling gravy, 5 cents.
Reaching for articles, 5 cents.
Dipping bread in coffee, 15 cents.
Wiping nose with napkin, 20 cents.
Eating with knife, 20 cents.
Whistling at table, 25 cents.
Singing at the table (except fraternity hymns in concert), 50 cents.
Drinking from saucer, 75 cents.

An occasional rich youth from the mining regions or the son of a newly arrived motion picture magnate is thus sometimes charged a couple of dollars a meal for several weeks in addition to his regular board.)

II

(In selecting members, next to wealthy young men come the relatives—sons, grandsons, brothers, nephews, and first, second, third, and fourth cousins—of the alumni. These have to be considered, regardless of the feelings of the active chapter, because no chapter wants to offend the old grads, particularly if the latter are well supplied with cash. Some fraternities —mostly the older and more conservative ones—have a tradition that relatives recommended by relatives shall be elected to membership as a matter of course, unless they show some outstanding and easily demonstrable disqualification. In some instances the candidate is notably *persona non grata*, but he is voted in anyhow, and accepted by the boys as a visitation of an inscrutable Providence.)

Most chapters hesitate to turn down an immediate relative of an alumnus, particularly if the latter was a member of the same chapter. When they do not show that deference there is usually trouble. In one instance of which I know, a prominent lawyer, a charter member of a certain chapter, sent his son back to dear old *alma mater*. A letter to the fraternity chapter had preceded him. The boys did not even trouble to look the youth up. He wrote to dad, expressing his indignation and incidentally retailing the campus gossip about the doings of the chapter. The old man was wroth. In his best legal language he wrote to the national president of the fraternity, telling him all that his son had said of

the chapter's standing and adding a lot of other insinuations.

Within a week, two of the national officers were on the campus. They did a little sleuthing of their own, and then called one afternoon at the chapter house. An awkward youth came to the door.

"We are Brothers Thompson and Burwell," said one of the callers. "We should like to see Brother Jenkins, the president of your chapter."

"I'll see if he's here," replied the freshman, leaving them standing at the door.

In a few moments he returned.

"Jenkins is playing cards," he said. "You can come in and wait if you want to."

The officers entered, seated themselves, and waited. An hour, an hour and a half, two hours, elapsed, with the dignitaries getting as mad as a Methodist bishop made to wait at the White House. When the card-playing president finally came downstairs, they introduced themselves formally, and then told him in well-chosen words exactly what the chapter must do if they were not to suspend its charter immediately.

Among other things it must bring before them that very evening all pledges and all men who were being considered for pledging, to be personally approved by the national functionaries. The chapter president humbly agreed. In the meantime he bethought himself of the freshman about whom the out-of-town lawyer had written. Maybe it would be well to have the son of an alumnus present. He called the youth on the telephone and invited him to dinner. The boy hesitated, but finally consented to come. The president himself called for him at his dormitory. The lad was wearing the pledge pin of another organization. What was the president's chagrin, at the end of the evening, to hear the national secretary say, "You are the worst bunch of boobs I have ever met. That kid who's pledged to the Rho Phis is the best boy you had here!" All that the local president had to console him was the fact that the national officers didn't take the charter away with them.

In still other ways alumni can be a great bother. One of the leading Christian workers of the country, who goes among the colleges scaring the boys with stories about delirium tremens and syphilis, seasoned with incidents from his own naughty past, belongs to a prominent fraternity. He always looks up the local chapter and makes inquiries about its reputation for moral zeal. Often he sends vigorous and uncomplimentary reports to the national officers. If, however, the members attend his meetings, sitting in a body on the front row, all is well. He will stop in the midst of his prepared speech to call the attention of the audience to "that fine group of upstanding young men whose fraternity I, through the providence of God, was led to join years ago."

After one such meeting, a ribald scoffer in the chapter bought an enormous bouquet of violets and sent it to the evangelist's hotel with a card reading, "With love from your brothers and gratitude for your darling reference to our chapter. We have not been so thrilled since Aimée Semple McPherson was here." Late that night, the young man got tight and began to boast of his satirical gift. The other members of the chapter were alarmed and started for the evangelist's hotel, with the idea of apologizing to him and ducking the atheist in the pond on their return. They found that the evangelist had left town, so they contented themselves with executing judgment on the sender of the flowers. What was their surprise, upon returning to the chapter house, to find a special delivery letter from the evangelist, full of praise

of the chapter, including an especially lush reference to "the touching and beautiful tribute of affection which came just as I was leaving."

"It has heartened me in God's work," he continued. "The Lord will reward you."

And lest the Lord should be forgetful, he sent a long letter to the national president of the fraternity, saying that there was the best chapter of any organization that he had ever encountered in his long experience in colleges.

A worse burden are the alumni who have become consciously superior to fraternities since leaving college. While Woodrow Wilson lived, it was a deep humiliation to the Phi Kappa Psis, who claimed him as their most illustrious brother, to know that he was opposed to college fraternities altogether. On the other hand, there are many alumni who are quite ideal in the opinion of the undergraduates. They appear at football games with suitcases full of excellent liquor, which they share freely. They can always be touched for a loan or a contribution. They are childless, or have only beautiful and seductive daughters, whom they are happy to introduce to the members of the order. They never recommend for membership a lad who does not conform exactly to what the members proudly call "our type."

III

When wealth and alumni influence are disposed of, it is usually still necessary to elect a few more brethren to fill up the house and help pay expenses. The choice is customarily made, to begin with, from those who were prominent in "activities" in high-school and therefore may be expected to follow the same lofty career in college. Activities comprise anything non-scholastic, from writing a class poem to being fullback on the football team, but naturally football and saxophone players are preferred to poets.

Scholarship is rarely considered. In most of the larger institutions the standing of the fraternity men is notoriously lower than the average of the student body. The national officers of almost all the fraternities have in late years made strenuous efforts to raise the scholastic standing of their chapters and by dint of threats and ridicule have had some success. In not a few cases, however, the local chapters, when the national officers make things too warm, take care of the situation by electing to membership half a dozen non-fraternity seniors who seem sure to make Phi Beta Kappa, the honor fraternity. These men will raise the standard of the chapter to a glorious height, while they will not bother the other members by living at the house or taking any more active part in affairs than attending an occasional dance or business meeting. There are, it is true, notable exceptions—chapters which are made up of scholarly and cultivated young men. But they are not numerous.

Seldom do such chapters attain to any campus reputation. Several years ago, a secret vote was taken in one of the most eminent of American colleges as to the rank of the various chapters in the minds of the students themselves. The three chapters voted to be best were the three which ranked lowest in scholarship.

The fraternities allege that instead of grinds, they prefer men who will make good in later life. But all investigations—and numerous ones have been made—show, nevertheless, a high correlation between scholastic standing and success later on, whether the path chosen be engineering, selling bonds, editing, practicing law, or what not. The fraternity boys have spent

a lot of time of late trying to explain the fact that neither Herbert Hoover nor Charles A. Lindbergh was asked to join a fraternity in college. They would be elected to honorary membership today were it not well understood that they would turn the honor down.

Once a boy gets into a fraternity and puts on the pledge button, the brethren endeavor to mold him to what they consider their type. Not only do they regulate his feeding technique, but they teach him what clothes are smart, how to wear his hair, what risqué stories are proper to tell the girls, and how to say "Yeah?" with the right inflection. The fraternity impresses upon him that certain professors are good eggs, while others are mere pains in the neck. It gives him access to the store of foreign language ponies kept in the house and also to the supply of themes written by brothers in past years and given high grades by instructors. If it is in a coeducational institution, it points out to him that he should seldom date a girl who is not a sorority member and never a girl who is earning her way through college by stenography or any other useful trade. It insists on his taking part in college "activities." Certain chapters, indeed, require that each pledge participate in a specific number, usually from three to five.

The brothers also teach him the Greek alphabet and require him to commit to memory a mass of data about the fraternity and its chapters. They try to instruct him in bridge, but in this they ordinarily are unsuccessful, for they seldom know anything about it themselves. On a number of occasions I have been inveigled into games in fraternity houses and never have I encountered an undergraduate whose standard of play was higher than that of the less consequential women's card-clubs in towns of 2,000.

While all this intellectual instruction is being imparted, the freshmen are also taught proper subordination to the upper classmen. They must shine the latters' shoes, lend them clothes, answer the doorbell of the fraternity house, rake the lawn, shovel snow, and, in the rare instances in which they can write grammatical sentences, prepare papers for the older members to use in their classes. Failure to perform their duties properly results usually in a paddling with barrel staves. So important is this discipline that one chapter of my own fraternity holds annually a paddle dance in memory of the punishment undergone by the freshmen, who expect to inflict it with interest on succeeding pledges.

After a period ranging from three to eight months, the formal initiation takes place. As in the rowdier adult fraternal orders, the ceremonies usually begin with a mock initiation, consisting of horseplay; afterward comes the formal induction of the neophyte into the society. The fraternities used to hold their mock initiations in the streets of college towns. Usually they dressed the freshmen in women's clothes, or made them impersonate babies. Another favorite stunt was to compel the candidate to bend over and roll a peanut with his snout for half a dozen blocks. Behind him marched the brethren with barrel staves, ready to swat him, or occasionally to turn the privilege over to a coed whose sadistic impulses sought gratification. While all this was going on, the candidate was required to sing lustily:

I have no heart, I have no mind,
I only know I'm sticking up behind.

So popular was this ceremony that it was finally adopted, to my knowledge, as part of the initiation ceremony of a religious society connected with a State university.

Increasingly onerous police regulations and the demands of the more dignified and uremic alumni have driven such mock initiations indoors. The only outside initiatory activity now permitted by many chapters is the stealing of chickens from nearby farms. Curiously enough, this seems to be confined to the white, rather than the Negro, fraternities.

Except that the audience is smaller, however, indoor mock initiations are little changed from the old style *al fresco*. Occasionally a luckless youth is killed in the process. One very prominent fraternity has had two such deaths within my memory.

The actual initiation services are based mostly on the ritual of the various Masonic bodies and the service books of the Roman and Anglican churches. Kappa Sigma, however, is alleged to follow the ceremonies used by the Kirjath Senephir, a society existing in the University of Bologna several centuries ago, whose ritual some of the early Kappa Sig youths unearthed. Theta Chi uses a military ritual, and at least one of the Southern fraternities is said to employ the rigmarole of the original Ku Klux Klan. The fraternities used to steal one another's rituals, but this is no longer considered ethical.

The ceremonies vary greatly in elaborateness, but are alike in imposing blood-curdling oaths and in revealing solemnly the grip, the password, and the meaning of the Greek letters in the fraternity name. These stand for Greek words which constitute either the motto or the secret name of the society. They are usually not very secret, for any student of Greek can very easily guess at them. Several fraternities chose their names first, selecting Greek letters that they thought sounded pretty, and then employing the local professor of ancient languages to supply a motto to fit. Delta Upsilon, which grew out of a college society representing the views of the Anti-Masonic movement of the early Nineteenth Century, is the only fraternity which has no so-called secrets.

Vestments and other accessories are usually employed in initiations, and some of the more ritualistic orders also use them at ordinary business meetings. Now and then the services are recited with grace, but commonly their conduct compares with the ritual rendition of an exalted ruler of the Elks about as the latter does with High Mass celebrated by a cardinal archbishop.

IV

Once a member of the fraternity, the young campus noble finds his chapter concerned largely with exemplifying the ritual, paying expenses, giving and attending parties, and participating in college politics. In men's colleges, annual parties to which the men invite girls from their home towns are the principal social events. On such occasions placards appear on the doors of the fraternity houses, reading "Guests Within," lest any of the brethren should thoughtlessly stumble into the living-room with his customary yells and gestures. For one party, some years ago, a fraternity chapter of my acquaintance brought in a houseful of *filles de joie*, accompanied by the mistress of the *maison* as chaperon. Today, I believe, the boys would consider such a feat rather a work of supererogation.

A great many chapters now have local chaperons, or house mothers, who live in the houses and try to inspire the youth to act like their conception of members of the Union League Club. Inasmuch as many of these ladies are the relicts of grocers and retired farmers and have the approximate intelligence of manicurists and deans of women, the imitation is dubious.

A day-by-day picture of life as it is lived in American fraternity houses appears in the journals of the orders, which are composed largely of optimistic chapter letters and other personal notes. In them occur such charming and informative items as these:

Charlie Hart was recently elected the university's best-dressed man.—*The Shield of Phi Kappa Psi.*

The boys are surely living up to the motto: "A Delta U in everything; every Delta U in something."—*The Delta Upsilon Quarterly.*

Turning from sad thoughts of graduation, the *Palm* reporter directs an anticipatory glance toward the calendar, for the Spring dance is not far in the future, and should furnish one of the glad remembrances of college life that will long be remembered.—*The Palm of Alpha Tau Omega.*

Bill Dewar finally made the grade in March last, and was graduated from Washington—after eight long years of struggling for recognition. At present he is breaking all records as a Buick salesman.—*The Phi Kappa Sigma News Letter.*

"My husband," she said, "is a Beta, and he told me that, however distantly I chose to treat strangers, whenever any one asked me about that pin, I was to know he was all right and treat him very cordially. We're from Texas, and he'll be back in fifteen minutes. Sit down and talk with me, please, until he comes, and then we'll all go in to dinner!"—*The Beta Theta Pi.*

We understand that Pinkerton and Ebbett have been severely reprimanded by the Department of Child Study for climbing on the roofs of neighboring buildings.—*The Carnation of Delta Sigma Phi.*

Our mothers have formed a club to aid in the welfare of the chapter. The club has already purchased a dozen tablecloths and six dozen napkins for use in the dining-room.—*The Chi Phi Chakett.*

The fraternity journals also publish grandiloquent articles on college problems, but seldom take a pronounced stand. The *Delta Kappa Epsilon Quarterly*, however, has been a militant opponent of Prohibition, the *Chi Phi Chakett* assails professionalism in athletics without gloves, and the *Signet* (Phi Sigma Kappa) is a vigorous campaigner for the higher scholarship.

Occasionally some interested alumnus contributes a personal experience redounding to the glory of the fraternity, such as the following, appearing in the *Theta News* (Theta Kappa Nu):

Kokomo, Indiana

One of the happiest days of my life came about this way: I bought a small restaurant here and was getting along only fairly well. One night about 7 P.M. I was sitting inside, a very dejected boy. Only two had been in for supper. The cook had gone home and I was all alone in my meditations.

In came a big blond boy and wanted to sell me a box of Rinso. I couldn't have bought a gold brick set with diamonds if he had offered it for a dime. He left, but soon returned for supper. After I had served him I noticed he had a fraternity badge on his shirt. I looked closer and there was the *badge of Theta Kappa Nu!*

I shot out my paw and in a second we knew we were brothers. We talked, laughed, and talked some more. Boy! it was great, simply great!

Good luck came following that brother right in, for a nearby shop had worked overtime and here they came until I was swamped.

"Take the kitchen and I'll spin the plates," some one ordered. And say, how that boy could sling hash! After the rush was over we talked until way into the night, just visiting about the greatest fraternity in the whole world, and incidentally he sold me the box of Rinso. The tide turned and from then on my business picked up. *Fraternally,*

H. L. Fouch.

The fraternity magazines also devote much space to laudatory accounts of alumni, ranging from Presidents of the United States and authors of popular

novels to winners of dancing contests and head stock salesmen for oil companies. Only nine Presidents have been members of any of the now existing fraternities, and among these Psi Upsilon has the lead, with Chester A. Arthur and William Howard Taft.

No other fraternity has more than one. Alpha Delta Phi and Delta Kappa Epsilon have half a President each, Theodore Roosevelt having belonged to both. James K. Polk was a member of Kappa Alpha (not connected with either present society of that name), which was founded in 1812 and passed out of existence in 1866. Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, became a member of Kappa Sigma after his retirement from office.

V

College students, usually ultra-conservative and full of inferiority feelings, attach great importance to the age of the fraternities and the difficulty supposed to attend the granting of charters for new chapters. The oldest, Kappa Alpha (Northern), Sigma Phi, and Delta Phi, have together only twenty-one chapters, mostly in small Eastern colleges. These societies are more than a century old. Then there is a larger group, all founded before 1850. Several of these insist that a local organization petition for from ten to twenty years before receiving a charter. In actual practice, the regulation is honored like most college rules. Some years ago, the president of a large Western university, who belonged to one of these ultra-conservative societies, went to the convention and suggested that a chapter be put into his institution. Enchanted by the prospect of having Prexy as the leading local alumnus, the convention installed the chapter within six months.

Other societies do what they call colonizing. This means sending to a college three or four young brothers who enroll as students and then select other boys whom they like. This scheme originated in the fact that in many colleges each fraternity on the campus has a representative on certain class committees. Not infrequently, all the members of a given chapter who belonged to a given class flunked out and were ineligible, whereupon a chapter of the same fraternity in a nearby college sent a man to enroll and represent the scholarly brotherhood on the committee.

In the years following 1850 a number of new fraternities were founded, chiefly in the South and the Middle West. Then there was a lull for a time. After 1900, as college enrolments began to grow rapidly, more new organizations were set up, and most of the older ones greatly increased the number of their chapters. Today eighty general fraternities exist, with approximately 6,000 chapters and a total membership—including living and dead, which for some reason are not separated in the statistics—of more than 800,000. They claim ownership of property—much of it heavily mortgaged, however—worth $75,000,000. A few, such as Chi Phi and Chi Psi are heavily endowed. Two, Kappa Sigma and Sigma Alpha Epsilon, have more than a hundred chapters each, and several others have nearly as many.

A chapter is not ordinarily required to accept a member who transfers from another college. In some of the older and smaller fraternities, however, there would be a great row if it should actually fail to do this. On the other hand, some of the larger orders very seldom affiliate a man from another chapter, and their conventions, with members of widely different points of view on hand, are as acrimonious as gatherings of Southern Methodists.

In the larger universities, where fewer than half the men and sometimes only a quarter of them, belong to fraternities, the differences between the chapters seem to the onlookers to be very slight. One man, in fact, will sometimes be rushed by a dozen or more fraternities. But in the small New England and New York colleges, such as Hamilton, Williams, and Bowdoin, where from 75 to 90% of the students are fraternity men, each chapter tends to represent a greater homogeneity, one standing mainly for athletics, another for scholarship, a third for literary pursuits, and a fourth for liquor. This tendency, which was the motivating force in the formation of the early organizations, will grow more marked as larger and larger proportions of college boys join fraternities. There simply won't be enough rich boys or sons of alumni to go around.

A few of the older institutions, such as Princeton, prohibit fraternities, and some others, such as Harvard, give them no encouragement. Many denominational colleges bar them. So do most of the new experimental institutions, such as Reed and Antioch. The rest of the colleges and universities admit them gladly, indifferently, or with thinly veiled hostility. No State now forbids them in its institutions, though anti-fraternity laws in Mississippi and South Carolina were only lately repealed.

This story, like the old barroom ballad, has no moral. The preachers and sewing circle sisters who inveigh against the fraternities might as appropriately attack Rotary International or the Tall Cedars of Lebanon. Contrariwise, the enthusiastic boys who think they are doing noble work for education may be put down as suffering from wish-fantasies. A fraternity may harm an exceptionally talented boy by standardizing him—but so may a college. It may help a boy who is stupid or seclusive. For the rest, there is little effect one way or the other.

I have met thousands of college students. Unfortunately for my respect for American education, they are pretty much alike. Fraternity men tend to be a little less intellectual and a little more agreeable than the rest. But the same thing might be said of the Kiwanians or the Knights Templar.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Military Science

THE STUDY OF WAR

By E. L. M. Burns

If, in conversation with a soldier "who takes his profession seriously," one dares to scoff, even gently, at the study of military history, it is ten to one he will discharge at one's head Napoleon's dictum: "The knowledge of the higher parts of war can only be acquired from experience and from studying the history of the wars of the great commanders." That seems a weighty testimonial, until one learns that modern military scholarship has shown that Napoleon himself only pursued in a cursory fashion the studies he recommended. Commandant Colin of the French Army, twenty years or so ago, made a careful investigation of the Little Corporal's military education, and issued a book containing a good many surprises for those who assumed that he always acted according to the maxims he was in the habit of laying down for the benefit of others.

Immediately after he was commissioned, Napoleon's chief studies were in politics and sociology, his interest in these sciences being inspired by the French Revolution and the struggles of his native Corsica for liberty. Then for a while he specialized in mathematics, and wrote an essay to prove that if all citizens were given a thorough mathematical education, they would find happiness in the contemplation of irrefutable and abstract truths, such as that $\cos^2 a$ plus $\sin^2 a$ equals 1. After wasting his time for some years in this manner, he went to the dépôt of his regiment, and there he began really to study war for the first time.

Certain of the senior officers in the dépôt were remarkable as military innovators and teachers. One had conducted what amounted to a staff college for a good many years, and had trained many French officers in the higher arts of war; another was an artillery expert with new and sound ideas. From them the young Bonaparte absorbed enthusiasm for the art of war, and soon became their star pupil.

Naturally, in an artillery dépôt, the principal stress was laid on the work of the gunners, in which department the French, through the efforts of a few brilliant officers, were considerably ahead of other nations at the time. They had succeeded in making artillery really mobile, and in ensuring a sufficient supply of ammunition to it during battle. Their central tactical idea was a simple one, to wit, that if you concentrate enough gunfire on a point held by the enemy, the subsequent attack of your infantry will probably be successful. This idea was worked out in detail, and applied to many different situations on the map and on the ground. Now, anyone acquainted with Napoleon's battles will recognize that it was here that he got his principal tactical method.

After demonstrating a method by which success could be gained at the decisive point, his teachers went on to show how the moving of an army by divisions (a new French idea, and an advance on former military methods) should be carried out in

order to reap all its inherent advantages. From minor tactics to grand tactics and strategy: that was the course of Napoleon's instruction, but all the time he was learning there is no record that he devoted any appreciable time or thought to the study of military history. Shortly afterward he went to Toulon, and began to make history himself.

Now, if his personal record proves anything, surely it is that profound study of military history is *not* necessary to make a general, for most critics consider that his first campaign was equal to any of his subsequent ones in conception, if not in scale. I believe that much of the reputation of military history as an intellectual ladder to generalship rests on *post hoc ergo propter hoc* reasoning: So-and-so read considerable military history, and later won battles; therefore, it was the study of military history that brought him the victor's laurels.

I do not maintain, of course, that reading military history is entirely useless and unnecessary. But there is a tendency among students of war to make a fetish of it, and to devote time to it that would be better spent in pursuing other military studies. What would be thought if someone said that to learn surgery one must make a deep study of medical history? Presumably when a surgeon is engaged on some special problem, he must go to history to learn what attempts have been made by others to solve it, but ordinarily he learns from the latest summaries of his science, compiled into text-books, and from practice. The *militaire* should proceed in the same way, though he cannot practise his craft as a surgeon can, cadavers and paupers being unsuitable for experiments in the wholesale branch of slaughter.

The soldier can get practically all the directions for action that he will need from official and unofficial text-books, written within the last few years. True, these manuals are appallingly dull reading, and multitudes of unimportant details cluster about and partially conceal the great principles. But the principles are there, the fruit of the experience and research of soldiers and military writers since the time of Xenophon. If the ambitious young soldier groans and gasps for two months of nights over the details of some campaign he will probably emerge at the end grasping firmly by the tail some great military truth, such as that one side won because they followed the principle of concentration while their enemies neglected it, or that one general achieved surprise because his opponent neglected security.

Most of us, when we delve into chronicles of war, are haunted by the nursery sequence-jingle:

> For want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
> For want of a shoe, the horse was lost;
> For want of a horse, the rider was lost;
> For want of a rider, the message was lost;
> For want of a message, the battle was lost.

We are always looking for the lost horseshoe nail, and if the fact of its loss does not appear in the record we suspect that one was lost all the same, and that great events were determined by a small cause. Most successful generals have admitted that chance plays a great part in war, but military historians are not so willing to make the same admission.

To go back a paragraph, the military student can get the principles he will need to guide his acts from manuals, but these principles must be hammered into his head by some means other than by learning by rote. The best practical way of doing this is by working out tactical and strategical exercises without troops, on the map and on the ground, and by manœuvres. The exercise method is superior because in such work the student is learning to put prin-

ciples into practice, not, as in the study of military history, merely learning to recognize them, and criticize their application. But on the other hand there is the difficulty that there must be a teacher, on whose enthusiasm, soundness of doctrine and imagination the value of the exercise depends. Good military instructors are very rare birds. It is a peculiar fact that while war is the most fascinating pursuit known to man, yet instruction in it (and history which deals with it exclusively) is usually made so dull that at least seven soldiers out of ten in peace-time become disgusted with their life-work, and give themselves over to drink, bridge, golf or polo.

The principal value of reading military history lies in the second- or third-hand experience of war which the student thereby achieves. Failing direct experience of many campaigns, the best the subaltern ambitious of becoming a field marshal can do is to read about wars, and learn how men act among the bullets and in the mud.

The student must devote most attention to the human factors, not only because they are the most important but because the material factors in war today bear little relation to the material factors in a war as recent as even the Franco-Prussian. Improvements in transportation and production have changed strategy, and improvements in weapons have revolutionized tactics. The highest common factors of similarity lie in the brief principles enumerated in the Field Service Regulations. Foch says, in his introduction to the study of war:

> We cannot draw our inspiration indifferently from Turenne, Condé, Prince Eugène, Villars or Frederick the Great. . . . The best of their doctrines answered a situation and requirements which are no longer ours.

He wrote in 1900: today his list might include the names of great generals who flourished at later periods. The military student will be better advised to read such realistic novels of the Great War as "The Spanish Farm," "All Quiet on the Western Front" or "The Death of a Hero" than any accounts of wars before 1850.

To end this article constructively (for constructive thinking is highly recommended to all aspiring practitioners of the destructive profession of arms) I suggest that the student of war should first learn (as Napoleon did) how he can overcome resistance at a point, which will be by concentrating superior forces against the enemy at that point. Two to one? Three to one? Four to one? What must be the ratio of superiority in men, guns, tanks, airplanes or what not, to be practically sure of success? That is the question he must be able to answer. When he can answer it, he will have something to build on.

Foch was a great student and teacher of war, but his battles in Artois in 1915 were bloody failures because his fundamental tactical notions were wrong, as anyone now will realize if he will read the chapter on modern warfare in his book, "The Principles of War." He had to wait until a tactical method had been developed by the British at Cambrai in 1917 and by the Germans in their great attacks of 1918 before he became the conquering generalissimo.

One more point for the student: let him think of *a* war, not of war, and let him think of *an* enemy, not of the enemy. His imagination will have enough to do without his imposing the extra strain on it of creating the enemy he is to fight and the country he is to fight in. In his musings on battles and marches, let him keep as many contacts with reality as he can, otherwise he will drift off into vague dreams of war in the abstract, from which his awakening by real bombs and shrapnel will be dreadful in the extreme.

Law

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION

By Dudley Cammett Lunt

THE Constitution of the United States has just entered upon its one hundred and forty-third year. In that time more than 2800 different attempts have been made to alter its terms. In the current Congress forty-one resolutions to that end have been introduced. In the last Congress there were sixty-two, and the Sixty-ninth Congress saw fifty-five.

Appreciation of the fact that there is only a remote possibility of success does not seem to attend this urge to amend. For out of the 2800 odd attempts the great majority have been what Panurge would call "dry bobs or flashes in the pan," expiring on the floor or in committee. In nearly a century and a half but two dozen have reached the stage of ratification, and five of these have been rejected. The last so to expire was the so-called Child Labor Amendment.

This proposal that Congress should have power "to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age" issued from the Sixty-eighth Congress in 1924. It met with a flat rejection in twenty-four States and adverse action in eleven others, whereas but five States voted its ratification. Its hostile reception probably arose out of the conviction that, the duties of a policeman and a poll watcher having been imposed upon the national government, the moment was unpropitious for the addition of the guardianship of laboring infants.

Another lost amendment claims notice because of the mystery that surrounds it. In 1810 the Eleventh Congress proposed to the States that any citizen who should accept a title of nobility should lose his citizenship. Apart from the remarks of a Mr. Macon that the issue was whether or not "we were to have a Legion of Honor in this country," contemporary comment is lacking. Various suggestions attribute the amendment to the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte and Betsey Patterson and his presence in the country, to a political manœuvre of the Federalist party, or to one of those waves of animosity against foreigners that periodically sweep the country.

The mystery extends further. It was supposed that the amendment had been ratified, and it was printed as the Thirteenth in a current official edition of the Constitution. But an investigation disclosed that it had failed because of the negative vote of a single branch of the Legislature of South Carolina.

The Electoral College has been the target for more amendatory attacks than any other constitutional creation. The fact that eleven different schemes for choosing the President and Vice-President were urged in the Federal Convention is indicative of the difficulties involved. In the actual functioning of Article II, Section 1 the intentions of the Fathers have been utterly flouted. Their idea was the election by the States, as the Legislatures thereof should direct, of a prescribed number of presumably competent men, who should by the independent exercise of their own intelligence select a President and a Vice-President. But the rise of the party system converted these electors into mere dummies, and they now simply voice the demands of an electorate organized on a factional basis.

A neat scheme intended to do away with the evils of "faction, intrigue and cabal" was concocted by Senator Hillhouse of Connecticut in 1808. The gentleman's idea came to this: Elect your Senators for three years and retire a third of the lot annually.

The retired Senators assemble for the choice of a President. On a table is a box. Therein, hidden from sight, are as many little white balls, save one, as there are retired Senators. The line forms at the right. Adam Appleseed picks out the first ball and they proceed alphabetically. The lucky Senator retrieves a red ball. He is President for the ensuing year.

A somewhat similar proposal provided for popular elections in each State and a choice by lot from those elected. Akin to such propositions was one whereby the President was to be elected in a particular Presidential section composed of contiguous States, each section to elect in rotation. In order to determine the number of them a lottery was to be conducted in the presence of Congress. Some seventy years later there were presented three resolutions aimed at the constitutional prohibition of lotteries!

It has been proposed many times during the last half century to transfer the divorce business, with its ramifications into the law of inheritance, legitimacy, descent and domestic relations, into congressional hands. The proponents of this idea are inspired by the magic of uniformity, which they regard as a sure cure for all the evils in the present order of things marital. But Congress does not want the job. Adverse reports have issued from eight committees.

In 1914 Senator Ransdell of Louisiana demonstrated by the usual methods of statistical conjuration that by 1946 there would be one divorce in the United States for every five marriages. He advocated an amendment prohibiting absolute divorce carrying the right to remarry. Other resolutions would confer on the States the power to abolish divorces entirely. The idea seems to be that they would exercise it in emulation of South Carolina, where divorce is non-existent.

Polygamy has been another *bête noire*. The first suggestion to prohibit it by a constitutional ukase came from President Grant. There was a great to-do about it prior to the admission of Utah to the Union. Then all remained quiet until 1898. In that year a gentleman appropriately named Brigham H. Roberts was elected to Congress as a Representative from the seat of infection. Brigham had a superfluity of spouses. The House refused him his seat and six resolutions to prohibit polygamy were presented. The crusade got loose among the State Legislatures, which were also occupied in attempting to force Congress to permit them to give up their constitutional right to elect Senators in favor of popular election, and between 1906 and 1913 there were applications to Congress from the Legislatures of twelve States to call a Constitutional Convention to prohibit the practice.

With respect to religion the fundamental law is couched in purely negative terms. In the three instances where an oath is required there follows the illuminating phrase "or affirmation." It is further provided that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office of public trust under the United States." Finally, the First Amendment inhibits Congress from making any law "respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

God is not mentioned in the Constitution. Senator Saulsbury of Delaware is credited with the first resolution calling Him by name. He made a proposal declarative of the right of the people peaceably to assemble and worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. Other Delawareans have been assiduous in their attempts to write God into the Constitution. Five out of the ten resolutions have been sponsored by the Blue Hen's chickens.

There was quite an upheaval about it in the decade called mauve by Thomas Beer. The resolution of Senator Frye of Maine was typical. His notion was to alter the preamble so that it would read:

> We, the people of the United States, devoutly acknowledging the supreme authority and just government of God in all the affairs of men and nations, and grateful to Him for our civil and religious liberty; and encouraged by the assurance of His word, invoke His guidance as a Christian nation, according to His appointed way, through Jesus Christ, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

Flag-waving is found in two proposals to change the name of the country. In 1866 a Mr. Anderson of Missouri told Congress that the existing name was "not sufficiently comprehensive and significant to indicate the real unity and destiny of the American people as the eventual paramount power of this hemisphere." He moved that the United States of America should thereafter "be known and styled America."

In 1893 another such resolution was offered "by request," a phrase which suggests the dubious source of many such schemes. This time the new name was to be the United States of the Earth. This proposal carried other features, such as: "The Army and Navy, including the Army and Navy schools of organized murder are hereby abolished". Then evidently as an afterthought it continued: "And whenever the rights of the people can not be secured through the courts, then the President shall call out the militia of the several States". Another clause provided that "the House and Senate shall vote by electricity."

In the current Congress one finds four proposals to put down war. One of them would abolish it forthwith, and another would make its declaration depend upon a referendum. Contrariwise, there are two resolutions which would empower the national government to commandeer private property in time of war.

There is one fundamental obstacle in the path of those who would amend the Constitution. This is the majorities of acquiescence required by Article V. In recent years the agitation to give *vox populi* a direct hearing in the forum has had adherents who have sought to attack the sacred figures—the preliminary two-thirds and the ultimate three-fourths. The problem is far from simple. It is doubtful if any workable system could be devised, based directly or indirectly upon popular acclaim, which would prevent the perpetration of such sumptuary errors as the Eighteenth Amendment and yet permit of the correction of the defects discovered in the functioning of the organic law and the inevitable adjustment to wholly unforeseen conditions.

An appreciable number of the 2800 resolutions demonstrate a gross lack of appreciation of the proper function of the fundamental law. Those who are afflicted with the desire to proscribe for their fellow, to grind an ax for this or that programme of reform, or to refashion the Constitution to fit ends of their own, might well ponder upon the implications in the dictum of Chief Justice Chase: "The Constitution, in all its provisions, looks to an indestructible Union composed of indestructible States."

A SOCIALIST BOYHOOD

BY SAMUEL YELLEN

By heredity and upbringing I was destined to be a Socialist; that I have not become one is another matter. My training began early, before I was born. Three months of my prenatal life I spent in prison in the cause of Freedom. My mother was imprisoned, while she was carrying me, during the period of reprisal that followed the Russian Revolution of 1905. My father, because of his black record, was exiled to his native village. He soon escaped, however, and returned to Vilna, where he resumed his former agitation; before long he was again discovered and was driven to America. In a short time my mother followed, and at the age of six months I passed under the shadow of Liberty Enlightening the World.

Once here, my father plunged into the Movement, and he remains active in it to this day, much to the detriment of his worldly prosperity. He found many fellow-revolutionists who had fled from Russia, and my earliest memories are of meetings at which people called one another comrade and denounced capitalism. Often the exiles would gather at our house; then the talk would be full of former adventures in the fight for Freedom—of secret meetings held in the forests at midnight, of dangers risked in carrying messages underground, of raids by the hated Cossacks, of seditious literature baked in loaves of bread to escape detection, of violent scenes of shooting and bloodshed. Such talk fired my imagination; I often pictured myself a two-gun Socialist fighting the forces of capitalism, just as later, when I was reading books about frontier life, I would become a fearless rifleman treading the wilderness in search of Indians.

When I was old enough to read I found the house stocked with all kinds of Socialist literature. Ever since I can remember, the three huge volumes of Karl Marx's "Capital" have stood on the lowest shelf of one of the bookcases. However, I don't think anyone in our family has ever read that bulky treatise; I tried, but only managed to get through some sixteen pages of the first volume. I found another three-volume work of much greater interest—"The History of the Great American Fortunes," by Gustavus Myers. Here I learned of the inception and growth of the fortunes of the Goulds, Vanderbilts, Elkinses, Hills, Morgans, Blairs, and others. My father encouraged me in this reading, for he wanted me to regard all wealthy men as evil, all wealth as corrupt. As I realized later, my father was and is a very naïve man; beside, he was always poor himself.

There were other books too—Prince Kropotkin and Boudin and Kautsky, Hillquit and Spargo and Liebknecht; there were Ward's "Ancient Lowly," "The Jungle" of Upton Sinclair, the Communist Manifesto of Marx and Engels, and numerous handbooks published by Charles H. Kerr. And we had almost all of Jack London, whom I read and reread with a boy's hunger. For some esoteric reason all

the works of Jack London are held by Socialists as sacred texts, second only to Marx—even such novels as "The Sea Wolf" and "Martin Eden." Whenever I looked up from my books I could see hanging on the wall the framed portraits of Ferdinand Lasalle and August Bebel. Such were my surroundings as I grew up.

One book especially impressed me—Kirkpatrick's "War, What For?" From it I acquired a horror of war that made me a militant pacifist during my boyhood, and this pacifism often brought me into trouble. Later at high-school I refused to take the required military training; when I was practically forced into an oversized khaki uniform, in which I looked like a parcel awkwardly done up in brown wrapping-paper, I divided my wrath between the commanding sergeant, who represented militarism, and myself for being vain of my appearance, for strutting about, hoping that the girls noticed my fine figure. My first whiff of human ignorance and viciousness came from a boyhood calculation that the cost of a single battleship would build and endow forever three colleges like Oberlin. Ever since then I have been able to appreciate the irony of peace and disarmament conferences.

Kirkpatrick's book was full of headlines, short passages in boldface type, italics, capitals: a sort of tabloid effect. Even more impressive were the cartoons. In one a bloated capitalist, smoking a fat cigar, sat on a high bench built of blocks representing the Press, Public Sentiment, Control of Legislation, Injunctions, and dollar signs. Near him stood a soldier and a policeman. Before the capitalist, awaiting judgment, stood a rebellious worker, held in the claws of a foul fiend with horns, a barbed tail, and a whip; the fiend was Starvation. In another a capitalist, wearing a suit woven of dollar signs and smoking the ever-present fat cigar, sat on a pile of money-bags, waving a tiny American flag and pointing the way to the bloody battlefield to a troop of blindfolded soldiers. Another showed the same capitalist perched on the same money-bags, this time grinning fiercely while nearby a soldier bayoneted a worker. In all of these cartoons were the same allegorical figures. For many years thereafter the word capitalist always flashed on my mind the image of an inflated villain dressed in dollar signs, puffing at a fat cigar, sitting on a heap of money-bags.

So was I brought up in the Faith. I was conscious of a ruthless Class War, and believed that I was to fight on the side of the Downtrodden Workingman against the Greedy Plutocrat. I despised the Middle Class as a group of fawning jackals and intellectual prostitutes. I was taught to distrust the Press as the paid servant of the Ruling Class. The Higher Learning was the pimp of Plutocracy, and the Church the harlot; I was raised to scorn all religion; gods were an invention of those in power; I was an atheist. Economics was simple for me: there were Producers who furnished the labor and Capitalists who furnished material. The Capitalist made excessive profits; the Worker starved. Advertising, Speculation, Unearned Profits were anathema. I looked eagerly to a future when Socialism would reign over all the world, when there would be freedom and justice for the working class, when the blood-stained Kings and Czars and Emperors and Capitalists would be thrust into oblivion, when the Revolution would wipe out classes and everyone would really be equal.

But one thing was needed to consecrate me to the Revolution—the stigmata. Eventually I received that holy mark. One day at a meeting in honor of Eugene Debs,

whom I revered as a god, another child and I (then about six) walked up on the platform and presented the Master with bouquets of roses. Debs received the flowers, thanked us, and stooped and kissed me on the forehead. My mother was overjoyed, my father proud: the seal was on me; I belonged forever in the Vanguard of Freedom.

II

In my childhood I found Socialism a stirring business. I accompanied my father during all the political campaigns; those were exciting times. There were parades with placards proclaiming "Down with the Ruling Class!" and red banners stamped with Marx's famous words: "Workers of the World, unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains; you have the world to gain." We children had places in these parades. As we would march our shrill voices would sing Socialistic adaptations of popular songs. "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," for example, was transformed into "My Money Lies Over the Ocean." We would cheer often, and had a large repertoire of yells, of which our favorite was this:

> One, two, three, four, five, six, seven;
> All good children go to Heaven;
> When they get there, they will yell,
> Capitalists, Capitalists, go to Hell!

Of course, the Socialist party won no victories. One year we did succeed in electing two men to the City Council in Cleveland, and great was our rejoicing. But the two Socialists were booted out very soon; we could use this instance as another example of injustice: that was our only satisfaction.

Street-corner speeches were frequent. I attended many of them, for my father was a noisy and experienced soap-boxer. While he or some other Socialist was getting red in the face declaiming the gospel in loud tones, I would pass along the periphery of the crowd, distributing circulars, pamphlets, booklets, and other propaganda. Meanwhile, I would have visions of myself as an eminent soap-boxer addressing a large and hostile crowd, which I would swing by sheer eloquence from ignorance to enlightenment; at times I would vary the dream and would see myself stoned by my listeners—a martyr to the Cause. Frequently these street-corner gatherings would end in a fight, with the Socialists invariably getting the worst of it. One night, after such a battle, my father came home with a black eye so swollen that leeches had to be applied.

I knew that my youth protected me from physical harm and took advantage of it to the point of insolence. Once I was passing out some circular propaganda on Woodland avenue when a policeman stopped me and asked what I was doing. At first I was frightened and all pictures of martyrdom faded from my mind, but when I saw that many passers-by had gathered, my timidity fell from me; I shielded myself behind my years, which were nine or ten. As accretions steadily increased my audience I became proportionately bolder; I spoke up firmly that I was distributing Socialistic literature, and didn't the Constitution guarantee free speech, and wasn't this a free country? The policeman was plainly puzzled and embarrassed; to drag off by force a skinny ten-year old before all these spectators would be ridiculous, while to let me go free would be humiliating. Finally he chose the latter course, and merely warned me not to litter the streets with circulars. I marched off triumphant.

Work was, however, relieved by play. In Summer there were picnics; in Winter, banquets, bazaars, masquerade balls. At

the balls prizes were given for the best masques and tableaux, the latter always depicting either the misery of the Working Class or the cruelty of the Owning Class. A club to which I belonged won a prize once at a ball. We presented the evil of Child Labor. A few painted flats served as the front of a dreary factory. Near the entrance stood a line of ragged, unwashed children, pale for weariness and thin for lack of food, waiting till the factory would open its ravenous jaws. I was one of these children. We entered the factory and rested; the line reformed every half-hour. Those spectators that peeped into the mouth of the Black Hole received a shock upon seeing the tired and wan child-laborers changed into a pack of merry roughnecks, who pinched and punched one another surreptitiously.

Much of the entertainment at all these social events was furnished by the children, always introduced as the Hope of the Movement. We staged original moralities with the old hero Labor and the old villain Capital. I had my turn when I became a member of a boys' quartette which appeared at many gatherings, always singing the same two songs, the Marseillaise and the Internationale. Each member of the quartette tried to outhowl the others, volume and quality being synonymous; because I found that my voice was weakest and could scarcely be heard, I soon quit.

The older Socialists made sure that we would grow up in the Faith by means of study-groups and clubs. I don't remember even the names of these clubs; they were numerous and short-lived, each springing out of the corpse of its predecessor. One I remember because of its leader, a Jew named Bernsteen. He was in his thirties, ill-favored of face, but kindly and intelligent. I think he was paid twenty-five dollars a week for conducting our club and several study-groups. He was the first who made me suspect that there were other writers beside Jack London, other music beside the Marseillaise, other painting beside the portraits of Ferdinand Lassalle and August Bebel. It was he who first introduced me to Shelley and first showed me a copy of the Mona Lisa.

With Bernsteen's help, both financial and literary, our club published a magazine—the *Future*. We wrote the articles, stories, and poems ourselves; Bernsteen merely corrected. The subject matter was almost all Socialistic. One boy, now a Communist living in New York, wrote a little piece called "A Conversation of the Waves." Two waves, belonging to Lake Erie, get a glimpse of Cleveland as they rock near the shore. A dialogue ensues in which the waves wonder at the unhappiness filling the city, and discuss and suggest remedies for the economic ills underlying that unhappiness. My own writings were less imaginative and more scholarly, such as a discussion of the educational value of movies. The *Future* did not pay, and ended its earthly existence after six issues. Each month it lost about forty dollars, which Bernsteen paid out of his own great income.

Another club sticks in my memory because of the distress it gave me. It was named the Comrade Club, and its emblem was a little round button with a red surface, on which were engraved in gold a pair of clasped hands and the name of the club. Unfortunately, the Comrade Club was formed in 1918, when it was highly dangerous to wear even a red necktie. I was then in the seventh grade. One day my teacher noticed my pin, became alarmed for the safety of the country, and asked what the emblem stood for. I told her. She sent me to the principal's office to see

whether I might wear the red pin. After some debate the principal said that I might.

But my trouble was just beginning. As I was going home one afternoon I suddenly perceived waiting for me a gang of about twenty boys, among them three patriotic classmates. It was too late to escape; so I kept on walking, making an effort to appear at ease. When I entered the nest, one of the patriots named Frank addressed me in a friendly voice. Meanwhile, someone tripped me up from behind and another boy kicked me. Somehow I got loose and ran. The gang gave chase and soon cornered me against the side of a house. A boy threw a rock. I ducked, and the rock went through a window behind me. The angry head of a woman appeared at the window. In the following confusion I made my getaway, sped down a few alleys, hopped a few fences, and arrived, breathless but safe, at home.

III

Dark times fell upon the Socialists. During the two years that followed the World War a vertiginous madness seized the Land of the Free, and any shade in the spectrum bordering on red was enough to throw an American into a fine frenzy. It was the time when the American Legion and the Daughters of the American Revolution flourished, and when raiding organizations like the Loyal American League and the American Protective League were formed.

Several times the Socialist headquarters in Cleveland were raided, as was also the Socialist Labor Lyceum, a community house in Scovill avenue near East 55th street, which included a library and meeting-rooms. In one raid at the Labor Lyceum windows were broken, pictures smashed, books torn, papers destroyed. Among the pictures smashed was one of Beethoven, among the books destroyed a set of Poe. Private homes were invaded, and for a time we feared that our home would suffer too; thus I had an opportunity to picture myself defending it valiantly and being shot to death keeping violators of liberty from crossing our threshold.

As May 1, 1919, approached, the Socialists made preparations to hold their annual May-day parade and demonstration. The chief of police prohibited it, but the Socialists, their daring ebullient, went ahead with their plans. I skipped school in order to take part in the parade. Everyone knew that we were going to march despite all interdictions; the newspapers published editorials even more inflammatory than usual; and the city was tense.

We formed our parade at the Labor Lyceum. According to our plan we were to march down Woodland avenue till we came to the Public Square; there we were to hold our demonstration. At our front marched the American flag and the red flag. We used our customary placards and sang our songs, but we were not as boisterous as usual. The impending excitement hushed our voices. Although the sidewalks were crowded with spectators, we met no opposition until we turned down East 14th street to enter Euclid avenue. A roar of hatred greeted us, and we saw gathered policemen, members of the American Legion and of the American Protective League, Boy Scouts, and countless ruffians, all ready to defend vehemently the Family, the State, and the Church.

Mounted policemen made the first hostile move, riding into the marchers and trampling them under their horses' hoofs. The parade, which had been a long crawling worm, was quickly chopped, each part struggling and wriggling separately. Some of the Socialists fought fiercely; those that

tried to run were chased and drubbed. The battle spread all along Euclid avenue. Few Socialists escaped without injury, even the children getting their share at the hands of the Boy Scouts. Fighting and rioting lasted all day and most of the night in Cleveland. I remember being knocked down twice and cut off from my companions, losing my way on the West Side, and finally by devious streets reaching home after dark, to find my mother frightened and worried, and my father still not returned.

When I came to school the next morning, my teacher asked why I had been absent. I told him, and his face reddened with fury; he wrote a note and sent me to the office with it. I was then thirteen and had just entered high-school. To me the principal was a stern, omnipotent deity, and by the time I reached the office I was badly scared. I took the note to the assistant principal, who greeted me with that fatherly kindness most school officials assume toward school children; but as he read the note his face flushed, and his eyes were blazing when he turned to me.

He called me the usual names—Socialist, Radical, Bolshevist, Anarchist. His voice became louder, till all the office knew what was my offense. As he spoke he picked up a ruler, which I thought he was going to use on me; and I knew that if he touched me with it, I would throw at him the inkwell, books, anything I could reach; once before a grown-up had struck me and had been stunned by my hysterical violence. The ruler jerked up and down in front of my nose in accompaniment to the assistant principal's tirade, but I was not hit. I was told finally that I would have to wait for the principal, who would determine my punishment; then I was seated on a bench reserved for culprits and forbidden to move from it.

No sooner was I seated than a teacher of typewriting, named Caskey, who had heard the entire scene, rushed up to me, and standing over me with threatening gestures, shouted abuse. I saw in his eyes a look of hatred that I was to recognize often in the succeeding days. "You ought to be hanged, you damn Bolshevik!" he yelled. "You ought to be stood up against a wall and shot!" I was frightened by his animosity, which flooded over me for almost half-an-hour. It seems that while Our Boys had been across the ocean making the world safe for democracy, I, with all the treachery of my thirteen years, had been undermining the government at home, planting bombs, exposing the Boys' sisters and mothers to rape, and spreading sedition. Caskey had been a Y. M. C. A. secretary during the war in a camp on this side of the Atlantic.

My remembrance of that day is somewhat confused. After a time I became deaf to Caskey's threats, merely out of exhaustion. Then when he ceased I spent several long hours on the hard bench. I was hungry, but was not allowed to get something to eat. My bladder began to pain me, but the assistant principal refused to excuse me. It never occurred to me to resist his orders physically.

In the afternoon the principal arrived. I saw the assistant principal enter the principal's office, and after a short while I was called in. The principal was then an old man, with a reputation for benevolence, but when I looked into his face I saw no benevolence there, nothing but that deadly hatred I had seen in Caskey's eyes. The principal was trembling with rage when he turned to me. The pupils of his eyes were compressed with fury and the whites had thin red streaks. He saw in me not a small boy of thirteen, but an embodiment of all the dangers he had ever read of—

Bolshevism, Communism, Socialism, Anarchy, Sedition, Revolution, even the Yellow Peril and White Slavery; and he had only to crush me to rid the world of all its evils. As he berated me I watched the little tuft of white hairs in the depression over his chin, and wondered whether this was the same man who appeared so paternal and mild when he addressed all the students every Friday in the auditorium.

I was expelled from school and ordered to bring my father to see the principal. When my father did walk into the office the next morning, I think the principal's wrath was cooled a bit, for my father was then a tall and powerful man. At any rate, after a short discussion I was again reinstated and continued my high-school work without interruption.

IV

As though outside persecution were not enough, the Socialist party slashed its own throat when, in August, 1919, it split in two. Thereafter, the Socialists minced themselves into innumerable sects, each with its own major and minor prophets.

The original Great Schism resulted from the list of twenty-one articles presented by the Russian Communists at the Third International, demanding that the Socialist party of America begin actual revolutionary tactics, including an underground system, organization of workers' forces, and dissemination of propaganda. On these articles the party cleaved into two raging factions, the Right Wing Socialists clinging to their former gentle passiveness, while the Left Wing Communists clamored for Action. The Lefts were called Reds, and the Rights, because of their fear of Direct Action, were called Yellows. During the schism there were accusations and counter-accusations. The Reds charged the Yellows with cowardice and with being henchmen of the capitalists; and in turn, the Yellows declared that the Reds were *agents provocateurs* paid by the government to rise and destroy the party.

The schism opened my eyes, and I began to see things directly, not as refracted by my ideas. I saw former comrades look at each other with a flaming enmity, full of abuse, ready to lynch one another. All the hatred for capitalism was transferred by each sect to the other, a hatred, however, much keener than that for an abstract capitalism had ever been—a phenomenon for which I could not account at first, but for which I later discovered two plausible reasons. First, a close companionship means a great animosity when the friendship ends. Second, it is much more satisfying to hate something that can be heard and seen and felt. Here at last the Reds and the Yellows had someone in the flesh to fight, not some vague and distant abstraction like Plutocracy, but men and women with noses that could be punched and hair that could be pulled.

Many were the amusing incidents caused by the cleavage. Quarrels arose at every meeting and in every group, even within families. Wives battled with their husbands over the doctrine of Direct Action for the Revolution, and not infrequently separations resulted. Children and parents became enemies. I know of two families which were divided because of the zeal of Reds and Yellows. In one the father remained a Socialist, his wife and two sons becoming fervent Communists. Heated words passed between the two factions; the sons assailed their father with the scornful "Yellow"; and the wife not only berated her husband, but also refused to cook meals for a supporter of the Right Wing. The poor man, on the whole a harmless individual, would seek a haven

in our house, where he would eat and complain of his family. (My parents both remained Yellows.)

In another family the division was similar, the father remaining a Yellow, while his wife and son turned Reds. Here the hatred grew so intense that the man left his family and sought peace at a distance of a thousand miles. Meetings usually began with vituperation and ended in furious fights, although no one knew why he was fighting, except that the words Red and Yellow were shouted. At one meeting the clash became so violent, chairs being used in the assaults, that the police had to be called to restore peace among the enemies of the government; and when finally the meeting continued, with a tranquillity guaranteed by the presence of two policemen, no one, except possibly the two officers of the law, perceived the irony of the chairman's opening words, "Fellow Comrades." Incidents like this made me begin to doubt the perfection of Socialists.

Once the refracting medium of my former idealism was removed and my eyes became accustomed to straight vision, I discovered that most Socialists are as ignorant as their fellow human-beings, are moved by catchwords and epithets rather than by reason, do not demand the specific and concrete, can understand only generalizations and abstractions, and are as intolerant as bulls, admitting no questioning of their theories of Utopia. They could say "damn Nigger," "dirty Jew," and "lousy Wop" with the most scurrilous Democrat or Republican; and whatever patronage they showed the Negro was insulting, being designed chiefly to illuminate their own display of tolerance, just as is the popular condescension shown Negro writers today by whites, who are as surprised at seeing a Negro poet as they would be at a chimpanzee contrapuntist.

There are no color distinctions in the Socialist creed, and in theory the Socialists subscribed to this doctrine; but when the Negro became a rival for a job or a fellow-dancer at a ball, then he was a "nigger bastard." There are no religious nor nationalistic distinctions in the Socialist creed, but let Jews or Italians become too numerous in a branch-organization, and they are "goddam kikes and dagos." In short, I discovered a platitude—that any group of human beings is intolerant and unreasoning. Later I was to meet Shakespeare's Jack Cade, and read the words of Sir Thomas Browne:

> If there be any among those common objects of hatred I do contemn and laugh at, it is that great enemy of Reason, Virtue and Religion, the Multitude: that numerous piece of monstrosity, which, taken asunder, seem men, and the reasonable creatures of God; but, confused together, make one great beast, and a monstrosity more prodigious than Hydra.

One discovery led to another. I found that though there were some honest and earnest Socialists, capable even of self-sacrifice, most spoke but did not. Then my earlier ideas were shocked by the number of *bourgeois* members there were, persons whom I considered capitalistic parasites—small storekeepers, agents and collectors, labor-union officials, all capable of envy, malice, ingratitude, betrayal. It seemed to me that for an organization that aspired to aid the working-class slaves the Socialist party contained too few of those slaves and too many white-collar gentry who kept their Socialistic principles and their worldly practice locked in two separate chests, one of which was never opened unless the other was firmly shut.

I learned of graft and politics in the most Socialistic labor-unions, of Socialist owners of small factories who sweated

their employés, of Socialist storekeepers who became wealthy on excessive and unnecessary profits. I heard comrade lawyers calumniate one another, and comrade insurance agents spread slanders about their business rivals. I discovered many old and permanent attributes of humanity: I had been so innocent before.

V

My rebellions were at first occasional, and it was not till I was sixteen and graduated from high-school that I underwent my first apostasy. My father's disappointment was sharp on seeing his eldest son, in whom he had centered his hopes, turn from the Faith. In those younger days I was given to discussion and argumentation, and once even quarreled violently with my father, the supposed cause being some trifling incident, but the underlying reason was the growing difference between us. Later I realized that it was impossible for my father, fifty years old, to slough the ideals and illusions accumulated during his lifetime; I learned that argument only hardens one's opinions. Today, Socialism is on the whole a closed topic between us, though my father still does, at times, deliver hortatory lectures calculated to make me see the evil of my ways.

Of course, I clearly see the economic ills of the world, and I have no more belief in such fictions as Private Initiative, Profit, Advertising, Speculation than I ever had. But I no longer respect abstract or general terms, whether uttered by Rockefeller or Eugene V. Debs. Ingratitude and dishonesty and malice are as disagreeable in a comrade as in a plutocrat, and anyone who touches politics puts his hand in a dunghill that must besmirch him. A group of six or more Socialists is as melancholy and absurd a spectacle as a group of six or more Democrats. Stupid and vulgar minds that prefer Irving Berlin to the Apassionata Sonata and Orphan Annie to "Othello" are stupid and vulgar whether they vote for the Socialist ticket or for the Republican. In other words, I found in the Socialist Party a wide gap between the greatness of the principles involved and the smallness of those who professed the principles; and then I developed other interests more important and more real for me than any childish search for the Panacea or any preparation for the Millennium.

When I return home occasionally for a visit, I always find things just as I left them, although I expect that because I have changed everyone else must have undergone a corresponding change. Marx's "Capital" still stands three-tomed on the lowest shelf of a bookcase. The portraits of Ferdinand Lassalle and August Bebel still hang on the walls. My sister, in whom my father now places his hopes, annoys her high-school teachers with immature expositions of various Socialist doctrines. My mother still attends regularly the Socialist meetings. And my father still runs annually on the Socialist ticket for offices ranging from City Councilman to State Treasurer, and is annually defeated.

HARBOR JOHN: A PORTRAIT

BY BERT COOKSLEY

The years were growing portly, heavy-aged.
Youth deserted them, had ridden away
Before the middle act was safely staged.
He rarely waits to see the finished play,
Being impatient always . . .

Harbor John
Sat with his dog and parrot in the gloom
Of lemon light. He closed his eyes upon
The troubled poverty within the room—
The paper, zinc and nails, the wood and brass,
The plaster, cloth and leather that it takes
To make a little box in which to pass
Life's sober time of marking down the dates.
After awhile he opened them and stared
At the folded weekly paper. He was tired.
His back and legs and arms too long had shared
Their muscles with the farm. Too long had sired
Toil's ugly squealing brats . . .

All day long
Between the house and pasture, field and shed,
He worked without a woman or a song
To tighten up his heart and soothe his bed.
Day long with cock and hen and pig and cow,
With horse and rick and scythe and many seeds,
With hammer, pail and brush and rope and plow—
All this, all day, to give one man his needs,
To fill his belly while it drained his heart,
To shelve his cupboard while it starved his soul!

Tired he was. He slowly pried apart
The record of the week, the little roll
Of comedy and error bundled up
In type and space and headline, that the ill
Might read again their illness. That the cup
Of tragedy might have its second fill.

The fat dog slept. The parrot moved about
On either leg and stared at something dim
And far away as Panama. Without,
The night was fixed and starry as a hymn.
The brief blue porches of the violets
Were no more still than Harbor's patch of farm.
The years themselves were silent as regrets.
Youth had rode off and left them out of harm,
Being impatient always . . .

Seven words
Mumbled the constipated corner clock.
The eaves sent down a throaty sound of birds.
Carl, the dog, came to, one ear acock.
Harbor shifted in his chair. He read
Clumsily, and constantly went back
To get a meaning straightwise through his head,
Like one who pauses on an unknown track.
His hands were like a pair of crippled things
Tearing the paper in their awkward walk
Across its littered avenue of kings
And beggars—and its weighty middle talk.
Slowly, page by page, until the end.
And then he sighed and put the thing away
Like one who has no further time to spend.
Like one who shuts at last the book of day.

He hooked the door and banked the kitchen coal.
The dog got up and stretched. The parrot moved about.
The clock limped into eight, and made a toll
Of twice times four with a rheumatic shout.
And then he drew a bowl and washed his face
And got his clothes off to the union suit.
He turned the wicks and wormed into the place
His body fitted like a long-worn boot.
The cot spoke out a little, then was still.

For several moments then he wondered on
The cow, the shed, the mare out on her hill.
And suddenly sleep came for Harbor John.

BIG BUSINESS RAIDS WASHINGTON

BY J. FREDERICK ESSARY

It has long been a matter of general and sometimes caustic complaint on the part of American business men that the gigantic organism which we call the Federal government knows not the meaning of efficiency; that it is a cumbersome, unwieldy, unresponsive machine, weighted down with a smug bureaucracy on the one hand, and selfish and pettifogging politicians on the other.

The business executives who journey to Washington from time to time have often wondered aloud how anything ever gets done in that city. They find some 90,000 persons, high and low, manning the works. There are so many of them that they seem to be forever stepping on one another's heels. The lost time and lost motion are incredible. Some twenty different agencies, Mr. Hoover has said, deal with the public domain alone!

Perhaps it is a taxation adjustment in which the visitor to the capital is interested. He finds the Internal Revenue Bureau scattered in half a dozen office buildings. In addition there is a Board of Tax Appeals to be consulted. The taxpayer goes from pillar to post and back to pillar again, seeking the one man who can negotiate with him. Failing to find that man, he retains a Washington lawyer to handle his case, throws up his hands, and goes home.

Or maybe it is an ocean mail contract. Naturally he turns to the Shipping Board or the Merchant Fleet Corporation, for the last time he was in Washington they were handling such matters. But now he is told that it is the Postmaster-General's job to award mail contracts. At the Postoffice Department he finds that an inter-departmental committee, with important subcommittees, is also mixed up in the business. Further, he finds that Congress must be asked to interpret the law. And so on. So he departs in despair.

Ofttimes it is a claim against the government that takes the business man to Washington—a fair claim, let us say. He presents his bill at the Treasury for the amount involved. But the Treasury, he finds, can pay out nothing without an act of Congress, not even the cost of a postage stamp. At the Capitol he is told that the claim may be just, but that it should go before the Court of Claims for review. Then, in time, it may be brought back to Congress. There it will be considered by the appropriate committees, eventually authorized perhaps, and then paid by Treasury warrant.

Such experiences—and these are fair samples—commonly leave the high-pressure business man muddled, disgusted, exhausted and rebellious. He storms against the red-tape he has found in Washington. He growls over the delay in getting even an obvious result. He begins to understand, at last, why it costs so much to run the government. Any good corporation executive, he declares, ought to be able to operate it for half the amount. What appalling

waste! What amazing inefficiency! What unbelievable looseness and lack of organization!

Again, and often from the same man, one hears the cry that there is too much government in business, as well as too little business in government. The first of these propositions, of course, means that there is too much meddling by Federal authority into private affairs, too much interference, too much regulation, too much over-lordship. It irks the business man to be warned that there are many things—things that he regards as absolutely legitimate—which his government will not let him do; that his conduct must square not only with the laws but also with the rules laid down by Washington bureaucrats. He particularly resents being investigated by some bureau or department or congressional committee.

The business man in that state of mind sees in these inquisitions a suggestion or plain implication that he is a criminal, and he instinctively protests. He has consciously violated no law, moral, civil or criminal, and objects to being set down as a law-breaker. His business practices are recognized as clean even by his competitors. The idea of being made the victim of an official inquest causes a violent revolt within him. So he begins to associate the government with oppression, even tyranny.

These points of view—and they are very widely held—are mentioned here, not for the purpose of philosophizing upon Federal processes in general or to remark upon the mysterious way in which the government performs its blunders. Instead, they are mentioned to introduce a thumping inconsistency, an anomaly, a mystery.

For the very same executives, verily scores of them, in spite of their exasperations and resentments, have somehow come to regard the great departments of the government, with their multitudinous bureaux, divisions, sections and units, each with an expert or a near-expert at its helm, as a vast recruiting ground for men, awaiting the call of Big Business. Hundreds and perhaps even thousands of these bureaucrats have been beguiled of late into the service of banking houses, industrial concerns and other business organizations. And the demand for them seems to be growing all the time. More officers and officials resigned from the public service last year than in any previous year, except during the general demobilization of 1919.

II

There is, of course, no secret about the inducement. That inducement is comprehended in the one word money. Bankers, manufacturers, exporters, promoters, even propagandists have come to place a high cash value upon government experience. Sometimes it is a case of mere experience, but usually there is joined to it prestige. Prestige, particularly if it is derived from or associated with an ornamental title, is always a readily salable commodity.

It is no secret, of course, that government salaries are far from fabulous. The man who makes $4,000 a year serving Uncle Sam is envied by thousands of his associates. The $6,000-a-year man is rare. And he who has reached the $10,000-a-year class enjoys a distinction almost aristocratic.

A Cabinet officer receives only $15,000 a year. The Associate Justices of the United States Supreme Court had to wait more than a century before their pay reached $20,000, and the Chief Justice gets but $500 more. The Vice-President and Speaker of the House each draw $15,000; the General of the Armies, $13,500; rear admirals and major generals, $8,000 each; Interstate Commerce Commissioners, $12,000; the

Solicitor-General of the United States, $10,000, and the Undersecretary of State, $7,500.

Such salaries seem ridiculously small to the executives of prosperous corporations. They may be adequate for decent living, or in some cases, even for comfortable living, but they are tremendously exceeded by the wages paid to competent men of similar standing in private life. Moreover, private business holds out the stimulating prospect of increasing compensation year by year, and the government does not.

This disparity is something new. It is easy to remember the time when a government job was a passionately coveted thing. A generation or so ago—no longer than that—many thousands of young men back home, working for $10 a week in stores or for $50 a month as stenographers or as incipient lawyers barely making a living, dreamed gorgeously of government positions paying $1,000 or $1,200 or perhaps $1,500 a year. Such positions promised actual affluence, not to speak of the distinction that belonged to them.

To be secretary to a Congressman at $1,500 a year seemed to thousands to be a goal worthy of any young man's ambition. To be a departmental clerk with steady pay and thirty days a year holiday was something to be mentioned with bated breath. And to become a chief clerk or a bureau head was an achievement to arouse the pride of one's family and friends.

Similarly, the armed services of the government made a powerful appeal, and appointments to West Point and Annapolis were eagerly sought. For they seemed to open up glamorous careers, to say nothing of life-time jobs with progressively increasing pay.

To be educated handsomely at the government's expense, to see the world, to wear handsome uniforms, and to contemplate a steady promotion until retirement, with a pension afterward—all this made Army and Navy life very attractive.

But now there is a change, and it has been felt throughout practically the whole of the governmental system. The department clerk, for example, who came to Washington with high hopes twenty years ago at $1,200 a year and now makes only $2,000, with children to raise and educate, with only drudgery at the office and with little or no prospect of further advancement, has ceased to be enviable and become a pathetic creature.

The bureau chief with all his expertness and technical education is not happy with his $5,000 or $6,000 a year when he sees other men in private life, with less training, making many times as much money. And even the officers of the Army and Navy have been sadly disillusioned.

These officers see the pacifists and disarmers bearing down upon them, seeking to reduce their establishments. The cost of living is heavy and their pay is relatively small. In consequence, scores of the older officers are resigning, and so many cadets and midshipmen were lately seeking to resign after graduation that a law had to be passed requiring them to serve at least two years as officers before they could be honorably discharged.

Because of these economic facts and because of others not wholly economic, it has been easy in recent years for private business to make raids upon the government services. Not merely scores, but hundreds of highly trained officers or officials have been drafted into private employment. Many of the scientific bureaux of the government have lost their best men, and some of the economic divisions in the executive departments have been shot to pieces. Even the Foreign Service, one of

the most ornamental of them all, has suffered distressing losses in personnel.

As a matter of fact the experience of the Foreign Service is typical. Wall Street seems particularly enamored of the career men, many of them of diplomatic rank, who have done conspicuous work in the State Department or abroad. A recent recruit from that quarter is Stokeley W. Morgan, former chief of the Latin-American Division and counsellor of the American Embassy at Mexico City. He resigned to become the Paris representative of Lehman Brothers, the bankers.

There has been a long list of such resignations in the past few years. Among those that come readily to mind are:

Robert E. Olds, former Undersecretary of State, now Paris representative of Sullivan & Cromwell, attorneys for J. P. Morgan & Company.

Lawrence Dennis, former *chargé d'affaires* of the American legation in Nicaragua, now with J. & W. Seligman & Company, chief among the international bankers lending money to Nicaragua.

J. Herbert Stabler, former chief of the Latin-American Division of the State Department and a negotiator of the Tacna-Arica settlement, now with the Gulf Oil Company.

Spencer Phenix, who drafted the Kellogg Pact and assisted Secretary of State Kellogg in its negotiation, now with Lee Higginson & Company.

Allan Dulles, former chief of the Near Eastern Division of the State Department, retired to enter the New York office of Sullivan & Cromwell.

Dorsey Richardson, former chief of the Western European Division of the State Department, now with Lehman Brothers.

Allan Winslow, former secretary of the American Embassy in Mexico City, now with G. M. P. Murphy & Company, New York bankers.

Fred Dolbeare, advisor of the American delegation at the Geneva Naval Conference of 1927, now with Henry Schroeder & Company, New York.

Myron Hofer, former first secretary of the American Embassy at Santiago, Chile, now with Keech & Company, New York brokers.

The New York banking institutions also have long looked with a fond eye upon officials of the Treasury. These men —very many of them—have seemed to the executives of such institutions to possess information (it would be unfair, perhaps, to call it inside information) of great value to business. They are presumed to have had a thorough schooling in the deeper sort of finance, together with a training in the psychology of the bureaucracy.

All former Secretaries of the Treasury are besieged by tempting offers, though not all of them have cared to pursue money-making upon retirement. Franklin MacVeagh of the Taft Cabinet, for example, entertained no offers whatever, and it is unlikely, of course, that Andrew W. Mellon will entertain any when he drops out of official life. As for Carter Glass, he remained in politics and was sent to the Senate by Virginia—the only former Cabinet officer now in either house of Congress. But William G. McAdoo frankly announced when he resigned at the end of the World War that he was out to make money and so he formed many corporate connections. And David F. Houston first became an officer of the American Bell Telephone & Telegraph Company and then president of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury have also been much in demand. Frank A. Vanderlip became a vice-president and then president of the National City Bank of New York and Robert O. Bailey became an officer in the same institution. Sherman Allen became its trust officer, and George E. Roberts, who had been Director of the Mint, is a National City vice-

president. Milton E. Ailes, another Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, became president of the Riggs National Bank of Washington, S. Parker Gilbert left the Treasury to become Agent General of Reparations under the Dawes Plan, Elliott Wadsworth became chairman of the Sinking Fund Commission of Boston, and Norman Davis has become a leading corporation lawyer in New York.

III

Since the Federal Government entered upon the business of direct taxation, a field which was hitherto occupied exclusively by the States, the Internal Revenue Bureau has become one of the most extensive and important agencies in the whole governmental establishment. It is easy for middle-aged Washingtonians to remember when the bureau was accommodated on one side of one corridor of the Treasury Building. Now a $10,000,000 structure is in process of erection for the exclusive use of its 4,000 officials and employés.

Tax issues are often highly technical. Specially trained men are needed by the government to deal with them and hundreds of such men have been promoted since the war to positions of great responsibility. And scores of them are being drawn away every year by corporations and other heavy taxpayers to protect private interests in tax adjustment and litigation.

Two former Commissioners of Internal Revenue, Daniel C. Roper and William M. Williams, and many former deputy commissioners have opened offices in Washington as tax attorneys or tax consultants or tax accountants. This drift of officials into private employment or practice became so pronounced a few years ago that for its own protection the Treasury laid down the following rule:

> No attorney or agent shall be permitted to appear before the Treasury Department in connection with any matter to which such attorney or agent gave personal consideration or as to facts of which he gained actual knowledge while in the service of the Treasury Department, and likewise no such attorney or agent shall aid or assist another in any such matter, and no attorney or agent shall receive assistance from one formerly in the service of the Treasury Department and having such personal knowledge.

A somewhat similar rule has been promulgated by the Patent Office. Private business enterprises for many years have found expert patent examiners highly important to them, so much so, that during the first seven months of 1929 the Patent Office lost fifty-one members of its examining corps. Others have since been retiring at the rate of ten per month.

Some of these examiners had been six, eight and ten years in the government service and had become specialists in the arts assigned to them. Because it requires years to train a patent examiner and because each acquires an invaluable knowledge of his specialty, the Patent Office has found it necessary to prohibit former examiners from appearing as agents before it in the classes of matters with which they are most familiar, until they shall have been two years out of the government service.

But perhaps the Department of Commerce sustains a greater aggregate loss of specialized members of its bureau staffs than any other. For one thing, there are more bureaux under the Secretary of Commerce having intimate relations with business in general. The Bureau of Mines alone reports that "several hundred" resignations of technologists have been induced in the past few years by offers of salary and other opportunities more attractive than the government can promise.

This trend has been particularly pro-

nounced in the Bureau's Petroleum Division. Dr. Van H. Manning, second director of the Bureau, for example, resigned to go with the American Petroleum Institute at a salary said to be $25,000 a year. Chester Naramore, W. A. Williams, A. W. Ambrose, F. B. Tough, J. O. Lewis and H. H. Hill, each of whom in turn served as chief petroleum engineer of the bureau, resigned to accept positions with oil producing or refining companies paying more than double their government salaries.

Other men in the technologic branches of the bureau have been weaned away from the government by the same inducement, notably W. M. Weigel, a metal expert who went with the Missouri Pacific Railway; S. K. Kinney, distinguished for his blast furnace studies, who has gone with a steel company; R. B. Ladoo, now with the United States Gypsum Company; B. O. Pickard, a mine safety expert, who accepted service with a group of trans-Pacific steamship companies, and W. W. Phalen, a fuel specialist, now with the Solvay Process Company.

The Bureau of Standards has become a veritable laboratory for the training of research specialists, scores of whom have been drawn into industry. Again, the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce is losing every year many of its most highly trained men. The Department of Commerce has a foreign commercial service of its own. Its commercial attachés, with their knowledge of foreign conditions and trade possibilities, are becoming more and more valuable to business and are drifting into private employment in large numbers.

The Department of Agriculture can report almost as many casualties, due to offers from business houses. Also it can report the rare case of a high public official with a good but not an extravagant salary who turned down an extremely fancy offer from the outside. This is the case of Dr. John R. Mohler, chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, serving the government at a salary of $9,000 a year, and one of the foremost authorities in the world in his line. Not long ago he was invited to accept a position in the Argentine with a salary guarantee of $25,000 a year. He unhesitatingly declined it. Also, it is said that Dr. A. F. Wood, director of scientific work in the department, has rejected more than one handsome offer of private employment.

But there have been many experts who yielded to the pressure. Col. W. B. Greely, chief of the Forest Service, resigned his $7,500-a-year government job to receive $15,000 a year from the Western Lumbermen's Association. Samuel Pickard, chief of the Radio Service at $4,500 a year, lately became a vice-president of the Columbia Broadcasting Company at $20,000. And Nelson Antrim Crawford, chief of the Office of Information, quit his $6,500-a-year place to become the editor-in-chief of Senator Capper's farm publications at a much larger salary.

Again, L. T. Tenny, while chief of the Agricultural Economics Division, became head of a farm coöperative at more than twice his government salary; Charles J. Brand, chief of the Bureau of Markets at $6,000, bettered himself financially three times over when he became executive secretary of the National Fertilizer Association; and Bradford Knapp, chief of extension work in the South, became president of the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College.

Finally, William M. Jardine, President Coolidge's Secretary of Agriculture, upon the expiration of his term, became general counsel of the Federated Fruit and Vegetable Growers Association at a handsome

salary, the actual size of which is only guessed at. Now, however, he has gone back to the government service as Minister to Egypt.

Engineers and other experienced officials of the Federal Power Commission have found a brisk demand for their services among the interests with which they have had official relations. From time to time one of these experts is picked off by an industrial organization with an offer of pay that cannot be resisted.

IV

There is ever-recurring concern in Army and Navy circles over the large number of resignations and voluntary retirements which in recent years have seriously reduced the commissioned personnel of both services. Because of the unprecedented number of withdrawals during the past year, the Navy is making a special inquiry to establish the cause or causes.

During 1929, more than 150 line officers left the service, eighty-two resigning in the first seven months, and seventeen retiring. The total loss in the year 1928 exceeded the strength of the 1929 graduating class at the Naval Academy. An officer of either Army or Navy may retire with pay after thirty years' service, and he must retire upon attaining the age of sixty-four.

The low pay of Army and Navy officers, compared with that received by men of equal or perhaps less intelligence, training, education and general experience in civil life, is the main reason for most of the withdrawals. That, plus the discovery by business men that hiring such officers in many cases is a sound investment. They make good executives, excellent investigators, and often first-class salesmen.

The roll of former Army and Navy officers now in business is far too long to call. But they are to be found in banking houses, in industrial corporations, as city managers, with railways, and elsewhere.

The fact is that the government's pay for many classes of specialists in its employ is too low to hold the best men. These men are being drawn away in greater numbers each year.

That the Federal service is embarrassed and in some instances crippled by such losses, is easily understood. The remedy, of course, seems obvious. Let the government raise the scale of pay for its expert talent, one readily responds! Present the facts to Congress, the body which holds the purse-strings, and bring about an increase in compensation comparable to that offered by private industry!

But that is far easier said than done. Congressmen who serve their constituencies for $10,000 a year, who finance their campaigns out of their own pockets every two years and who try to maintain themselves on their incomes, are not quick to authorize pay increases. It is difficult to persuade them that a fisheries expert, or a mining engineer, or a Treasury tax accountant should be paid $15,000 or $20,000 a year.

Then, too, there is another point of view in which there is some merit. It is that the government is a sort of post-graduate school for the education of men who can be of service to modern business. Those who hold that view see no reason why such graduates should not be drafted, once their value has been established.

But the weakness of that argument is that the man with the training and capacity to command the large salary which some corporation is prepared to pay him ought, by reason of his government position, to be serving the whole of a given industry, not merely some competitive part of it.

THE AMERICANS IN THE ARGENTINE

BY JORGE J. BLANCO

When Argentina, after a forty-year spree of internal strife, dictatorships and political hocus-pocus, reached for a sedative and decided to establish a real constitution, the middle of the Nineteenth Century had already passed. The River Plate Fathers, seeking a model, took a look at the North American document, and constructed an instrument that bears a great resemblance to the Star Spangled Magna Charta. It even smacks of plagiarism in parts, as witness the preamble:

> We, the representatives of the Argentine Nation, assembled in the General Constituent Congress, by will and election of the provinces that compose it, in compliance with preëxisting pacts, with the object of constituting national union, to guarantee justice, consolidate domestic peace, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and assure the benefits of liberty for ourselves, our posterity and all men . . . who desire to inhabit Argentine soil, invoking the protection of God, source of all right and justice, do ordain, decree and establish this Constitution for the Argentine Nation.

Much of the yellow water of the River Plate has emptied into the Atlantic since this constitution went into effect, and the camaraderie that the handful of Argentinos might have once felt for the Norteamericanos has undergone a great change. There is, however, no abating of the tide of North American influence on the Argentino, individually and collectively. This influence is founded simply on trade. The sale and use of North American products in Argentina deeply affects the national life and habits of the people.

In 1913, according to Department of Commerce figures, the total value of American exports to Argentina was $72,458,000, as compared with $152,863,000 from the United Kingdom, then the world's greatest trader, and $83,296,000 from Germany, which held second place. In that year Argentina bought 14.7% of her imported goods from the United States. The compilation of Argentine statistics is a halting process, but sufficient figures are available to show that in 1927, only fourteen years later, American sales to Argentina totalled $163,485,542, a close second to the United Kingdom with $171,327,000 and far in the lead of Germany's $93,671,000.

In analyzing these figures, it is necessary to realize that a great part of the public utilities of Argentina, including most of the railroads, the telephone and some of the telegraph and power companies, were British-owned and almost wholly supplied with materials from British factories, whose value was included in the United Kingdom export figures. The American position has been strengthening itself even more during the past two or three years. In addition to the general increase in United States trade, American interests now control the telephone systems of the Republic. They have also acquired many small but important power interests, and have been making a bid for some of the railway properties,

which the British owners, in a somewhat panicky way, have been scuttling to forestall.

Hyphenated cultural societies have been organized in Buenos Aires; Argentine educators visit the United States, and return to lecture on the greatness and goodness of the country they have seen, only to waste their dullness on indifferent ears. It is not what the Argentino is told, but what he buys and pays for, that is responsible for his Americanization. He rides, almost exclusively, in automobiles of United States manufacture (about 96% of all the automotive vehicles imported into the country are made in the United States); almost all of the films he sees and hears are produced in Hollywood; he eats at lunch counters and in automatic restaurants, a plague of which has sprung up in the past two years. He plays American talking machines and records, wears Yankee ready-made clothing, shaves with North American safety-razors, commits his murders and suicides with North American firearms and ammunition, and pays dues to a Rotary Club. He consumes alcoholic concoctions invented by Broadway bartenders of lamented and bygone days, rides in a subway, and travels across the river to Montevideo for a speedy and scandal-less divorce.

Will the new Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act wreck or damage American trade aspirations in Argentina? Not if the sage reassurance of the Hon. Cyrenus Cole, Congressman from the Fifth Iowa District, constitutes an accurate prophecy. This statesman from the Northern corn *pampas*, at a luncheon in the American Club of Buenos Aires last year, told the Argentino not to worry about higher customs duties on his products. "The American consumer will pay it all," said he.

Still another well-known statesman, who originally hailed from the Iowa hog wallows, hinted at much the same thing nearly a year earlier. President Herbert Hoover, on his pre-inauguration tour of South America, counselled patience and urged that the tariff be forgotten for a while.

In 1929, a British trade mission, headed by Lord D'Abernon, a diplomat of experience, visited Argentina and Brazil to investigate Britain's comparative trade losses in those countries and to find a remedy. D'Abernon and the President of Argentina signed a convention, establishing mutual credits and guaranteeing the purchase by Argentina of material for the railways owned and operated by the State, and by Great Britain of an equivalent amount of foodstuffs. As Great Britain buys a large quantity of foodstuffs from Argentina in any case, many Argentinos are asking what advantage their country gains. The convention has not yet been ratified by the National Congress. But the D'Abernon mission and high Argentine officials staged what was almost a love feast, and the mission returned to London where a twenty-five-thousand-word report was published. British trade figures, however, have yet to show a commensurate gain.

II

Americanization has operated for the disappearance of many old Argentine customs. The former elegancies of male dress, patterned after the Parisian, are noted now only among the oldsters and in the faded pages of the family album. Headgear follows the Stetson-Dobbs style, semi-soft collars have enormous sale and, in the past five years, the forbidding black which formerly dominated in male attire has given way to brighter grays, blues and browns.

The Argentino takes his personal appearance more seriously, perhaps, than any other being on earth. American manufac-

turers supply much of the necessary scenery for his sartorial and tonsorial presentation; many of the pomades and sweetly scented toilet accessories he employs are made by them. Argentina has given the world the slicked-down fashion in masculine hairdressing, seal-like in perfection. Thousands of tubes and jars of a certain pink paste, made in the United States, find their way annually into the boudoirs of the gentlemen of Argentina, and their contents, plastered on Argentine pates, are carried into the highways and byways of the nation.

Nationalism is a byword within its borders. As a great part of the population are foreigners or naturalized citizens and their children mostly of Spanish and Italian extraction, the furtherance of a strong nationalistic spirit is probably wise government. Since European immigration to the United States has been restricted, hordes of home-seekers from the Central and Southeastern European countries have been descending upon the metropolis of the South. Almost any male adult with proper moral qualifications can obtain Argentine citizenship without undue delay, and appreciation of a privilege so easily acquired is realized with difficulty. The orderly assimilation of her new citizens has set up a problem for Argentina.

The outstanding crier for nationalism is *La Prensa*, one of the world's wealthiest newspapers, independent in policy and progressive in most things. It challenges North American intervention on Spanish-American soil, protests against high customs tariffs on Argentine products, and reiterates the demand for full respect for the sovereign rights of every constitutional government, however weak and small, on both American continents. It repeats that it is not unfriendly to the United States, but admits that it is decidedly so to certain American officials responsible for a policy that sends marines to Nicaragua, Haiti and Santo Domingo. It expresses the belief that if small nations must learn the lesson of democracy by bloodshed, the blood letting should not be performed by foreign bayonets.

Other Argentine newspapers follow the lead of *La Prensa*, albeit sometimes timidly and lacking the courage and positiveness of their colleague. At times they compensate for their uncertainty by the zeal of their attacks on certain private North American interests. The Devil Dogs of Uncle Sam have no more popularity among the Argentinos than they have among Central Americans. A suspicious fear that the *infantería de la marina norteamericana* may some day disembark on shores many degrees southward of the Panama Canal is occasionally expressed. But some of the newspapers, at one time almost rabid in their onslaughts upon Yankee development in South America, have lately tempered the picturesqueness of their polemics. Are North American advertisers buying more newspaper space on the River Plate?

When the tired Argentine business man seeks nocturnal recreation he, even then, cannot escape the North American flavor. The jazz of Tin Pan Alley runs the tango a close second in popularity. Night clubs are each equipped with two sets of musicians: the jazz band and the *orquesta típica*. The latter plays the native tango, which is a form of the blues, monotonous in rhythm and melody, pessimistic and lachrymose of lyric. Its verses recount stories of innocence seduced, sudden or lingering deaths, desertions, infidelities and suicides. But the saxophone, trumpet and traps, blatting and pounding out the works of the Broadway and Hollywood *virtuosi*, rescue the Argentino from the brink of despair whence his own music leads him.

The faces of the dancers and spectators, glowering and woodenly set, relax when the thump of jazz is heard.

Argentine theatrical critics bemoan that the national theatre is at a low ebb; it has, indeed, never possessed anything in the nature of a tradition. There are few meritorious national playwrights or actors, and staging and production are loose and inadequate. A near riot was provoked recently in a Buenos Aires playhouse on the opening night of "Journey's End," presented in Spanish, when, between the acts, the producer in a curtain speech explained that he had chosen the play because no good modern works by Argentinos were available. An Argentine writer in the audience gave him the lie, and a large part of the assemblage vociferously took sides in the ensuing debate, which raged until the police entered and ejected many of the patrons.

A Buenos Aires stock company played "The Trial of Mary Dugan" in Spanish and it ran for one hundred performances during the season following its appearance in New York. The same company ventured rather sourly with Ben Jonson's "Volpone," translated into Spanish from English via the German translation of Jonson's original text.

Occasionally first-class European actors visit Buenos Aires for limited engagements. They have included the Spanish Fernando Diaz de Mendoza and Catalina Barcena; the aged Feraudy of the Comédie Française, and the Germans, Moissi and Wegener. Pirandello and Benavente have also taken companies to Argentina.

But the vaunted Buenos Aires grand opera has, of recent years, slipped from its former grandeur. Chaliapin, true enough, recently made his début there, and Muzio, Lauri Volpi, Ruffo and a host of second and third raters are almost annual performers, but singers of the calibre of Jeritza, Martinelli and Galli Curci never tread the boards of the vast Teatro Colon.

Little of the genuine culture that exists in the United States is known to Argentina. The Instituto Cultural Argentino Norteamericano brought Waldo Frank to Buenos Aires for a lecture course last year, but, alas, he was little understood, although profusely interviewed and duly reported.

An American institution, interested in acquainting Argentina with culture in the United States, obtained a scholarship in one of the great North American founts of culture for an Argentine college graduate last year. The beneficiary is now imbibing that culture at Ames, Iowa. He is taking a course in hog culture.

The Argentino regards the North American as a banker, a manufacturer or a salesman, never as the possessor of an intellect. He judges the Yankee by those he meets in his own country. Hence there can be no complaint as to this judgment. Among the two or more thousand North Americans resident in Buenos Aires there are few with first-class minds. The North American residents have been drawn from those who hold such posts in the United States as factory foremen, sub-managers, minor bank officials, salesmen, engineers, draughtsmen, mechanics and bookkeepers. There are also a few dentists, small lawyers, and promoters, and an occasional drifting ne'er-do-well away from home on remittance.

The objective of the average American in Argentina is to sell something produced in the United States to the Argentine consumer, whether it be steel, biscuits or electric fans. His literature, aside from trade journals, is of the quality generally provided by Mr. Curtis and the New York *Times*. If 5% of the pillars of the American colony in Argentina read a half-dozen

books of merit each year they give no evidence of having remembered or understood much of them. On the other hand, such monumental literary efforts as the current popular treatises on backhouse building evoke chortles and hours of reminiscence among the hundred percenters.

III

If there exists a high general culture among the people of Argentina no signs of it are exposed to the gaze in Buenos Aires. In a nation made up, in large part, of newly emigrated peasants, shopkeepers and artisans, from the workers and lesser *bourgeoisie* of the Iberian, Mediterranean and Balkan countries, the fight for existence gives little time for the higher thought. Argentina has made few lasting contributions to the beautiful letters or the graphic arts. She has produced no Poe, no Whitman, no Clemens, no William or Henry James. Her current best-sellers are on a par with those of about 1900 in the United States. The works of several American writers, indifferently translated into Spanish by Madrid and Barcelona hacks, are on sale on the bookstalls. They include James Oliver Curwood and Orison Swett Marden. But Cabell, Lewis and Hergesheimer are unknown. In literature North Americanization has flopped. In the arts, only the art of Hollywood prevails.

There is a notable absence of intellectual activity on the part of the youth of Argentina. Buenos Aires, a city of two millions, does not boast the tiniest of Latin Quarters. There is not even a Greenwich Village. Young men gather in the cafés and at sidewalk tables for discussion, but an eavesdropper can glean nothing from their talk to enlighten the mind or the soul. Love, local politics and football dominate their thinking hours.

In the University of Buenos Aires there is a faculty of arts and letters—of a sort. Its principal and almost sole purpose seems to be to provide means for teachers to take the courses necessary to obtain higher pedagogical posts—all in a mechanical sort of way. It extends no genuine encouragement to the young Argentino to study the humanities for the study's sake. A foreign resident, a short time ago, made a weary yet thorough round of the city's bookshops for a Greek grammar, and had almost abandoned the quest when he turned up a single dog-eared volume—second hand—in an English bookstore.

The students who attend the professional schools of the universities absorb themselves deeply in the politics of their respective institutions while not cramming for examinations. They enjoy wide autonomy and share with the faculty members the prerogative of choosing the heads of departments. Hundreds of Buenos Aires law students, in 1929, seized their building, ousted an unwelcome dean, and withstood a police siege for more than twenty-four hours until put to rout. Then they recaptured the building by a ruse and retired only when the dean resigned.

Most of the students are inclined to prejudice against the United States, a feeling which may be laid to the sentiment of their professors. A man who until lately held the post of rector of the University of Buenos Aires, generally rated as one of Argentina's foremost intellectuals, would always talk for publication on an issue wherein the United States occupied an unsympathetic rôle, and, although he spoke no English, and probably read as little of the language, would proudly produce for the benefit of the American journalist assigned to interview him his one volume by a North American author. It was Upton Sinclair's "Brass Check."

The wealthy classes contribute nothing to an intellectual movement. Descendants of land-owners, for the most part, they fill the coffers of the steamship companies, voyaging back and forth between Buenos Aires and the French ports. They summer at Biarritz, Cannes and San Sebastian, strolling the beaches and adding to the wealth of the roulette and baccarat impresarios. They race their stables at Longchamps, and when a *mayordomo* on the home *estancia* indicates a condition of financial stress, rush back and negotiate another mortgage on the family estates. Occasionally the bearer of a name significant of wealth and power in Argentina slips out of the limelight via bankruptcy proceedings. His son then goes on dancing in the Paris night clubs on greatly reduced remittances from B. A. or sets out to recoup his own shattered position by marrying the daughter of a North American automobile manufacturer or oil magnate.

In the length and breadth of Argentina there is probably not more than a single *salon*, and the hostess of the one that I know, a gracious Argentine lady, entertains perhaps as many foreigners as compatriots. Among her frequent guests are a Spanish philologist, a Mexican poet, a Spanish mathematician, and the lone North American liberal intellectual in Buenos Aires, who still finds time to be a successful business man.

There are two magazines published in Buenos Aires devoted to literature, verse and criticism—*Nosotros,* directed by an architect, and *Sintesis,* published by a young Socialist member of the House of Deputies. Their circulations are small.

Book publishing is a venture that falls to the Argentine author. The writer of the most popular Argentine novels is Gustavo Martinez Zuviria, whose works appear under the pseudonym of Hugo Wast. He produces a book about once a year and finances the printing himself. He is a familiar figure about the bookstores, evidently making the rounds to check up on sales. Martinez has about twelve children, and when he takes his family abroad rents sightseeing busses to accommodate his offspring.

North America has given Rotary to Argentina, with its carols and spirit of Service. Each Monday the representative citizens gather at luncheon under the bicycle-sprocket emblem and become good fellows together. It has often been hinted that the functionaries of the Roman Catholic Church, whose position remains unaltered in Argentina since colonial days, look askance at Rotarian aims, but no clash has ever occurred.

The sustenance which the Argentine constitution tenders the church remains unthreatened. On great national feast days the President of the Republic, sporting the silken sash of office and carrying the traditional betasseled walking stick, strolls with his ministers across the spacious plaza from the Government House and enters the cathedral on the far corner to hear a *Te Deum.*

While freedom of religious worship is guaranteed and strictly preserved, the Roman Catholic religion is the faith of the State, and the constitution provides that the President of the nation must be a communicant of that cult. The church, while imposing no irksome restrictions on the life of the people, is ever-present as a prodigious inert power.

The chief ecclesiastical officer in Argentina—the Archbishop of Buenos Aires—is chosen jointly by the Vatican and the Argentine government. The Senate has the final word in ratifying nominations for the office. The church, however, has never been known to permit the installation of an

unapproved candidate, and the post remained long vacant a few years ago when the Senate's selection, one Monsignor D'Andrea, was found inacceptable to Rome because of his liberal tendencies. The church waited, as always. Later, an aged head of a monastic order in Argentina was elevated to the archbishopric.

When such matters of discord arise, the church usually has its way. Three years ago, at Easter time, a capable writer for the daily newspaper *La Nacion*, a powerful and influential journal, did an article based on the thesis that Christ was subjected to many sufferings because His mother did not understand Him. Under the weight of the avalanche of protesting letters and cancelled subscriptions from the faithful, the newspaper published a disavowal of responsibility for the article, and the writer was looking for another job.

There is little or no attempt by zealous Nordic Protestants to proselyte the Argentino. While the American missionary labors in branches of the vineyard located in other Latin-American countries, he has not given much time to Argentina. The Seventh Day Adventists conduct a school and farm in the Republic, but it is located in the *campo* far from Buenos Aires, and little is heard of it.

The Rev. Carlyle B. Haynes, Adventist supervisor for South America, a species of export manager, visited Buenos Aires a few years ago and held forth to the English-speaking community almost nightly in a hall engaged for the occasion. The reverend gentleman stirred up considerable controversy in the correspondence columns of an English-language daily through his attempts to renumber the pages of the Bible.

The Americans in Buenos Aires are, nevertheless, afforded opportunity to walk in the straight and narrow pathway of Methodism. Hardly a block off the Great White Way is the true house of God, a forbidding gray stone structure labelled "The American Church of Buenos Aires." The precepts of Wesley are preached there by a pastor imported from the United States, who, following the practices of his colleagues at home, sets out signs in front of his church advertising his sermons with snappy titles to lure the come-on. The church receives most of its support from local members, and when the estimable dominie, visiting the American Club to confer with his deacons on weighty ecclesiastical matters, glimpses a brother over cocktails, he is Christian enough to turn the other way.

IV

Boards of temperance and morals and anti-saloon soviets are still to be born in Argentina. In the gay pleasure palaces that flourish as cabarets there is freedom and non-interference except when bottles fly and the police are summoned to eject pugnacious patrons. The establishments of more genteel character, where quasi-champagne is served at ten dollars a quart, pay high taxes to the municipality of Buenos Aires and high profits to their owners.

The resorts of more sordid aspect, which for years existed near the waterfront, have for the most part been padlocked, another North American institution gone South. The "hostesses" were not permitted to circulate on the main or drinking floor, except *en route* to a customer's table at his express invitation, and their presence on the premises except in pursuit of a legally recognized vocation came under the police ban. Hence each gal was furnished with a stringless violin and a bow and seated in a gallery to make a pretense of playing whenever an inquisitive policeman entered

the establishment. The neighborhood of these resorts was dubbed by a North American journalist "The Fake Fiddle Belt."

Police vigilance is exercised to prevent the formation of a red light district; therefore, as in New York, where prostitution is assumed to be non-existent, many of the sorority members use the streets and cabarets as their happy hunting grounds.

The members of this profession are in a bad way at this time due to the widespread investigation of so-called white slave activities, but the profession is not nearly so unremunerative as that of journalism in the Argentine. However, employment on a newspaper is the writer's only haven, and without it few novelists, essayists or critics could earn their daily bread. A great percentage of newspaper workers occupy one or more outside jobs. They are teachers, lawyers, advertising writers, translators, commercial artists and even physicians. Many of them are public employés and gain or lose their posts with the same regularity that the cause of the parties their newspapers espouse prospers or wanes. Journalism, occupying the place of a glorified sideline, attracts few competent or brilliant men. There is a handful of outstanding figures—a Paz, a Gollan, a de Vedia, a Gerchunoff—but the rest shade down from mediocrity.

Politics is the one field of Argentine activity which attracts the professional and amateur alike. It is the grand national occupation, pastime and emotion combined. It attains no higher glory than American politics. It wallows in obscenity just as frequently. Every Argentino is a politician, full-fledged or embryonic. No Argentine politician can distinguish between a politician and a statesman.

There is nothing that Argentina has to learn from United States politics. Let a Vare or a Smith be rejected by the Senate at Washington, and the Senate at Buenos Aires rejects a Cantoni, a Lencinas and a Porto. Let voters be assaulted at the Chicago polls and election officials are kidnapped in Cordoba. Let American plug-uglies employ strong-arm methods in breaking up political meetings, and hired Argentine killers, with sawed-off shotguns, turn a political parade into a shambles.

If North American Governors and other high State officials are led to the penitentiary, Argentine Governors and Senators also languish in jail. If the State militia seizes a North American Legislature, Argentine Federal troops, under orders from Buenos Aires, displace provincial Governors, judges and legislators alike.

At the head of the State sits Hipolito Irigoyen, a man late in the seventies, brooding and inactive, hating his political enemies and, judging from the recent congressional elections, fast losing the power that swept him for the second time into the presidential office by a landslide majority.

Idealistic foreign journalists, including several writing for North American publications, paint him as a man of mystery, sphinxlike and imponderable. But his former supporters have been silently slipping from his side, and Argentina is in the depths of a severe economic depression, which many newspapers attribute not alone to maladministration but to utter neglect of the nation's affairs.

President Irigoyen received Dr. Hoover on the latter's visit to Argentina in January, 1928; the two great men made a few public appearances together—at Hoover's arrival, his departure and at a state banquet given Hoover at the Presidential Palace.

But Irigoyen, at this writing, has allowed the post of Argentine Ambassador to

Washington to remain unfilled for more than a year, despite the protests of almost the entire press. No official explanation for this inattention has ever been made, although it is no secret that at least two men, financially able to carry the burden and who have previously filled important diplomatic missions, would accept appointment to the post. The continued vacancy, in the light of Irigoyen's cordiality to Lord D'Abernon and his confrères on the British Economic Mission, gave rise for a time to hints that an open affront to the United States was intended. But general opinion no longer holds to that suggestion, for scores of other Argentine diplomatic posts, from heads of missions down to secretaryships, have also long remained unfilled.

Irigoyen rarely receives his countrymen in the executive offices. He grants audiences to prominent foreign visitors with whom banalities are exchanged, and spends considerable time with female applicants for government jobs, who usually get appointments. Many quaint stories of these interviews, perhaps untrue, come from the Government House.

The President is credited with having appointed a young woman accountant as a primary school teacher over her almost tearful protest that she was not fitted for the work. He is said to have insisted with the pronunciamento, "The President is always right!" A male appointee of the President is reported as having drawn salary for many months as a wet nurse in a government hospital.

But despite the countrywide dissatisfaction with the administration there is probably no more likelihood that a change by force of arms will be attempted than there would be in the United States if a similar situation existed. The Argentino is a meek and suffering individual under his skin, just as is the Norteamericano. He pays good pesos for boxing bouts of evil odor and returns for more. He allows himself to be ruled by political monstrosities and misfits whose counterpart I have never seen in any other country but the United States. His reform movements in politics curdle and turn sour as they do in the Home of the Brave, and if common complacent boobery is a tie that binds, then the hands-across-the-sea movement should unite the United States and Argentina forever.

One is hearing less lately of the tiresome bromide about cementing friendly Argentine-North American relations. But Henry Ford and General Motors build huge assembling plants in Argentina; a large American automobile tire company is soon to erect a Buenos Aires plant; and other American manufacturers of products ranging from soap to paper bags have built or are building branch factories in the Republic.

The Argentine government has sent no Ambassador to Washington for a year or more, and sends no delegates to Pan-American conferences in Washington. But American advertising agencies install offices in luxurious suites of Buenos Aires office buildings and prepare to introduce the cosmetic and cigarette endorser.

Thus, while the Argentino reviles the American marines, chasing Sandino in a Nicaraguan swamp, and American Congressmen for increasing the wheat, corn, hide, cattle and linseed tariffs, he is still buying North American goods, using them every day, and pasting the "Made in the U. S. A." label on his consciousness.

THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

BY JOSEPHINE HERBST

For the fiftieth anniversary of the graduation of his class in pharmacy, David J. Trexler traveled from his home in Seattle to Philadelphia and was applauded on the night of the banquet to the old grads. There were thirteen of his class present and thirty living so far as anyone knew. After the banquet a little argument began as to the original number in the class: some said 113 and others 114. Dr. Daley held out for 114, but Trexler said he would swear it was 113. Back in his hotel, he found a letter from his niece enclosing one of the old programmes of the class graduation exercises with a list of the graduates. It was late at night, but he sat down and counted them up and they totaled 113. He called Dr. Daley on the telephone and said he guessed the laugh was on him, as it was 113. Dr. Daley said he was surprised to learn that, but if Trexler had it in black and white it must be so.

Trexler was pleased at his victory and after he hung up the telephone he sat down and wrote a long letter to his wife, telling her about it and about the applause they had given him for coming so far. He was tired and excited and found it hard to go to sleep. He had come back not only to the scene of his college days but to his old boyhood home. He intended to go around to Lawrence street the next day and see if there was any trace of the house they had first lived in on coming to Philadelphia from their old home near Allentown. That was nearly seventy years ago and his mother had been a young widow with six children to bring up. He was the youngest and except for one sister, all were dead. They had grown up and they had died and he alone had lived to flourish. The others had had a hard way and so had his mother from the day her husband died.

She was strong and she had learned to sew before her marriage. Somewhere she got hold of a sewing-machine. Even now, lying comfortably in bed, it made Trexler tremble to remember his Uncle Black, the stiff-necked old tightwad who had refused to give his mother a hand and would not put up so much as one dollar for a sewing-machine. How she had finally managed to get one, Trexler didn't know, but she had brought her brood to Philadelphia and set herself up in the tailoring business, making uniforms for the soldiers during the Civil War. His little sisters had picked bastings instead of playing with dolls, and he could see them yet, as plain as day, sitting there picking away with their little fingers.

He was disturbed and got up and rummaged in his bag for a bottle of Scotch that he carried with him. At his age, a man needed a little something to tide him over moments of fatigue. He drank the mouthful slowly, sitting on the edge of the bed, and he laughed at himself, and to cheer himself up for a proper frame of mind for sleeping he began to think over the joke he intended to pull on his friend, Charley Wall of Atlantic City.

The Walls had driven West that Winter and met the Trexlers in Arizona. The two couples spent some time traveling together and they decided to go to see Scotty's place in Death Valley. It was a bad road and twenty miles out night came on and they saw a sign, "Rooms all filled at Scotty's." They stopped and consulted. They were at a cross-roads and near a dilapidated ranch-house. They tried the ranch-house and at first the fellow didn't want to take them. Their cars were big fine cars and he thought he had no proper accommodations. At last he called out his wife and she agreed to put them up.

It turned out fine all around. The wife was a swell cook and the rooms plain but clean. In the evening there was some good talk and a couple of old miners came in and laid it on thick about the old days and all their hardships. The fellow who owned the ranch, P. M. Marshall, turned out to be an Elk. Wall was also an Elk and the two got to talking and Wall said Marshall ought to come East to the Elks' convention that Summer. He said he should come East and let him show him around Atlantic City.

Marshall said maybe he would come but Wall never expected to see hide nor hair of him. Anyone could see he was a shiftless fellow who wouldn't be able to scrape together enough money for carfare. His wife was the whole works and Marshall couldn't split a piece of wood without putting on a pair of gloves. Trexler kidded Wall when they left the ranch-house and said he would have that fellow on his hands yet. Wall said there wasn't a chance, but the thing never left Trexler's mind. He no sooner thought of coming East to the reunion than he thought of Charley Wall and of pulling a fast one on him.

He chuckled now in bed as he thought of it and his plan to call up Wall on the long-distance telephone and pretend he was Marshall. "This is Marshall," he rehearsed. "P. M. Marshall. From Bonny Clair. Don't you remember me? Well, sir, I'm here in Pennsylvania, at a chicken ranch, my niece's chicken ranch. Me and the woman are here for the convention and we thought we'd look you up."

Trexler doubled up in bed as he thought of Wall at the other end of the line, his jaw dropping. He would arrange to have Wall meet Marshall and he himself would take the train and hide in the station to watch the Walls wait around for the Marshalls. When it was over, he would have a laugh on the Walls that would last a lifetime. Thinking of his joke so cheered him that he fell asleep, had a good night and woke feeling lively and fresh at seven in the morning.

II

It was Sunday. He had breakfast and a shave, bought a paper and hunted through it for an account of the banquet and the graduation exercises. When he found it, he read it over carefully and cut it out with the end of his nail-file. He folded the clipping neatly in his vest pocket and went out and boarded a street car. It had been his idea that a street car would be slower than a taxi and give him more chance to note the old landmarks as he went along. He was no sooner aboard than the car ripped ahead and he remembered that it was the horse cars he must have been thinking of. They had crawled along slow enough in the days when he was a student and hurrying down to the Green Hotel to meet little Gypsy.

When he thought he was near the Lawrence street place, he got out and walked. The house was in the middle of the block. On the corner he recognized the old bake-

shop and around the corner was the old Lutheran church. Every Sunday morning on their way to church they left the roast at the bakeshop and coming home, called for it. It would be brown, surrounded with gravy and potatoes, ready to eat. There was a bell in the bakeshop and the kids in the neighborhood used to dart inside and pull the bell and then run. Trexler could hardly believe that the bell was still there, but he went up to the door and looked, and in the dimness he saw the bell rope hanging.

Now that he was close to it, the bakeshop looked almost as it used to, but the street was different, and he was not sure he could recognize the old house. He knew the number and walked up until he came to 1511. He stood gaping up at the house, feeling a little foolish and uncomfortable. About a hundred children were playing on the next corner. It was a warm fine day and they were playing as he used to play on that very corner. The whole street seemed different, but the kids were the same.

That had been a great corner for marbles and a constant temptation to him. People were much more strict then than now. His mother had made marbles a kind of sin and his older sister Catherine had given him a little card and took his solemn promise to write a black mark on it every time he gave in to temptation and stopped to play. He had put a good many black marks on the card but he loved his marbles and had some beauties, and thinking back on it, it didn't seem fair that they had made him bury them when the family moved to Fifteenth street.

He knew the place; he could walk to it now, right back of the house under the little plum tree. He had fooled them and he had saved out the best and never let them know. He stood watching the kids and thinking of his marbles that they had taken away from him and it didn't seem fair. Here he was getting moony again and he pulled himself together and walked on. "P. M. Marshall," he said to himself. "This is P. M. P. M. Marshall. Of Bonny Clair." Oh, that was a good one! He started to laugh and noticed a woman look at him curiously as she passed.

It was so long ago when he buried his marbles and they were all alive then. Jacob was the oldest and John was a young man working as apprentice in the confectioners' business. From this point he could walk to the Fifteenth street place or to Sammie Trumbauer's, where he first worked himself as an apprentice. It was a toss up and he decided on the old drug-store. The Fifteenth street place ought to come last.

The sun was beginning to be hot and Trexler walked slowly. It was all changed. People were coming from church or going out for the day. No one knew him. When he got to the corner where the drug-store stood he could hardly believe it. It was the same drug-store but no longer a very prosperous one. Big cardboard ads for patent medicines leaned against each other in the window. He went close and peered through the glass. Then he slowly went inside the store. The clerk was behind the counter in a wrinkled white coat, wrapping up a bottle for an old lady. The room was much smaller than Trexler remembered. The front part was cluttered with tiny telephone booths. Trexler thought that his wife, a big woman, would have been unable to so much as squeeze her foot inside one of those booths. Little signs, "Please Do Not Smoke," hung on the doors of the booths.

A dinginess was over everything, over the chandelier and over the bottles on the shelves. They still had the old fashioned bottles on the shelves. They had held out that much against the change in the drug business. A little counter in the center of

the room held bathing caps and whisk-brooms, but behind the counters the neat labels on the bottles were the same as in Trexler's day. The bottles made him feel kindly toward the man behind the counter. He was probably the proprietor. Trexler walked to the end of the room and the fellow called, "Wait on you in a minute, sir."

Without answering, Trexler pushed through the door in the rear to the back room. He wanted to see if they still had the same old trap-door. It was still there. The shelves against the wall were the same and he pulled open the drawers where they used to pound paint. It was the same. The door in the store slammed and the customer left. A minute later the owner came in, looking startled.

Trexler turned from the drawers and said, "You aren't afraid of me, are you? I don't look like an inspector, do I?" The young man shook his head and half smiled. "Well, young man'" said Trexler, straightening himself and enjoying every second, "I worked here before you were born. Yes sir, I began life here. This was where I began my apprenticeship to the drug business over fifty years ago." The young man's eyes popped and he rushed to a side door, opened it and yelled up a little flight of stairs, "Oh Frieda, there's a man here worked here fifty, sixty years ago." Then he turned beaming toward Trexler.

His wife was a flushed stout young woman and from the open door behind her Trexler could smell dinner cooking. They were pleased with the visitor who had worked there fifty years before and now looked so important and prosperous. He told them how much he had earned, where he had lived, how he used to go to the minstrel show, Concross & Dixie's show over on Eleventh street, for a treat and sit in nigger heaven. The young couple looked at each other, delighted; perhaps in time they too would rise in the world. Trexler had already handed out one of his cards, a neat engraved affair with his name, David J. Trexler, and in the left hand corner his position as president of a Seattle bank, and the young man was fingering it and admiring it and now he passed it quietly to his wife, who admired it and held it respectfully in her hand. They drank in every word that Trexler said and the three passed out into the store and looked at it while Trexler explained the way it was in his day.

"I'm glad to see you keep the old bottles on the shelf. You haven't entirely surrendered to the notion counter yet. I tell you the business has so changed that a fellow had better go to a ten-cent store for his training instead of a pharmaceutical college."

"That's a fact, sir," agreed the young man. "The times are changing so fast and business is so bad a fellow doesn't know where he stands. I've got ideas——"

"Much good ideas do in these times," put in his wife. "It's hard cash is needed to run a business and it's trade. When there's no money to spend, there's none to be earned. I tell him this is no neighborhood to make money any more."

"There's nothing the matter with the neighborhood," said the young man, flushing and turning his back on his wife. "It's the general business depression."

"Um, yes," said Trexler thoughtfully. He didn't know what he could say to the young couple. They were looking at him hopefully, as if they expected some sort of help. They believed in his success and when he looked around him at this old store, why, in this day and age it was nothing but a leaky boat. It was no better than that and the young fellow for all his good intentions was putting out to sea in

something no better than a butter tub. He himself had got out of the drug business years ago. The retail end, with its little ten and fifteen cent purchases, was just chicken feed, not enough to interest him, and he had early gone into the wholesale end of it, buying and selling cascara bark and peppermint. Now he was so far away from this small retail trading that he had nothing to say to the young man and his wife. To hide his discomfort he began to laugh. "By George, I must tell you a good one. And come to think of it, you may be the very one to help me out."

III

There was no one in the store and the two men went into the little back room. The wife said she smelled something burning and flew up the stairs. The two men sat down and Trexler handed the young druggist a cigar. He began to tell him about his proposed joke on Charley Wall. As he told it, he laughed and forgot in a moment all the depression that had been hanging over him from the minute he began making the rounds of his old haunts. The druggist listened whole heartedly. He regarded the visit as a good omen and was immensely cheered. Some day perhaps he and his wife would also be swanking around in big cars and playing practical jokes on their friends. It seemed to him a wonderful business to be willing to spend money for a long distance telephone call, then more for a telegram or two, and all for a joke to get the laugh on someone.

"The thing that's bothered me," said Trexler, "is that I'm afraid I can't pull it off without laughing. If I could only disguise my voice, or get someone to talk for me. By George, what about *you*?" He leaned forward and slapped the young fellow on the knee.

"Why sure, I could do it. Be glad to."

"Well now, let's go over it. Let's see, it's now nearly one. That's a good time; he'll be home from the golf course and sitting around waiting for dinner. You ask for him, Charles B. Wall. Don't let them give you anyone else. Charley Wall. Then you say, 'Is this Mr. Wall?' He says yes, and you say, 'This is Marshall. P. M. Marshall.' Then he may say who, and you say, 'P. M. Marshall from Bonny Clair.'"

Trexler's voice kept rising as he explained the joke and at the end he shouted with laughter. The young druggist shouted too and they got the telephone down and in touch with long distance. "Don't give him time to ask questions," said Trexler. "If he begins, pretend you can't hear."

"I'll say my ear's stuffed up from the change of air and just repeat, 'This is P. M. Marshall.' How's that?"

"Fine," said Trexler.

The connection was made, but Mr. Wall was not in. Trexler whispered to hang up and the young fellow hung up and said, "Well, that's too bad."

"I'll have to try later," said Trexler, "tonight perhaps. I may even be around again and get you to help me out."

He looked at his watch and got up briskly, gave another careful look around and shook hands with the young man.

"Well, good luck to you," he said. "I tell you the big thing is to enjoy your life before it's too late. I came into this store fifty years ago and I worked every day of my life, early and late, until about ten years ago. I worked hard. You work hard, young man, while you are young and when you're old you'll find yourself in a position to help others."

The young man listened politely, but he wished Trexler would give him some practical hint for his business. There was nothing more to be said and Trexler got

out to the street. The sun was even hotter, but he determined to walk to all the old landmarks, the better to see and study them and he started afresh toward the Fifteenth street place. The young man in the shop was in a leaky boat and no mistake.

IV

He had buried his marbles and they had moved up in the world. John had gone South and the money was coming in. They were all alive and full of ideas for the future. John had sent a piano for the girls and a set of silver from Tiffany's. His mother had given up the tailoring business but he, as the youngest, was still being brought up in a strict and frugal way. And it was a good way. Nowadays what child would be able to remember his pleasures?

He went along Broad street and stood stock still looking at the very spot where his little dog Rebbie had been taken up by the big Negro dog-catcher. The Hotel Majestic was on that spot now and Trexler stood looking around to get his bearings and to verify the place. It was the spot all right. The gate to the yard was open and Rebbie ran out. It was early in the morning and he found the gate open and Rebbie gone. He ran down Master street and at Broad turned south. He was just in time to see the big nigger swoop Rebbie up in a net and push him into the wagon with the other dogs.

Trexler had rushed at the nigger kicking out and yelling, "Give me back my dog!" Rebbie had taken it as a game and even behind the bars had reached out his paw for Trexler to shake hands. His red tongue hung out and he looked as if he were laughing as he rode off. Trexler had rushed home all gummed up with tears and it was still early in the morning. His sister Nancy had stormed upstairs to rouse John, who was home from the South on a visit and still asleep. Nancy argued he should immediately write a letter to the mayor, who used to be his boss in the confectionary business, but John laughed and handed them two dollars to pay Rebbie's fine.

Thinking of Rebbie, Trexler walked into the Hotel Majestic and sat down to rest for a few minutes. Those days made all the rest of his life seem unreal. His children, his very wife, seemed a million miles away. He was a boy crying for his dog Rebbie who was lost. If Nancy were alive or Jacob, he would sit down and tell them about it. His wife wouldn't be really interested in a thing like that. She'd do her best but it wouldn't be like one of his own family. He moved over to a writing table and began a letter to his one remaining sister. She had always been the least close to him of any of the family and yet she had been the only one to live in his same town. Now he wanted to forget the coolness that was between them.

"Here I am sitting on almost the identical spot where little Rebbie was taken up by the dog-catcher," he wrote. He added a few lines and sealed it. Perhaps it was foolish to send it. He had called her on the telephone as he was leaving and all she could think of was to ask him if he were going to Morristown. Morristown, now why should he go to Morristown? Well, she had some lots there, she thought he might look at. Lots, imagine, and he was here for quite a different purpose! Not business. He was sick of business. His position at the bank was that of a mere figurehead. Let his sons attend to business. He wouldn't cross the street for a deal any more. That's the way things stood, that's how times had changed. He would send the letter. He dropped it in the box and went out on Broad street. Waiting his chance, he crossed and moved up Broad.

At the corner of Master and Broad he stood looking at the house where Edwin Forrest, the actor, had lived. They lived up the same street and all the kids in the neighborhood used to hang around the Forrest stables when the actor drove out. He kept fine horses and he had a little stool to get into his carriage. All the boys stood at the door watching as he got in and drove away with the fine horses. Trexler walked on looking at the houses and when he came to their own old place at 1321 it looked very much the same. He looked up at the windows and could see his sister Nancy and the way she used to peer out at him as he came along with a gang of boys from school.

He walked slowly past the house to the end of the block. They were all gone, all dead, but the place seemed alive with them. His young brothers and sisters in a dozen different costumes, now laughing and now crying, swarmed over the place, in the very air. He could see a thousand things that happened years ago: the Sunday his mother had transplanted the geraniums to the area and a hail storm broke all the branches. It was a judgment on her for breaking the Sabbath, she said. That was how strict they were in those days. They took things hard.

What had killed his sister Catherine? Was it really studying too hard for examinations? He would never know. He had been shut out of their secrets; he was the youngest and they never told him. Why had she been so suddenly struck down, a young woman, only twenty-one, a brilliant girl? What blight had come into their lives? Why had John suddenly gone to the Black Hills to die at last, insane? He felt out of it, and now snooping around, too late, he would never know.

He turned down the alley in the rear of the house and tried the gate to the long yard. It was locked. In these days, people no doubt locked themselves in their very bedrooms. He could see through the lattice work and he spotted the lilac bush beside which Rebbie used to bury his nice bread spread with *Schmierkäse* and jam. The yard was well kept and the house very much as he remembered it. He stood there looking it up and down and his mind was confused. Little inconsequential things kept coming into his head. He stared at the house and picked out the kitchen and beside the kitchen was a flight of stairs and at the top of the stairs was a little empty store-room. He looked up and saw where the room was, and he suddenly remembered, why that's the room where the bananas hung.

His brother John had sent a big bunch of bananas from the South, a great big bunch. Bananas weren't common the way they are now. In all his life up to that time he had never tasted a banana. He was just a boy and he didn't try the bananas until they were almost gone. The girls liked them and they were sorry when he began digging into them. They teased him about those bananas and he could hear them yet laughing and wishing he had just left the bananas to them. He could see the bananas the way they were, a big bunch of them, hanging up from a hook at the top of the stairs. He stood in the alley looking through the fence and he thought of all the ideas that go through a man's head; they go and come, the little silly, foolish notions. Here he was looking at his old home and all he could think of was that he was looking at the room where the bananas had hung. It was all wrong to come back mooching around like this. He ought to be up a tree in Washington.

Here he was, an old man, and all he could do after these many years was to hang to that fence and look up at the room where the bananas had hung.

HERCULES IN THE WOODS

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

It was told of Jigger Jones that when he was a young head-chopper in the Maine woods some forty years ago he would walk a felled spruce, bare-foot, and kick off every knot from butt to top. That was before my time in the timber, and I never saw him do it, yet I doubt the report not at all. When I first knew him twenty years ago he had risen to the comparative ease of camp push; but even then he was what is known in those parts as "a rugged man."

My very first view of Jigger was in 1910. It was in a camp in Northern New England, and the weather was 'way below zero. Jigger was standing in the camp yard watching a tote-team unload some supplies. He wore neither toque nor mittens and he was bare-foot. He walked up and down, passing the time of day with the tote teamster, and occasionally would stop and stand on one leg like a stork, rubbing one foot against his pants leg. I was to learn that he never bothered with sox, except on rare and state occasions when he felt that he should put on all the dog possible. Around camp he went bare-foot, Summer and Winter, but he would pull on shoepacs or rubbers when he went to the woods to take charge of the crew. A red woolen undershirt and a pair of heavy pants completed his working outfit.

The last time I worked with Jigger was in the Winter of 1919-1920. He showed signs of wear and tear, especially in his flagging ability in the business of consuming large draughts of almost clear grain alcohol; yet he still ruled his crew with the iron hand, and with all the fine profanity and sarcasm and humor, and all the good technical judgment that had made his name known in all the logging camps of Quebec, the Maritime Provinces and New England.

None other than Jigger Jones is credited with the famous lumberjack slogan which should put any Chamber of Commerce to shame. If on arrival in a new camp he happened to be well oiled, as was usually the case, he was given to letting the boys know about it by roaring, "I can run faster, jump higher, squat lower, move sideways faster, hit meaner, and spit further than any son-of-a-bitch in camp." This genial announcement was always made in good humor, but in good faith as well. If he couldn't live up to quite all of it, he could come near enough to cause grave consideration in the minds of any who thought otherwise.

I found Jigger a good foreman when I worked for him. He had never risen to the heights of being a walker, which means the superintendent of an entire logging operation, but as a camp push he had few equals. He knew, for instance, when it was going to rain, snow or freeze at least twenty-four hours before it happened, which was no small feat in New England and Quebec. When I would ask him what signs he used, he said that all he knew about the weather came from the forecasts in Ayer's Almanac. He knew to a day, almost, when the ice would go out in any of

the tributary streams of the Androscoggin, the Kennebec and the Connecticut; and he could casually cruise a timbered forty and come within a few thousand feet of its eventual log scale. Although he spoke but a few words of French he could walk into a saloon in Sherbrooke, Quebec, and impress a sizeable crew of drunk and fighting *habitants* to go with him to North Stratford, N. H., to work on the Nulhegan river drive, one of the most dangerous for cantdog men in the North Country.

With an ax-handle or sawed-off peavy he often faced a rebellious crew and offered to kill them all; but he knew he had only to break two or three heads to quell the mutiny. He never cut wages until he was forced to it by higher-ups; and on at least one occasion of which I know, he purposely misunderstood the orders from the head office to make a 10% slice on November 1, and did not put the reduction into effect. Men were scarce later that season, and many camps went short-handed, but Jigger's crew was complete. His only explanation of his foresight was that he had read in Ayer's Almanac "where it says we was goin' to have a shortage of stiffs this a year." All his references to the almanac, of course, were satirical. He never looked inside one and was sure that anyone who did was haywire.

II

Jigger Jones was christened Albert at the time of his birth near Bangor, but few knew him as anything but the Jigger. How he got this nickname I could never learn. He was a small man, standing less than five feet six, and he weighed around 140 pounds. He was strong. I have seen him pick a drum of gasoline from the ground and slap it into the back of a tote-team body. And he was actually as quick as a cat. These gifts kept him out of hospital and contributed considerably to his life span.

He went a term or so to a district school, and when twelve or thirteen hired out in a Maine camp as cookee, carrying water to the cookhouse, washing the tin plates and iron knives and forks, and sweeping crumbs and crusts from the table down into the chinks between the poles which made the floor. It was here that he started to be "rugged".

Conversation among the crew at mealtime was strictly forbidden, as it still is in that country. One night some new men, carrying noble hangovers, heaved into camp just in time for supper. One of them insisted on talking loudly at table. Jigger, dutiful, told him to shut up. The fellow, twice Jigger's size, swung off the seat and floored the boy. Then he jumped on him and began pounding him. Jigger hugged the big drunk close, set his keen young teeth into an ear, and hung on. When some of the crew pulled the two apart, a good piece of the ear remained in Jigger's mouth. Between two men of equal age and size this combat would have created no more than polite interest; but the youth and the grit of the young cookee made it something special. So in honor of the occasion the crew passed the hat and bought Jigger a new red flannel shirt to replace the one torn in the scrap, and a full pound of B & L black, a favorite chewing tobacco of the time.

Jigger soon graduated from the cookhouse. Having used an ax since he could walk, he did not require the usual preparatory courses of swamping and knotting, but hired out as a chopper. In those days saws were not used for felling timber and axmen took great pride in the smoothness of the scarf of their undercut. Jigger's was like a planed board. He learned to fell a

spruce or pine so that, in falling, it would drive a previously placed stake into the ground, a piece of art not met with often in these later days. Thus he qualified as a head-chopper.

I don't think Jigger had any thought of learning the business and working Upward and Onward, but due rather to his restlessness he next became a hair-pounder, or teamster. He liked the excitement of sliding down ice-hard roads, standing upright on the long logs, and yelling bloody hell at his four horses. But he didn't like the bother of putting on the bridle chains which were placed around the sled runners to act as a brake on the steep hills. On one frosty morning on the Swift Diamond river, he took a hill with a big load and no bridle chain. The load was too great for the team. With sparks of fire flashing from their hoofs and the devilish yelling of Jigger in their ears, the frightened animals tried to keep ahead of the sled, but could not. The weight and momentum of the monstrous load rushed them off the glaring road and into the timber, where the logs piled on top of them like great jack-straws when the bunk chain broke. Three of the horses were dead and the fourth had a broken leg. Jigger suffered a mashed shoulder and various bruises. He killed the injured horse with an ax. In the language of the woods he had "sluiced his team."

Sluicing a team is likely to hang over a logger for a long time. Its shadow, indeed, is something akin to that cast in other circles by the failure to touch second base in a World's Series. But Jigger lived it down. He kept on driving, and one Spring a little later he drove the elegant eight-horse team which hauled the Mary Ann wagon on the Connecticut river drive.

Handling the finest team of work horses in New England put Jigger in the ranks of the élite. So, with his reputation reëstablished, he went back to head-chopping. When he was twenty-five years he was given charge of a small camp on the Upper Margallaway.

Old-timers tell that Jigger's first season as a camp push was something to go down in the annals. He was the smallest man in camp, and of course, in those days, he had to fight and lick half a dozen "able men" before he got his feet on solid ground. He did this neatly and with a fine show of imagination. Although he has denied its truth to me, tradition has it that he hit one of the scrappers over the head with a peavy and then cant-dogged the body into the river as though it had been a log. "That story is a goddam 'zageration," he told me. But, myth or not, Jigger's reputation as a "rugged" and an "able" man skyhooted from this point and it is still talked of around the barrel stoves.

III

One of Jigger's greatest contributions to the logging and lumbering industry was the virile and amusing profanity he always had on tap. He could and did damn a person or thing in a manner that made the Pope's excommunication sound like a recommendation of character. But he never used—at least in his mature years—vulgar and shop-worn phrases like "blue-eyed, bandy-legged, jumped-up, ol' whistlin' Jesus H. Mackinaw Christ." Such ejaculations, he held, were sacrilegious. Unfortunately, because of its phallic and other anatomical references, little of his bluest and best billingsgate can be reproduced in these columns. Much of it was interesting in that it connected various biblical characters, of whose history he knew little, with references to things known to all woodsmen.

One of the worst things he could call a man embodied an allusion to the *pediculis*

pubis with which he claimed the patient Job had been afflicted. Of a logger who was notably unkempt, Jigger said he was "dirtier than the combined britches of Matthew, Mark, Lute [*sic*] and John." Of another logger he would say, with just a touch of envy, that he was "a bigger ——master than ol' Solomon hisself."

I have heard Jigger term a lazy man a "reg'lar Joel's jilpoke," but a diligent search of Joel's chapter in the Old Testament still leaves the connection obscure. If he wished to indicate that something or other was very wide he would say that it was broader than a certain part of the anatomy of Amos. Again, I have been unable to find any sound historical reason for the allusion; so I am forced to the conclusion that Jigger went more by alliteration than by knowledge of the Bible.

Greenhorns coming into camp under false colors were Jigger's pet aversion, and in his later years as foreman he met many of them. Twenty years ago the real old-school lumberjacks began to die off, or retire, or something, and their places in the Eastern camps had to be filled, as best they could be, with a horde of Finnish and Polish immigrants, and with the riff-raff of Portland, Boston, and even New York. So the camp push had this new help to contend with.

I remember going one day into the camp blacksmith shop and finding a fellow turning the big grindstone. He wore a pair of peg-top pants and the rest of his get-up indicated Bowdoin square. No one was grinding anything; he was alone in the shop. He just sat there, silly-like, and turned and turned. I later learned that he had shipped to camp as a teamster; that a half-hour after roll-out in the morning, Jigger had discovered him sitting at ease in the hovel. "What th' Jesus you doin' here?" Jigger asked him. The fellow replied that he was waiting for someone to come and harness his team; he didn't know how. Jigger told him that the harnesser was sick, but that he would give him a better job than teaming. So for two days he turned the big grindstone.

Another cure Jigger often gave to city recruits was what he was pleased to call, privately, "th' Second Thess'lonians." He would fill a gunny-sack with broken chain and other bits of old iron, hand it to the hoosier and tell him to pack it up the road to the next camp and to deliver it to the cook there. "Tell him," Jigger would say, "tell him that here is his jeasely ol' pie and biscuit irons. . . . And don't forget to make him sign a receipt for 'em."

The unwitting messenger of the Second Thessalonians would sweat up the road some two or three miles with the fifty pounds of junk on his back, not knowing that camp cooks are violent fellows when their dignity is imposed upon. He would return to Jigger's camp considerably wiser.

Other bums Jigger would put to work splitting yellow birch for fire wood, a tough enough job, even, for men who know where best to hit the end of the stick to break its unbelievably twisted grain. Such things, Jigger said, were educational.

Shipments of city riff-raff to logging camps have increased with the years, but the movement was not aided by Jigger. No greenhorn, in fact, who had once been "educated" by him ever returned to the woods without first asking the employment shark *who* was running camp at the place he was going to.

I saw Jigger on a spree in town but twice. Unlike the average logger, he never claimed that he was going down to get his teeth fixed. He was almost forthright in the business. "I'm goin' down to get fixed up," he would say.

On a spree he was the most peaceful fel-

low imaginable. If he ever got into any real fights in saloons or bawdy-houses, they are unrecorded. He would line up his friends and enemies along the bars of Bangor, St. John, Berlin, North Stratford, or Sherbrooke, and pay for round after round. He had no more music in him than a sea-gull, yet he would present a box of cigars to anyone who would sing "Pull for the Shore" or "Roll of Old Gingerbread Nine Inches Long", two hymns of vastly different schools.

Occasionally, when in his cups, he felt the urge to do something for the boys back in camp. Once, I know, he had come to town cursing the recent introduction into his camp of a steam donkey-engine and its crew. It seemed, according to Jigger, that the engine never had enough steam at one time to do the grading-shovel work which he thought could be better done by hand. So, in a drug store, he purchased a two-quart hot-water bottle and mailed it to the donkey engineer. With it he had me send a note, dictated by himself: "If that old pot of yourn aint workin' no better than it was, steam up this nice hot-water bottle and try her on the job."

His only concession to town or city life was a derby hat, a new pair of suspenders, and a pair of sox. Ordinarily he lost the hat the first day. He always threw away the sox before he started for camp.

IV

I understand that Jigger Jones has retired. One old jack wrote me not long ago that he heard he was dead. But I don't believe it. He can't be much over sixty. I know that he waded day after day in ice-cold water as he drove logs down a hundred streams. I know that he worked in 40-below-zero weather, season after season, scorning sox and sufficient other clothing. I know that he drank numberless gallons of everything from clear grain alcohol to liniment and pain-killer; that is, everything except cocktails and champagne, both of which he held to be injurious to the stomach and kidneys. But of later years he learned "to take care of his system", he told me.

Early on a March morning ten years ago I left Jigger's camp. The thermometer registered 51 below, which was reckoned moderately cool even for those parts. Jigger, sleeping in a bunk across from mine, sat up on the edge of the bed in his bright vermilion underwear. He reached under his bunk and hauled forth a crock of Graves' Pure Grain Alcohol. He poured a draught into a tin dipper and drank it neat. Then, bare-foot and in his underwear, he strolled down to the brook through the deep snow, cut the ice on the pond, and brought a pail of water back to the shack. He remarked that it was "fair coolish". While pulling on his pants and shoe-pacs he worked on half a cut of black B. & L., squirting the juice on the sizzling stove (to kill the germs in the air, he always said). By the time I had finished packing, he had taken another big shot of the grog. Then, just before the gut-hammer's *clong clong* broke the cold, silent darkness outside, he pawed again under his bunk and this time brought forth a bottle of milk of magnesia.

"I guess I better take a dose of this", he said. "You know, I got to be powerful careful of my stomach. . . . It aint very strong."

AFTERNOON AND EVENING

BY J. J. LANKES

I stood in the uncertain shade of a mulberry tree to escape the glare of the sun while making a sketch of a little colonial church. There was a droning of bees among the last blossoms of the Scotch broom. A mocking bird was calling, "Come here, come here, come here!" For the space of an hour not a soul went by, except a girl delivering newspapers. She looked at my sketch and reckoned I could get an A in drawing at school. A boy who seemed to be the guide and custodian of the church, despairing of any further custom for the day, performed the usual rites of closing shop and left the property entirely to me for the afternoon. The acquisition troubled me very little. Nothing troubled me but the glare of the sun. Where everything else in the town was so old that mulberry might easily have been older too, and offered more shade. But it was a small matter.

Suddenly the peace was shattered by two or three buses loaded with ribald tourists, stopping at a sacrificial temple on the main road. The tourists, with much crude humor, poured libations to their favorite god—one Nehyah or Nehi, whose image was reproduced on every building, and whose praises were sung at every corner.

Then a colored man, carrying a crab-net and basket, appeared over the breast of the road leading down to the river. A voice called, "Hello, Menalsus!" The colored man called back, "Hello, Ma'cus. Why ain't yo' paintin'?" Marcus said he was through for the day.

Marcus caught sight of me and came over. He looked at my drawing and said it was not bad, but that I should have used crayon on the church. He asked what was I going to do with the drawing. He said I should have worked a bit more to the right—it would have made a better composition.

The drawing was not bad. He asked if I painted—oil or water-color? Did I know Art Young? How long was I staying in town? Where was I staying? What was I paying? He said the place was all right. Where was I from? He was from Brooklyn, and he was going in for a swim, and he'd see me later. He strode along, making short quick steps, and swinging his arms. He was bare-headed, and wore heavy-rimmed glasses, and a pair of overalls over a bathing suit.

I finished my sketch and wandered back to the main road, then into a lane, lined with honeysuckle vines, that led abruptly to the beach. There was Marcus again, fresh from the water, carrying his overalls and shoes in his hands. He was short and thick-set and covered with black hair. He came toward me when he saw me, and sat down beside the road to caress a bruised toe. "The rain helped swimming a lot," he said.

"How so? Make more of it or make it wetter?" I asked.

The remark evidently was too frivolous for Marcus' profound nature.

Several girls went by.

"Some of them do not look so interesting in bathing suits; on the other hand, some look more so," I ventured.

Marcus said it was strange that in all other forms and species of animal life the male is more beautiful than the female. I suggested that might be because we judge all other forms of life more dispassionately. In the case of our own species a man is very likely to be prejudiced in favor of the ladies—especially a young man. Marcus thought there was something in that.

"But," he said, "what is wrong is our philosophy. Our natural reactions have been turned into crooked channels. Puritans and Baptists, to say nothing of Methodists, have put barriers in the way of man's expressions of emotions." He himself had wasted fine emotions—"lots of fine emotions. Our relations with women are false. You can spend two or three dollars on a broth and get no emotional response at all. She is just not interested in you. It's money thrown away."

There was talk of the art of the Arabs of the Ninth Century, and of what barbarians we had become by comparison. "We prate of our progress!" Marcus spat out the grass blade he had been chewing and stood up. "Do you read much? Seen the *New Masses* lately? I get it. Come on down to the house." He slipped briskly into his overalls and shoes, and we started for his room.

He showed me the *New Masses*. He showed me some of his art work. Correspondence lessons—copies in crayon of very poor drawings of plaster casts of the features and limbs of Michelangelo's David. Marcus peeled off his overalls and bathing suit, flicked the sand off his body and dressed while showing me these things. What did I think of the layout of the tea-room sign he had made? I called attention to false forms of some the letters.

"Well that B is a copy of Dürer's. Look here in the book—see, 'after Dürer.'"

I said correspondence schools weren't much good. For that matter, the regular art schools weren't much better. What could he do? Alas, there was nothing much that could be done. A man having ideals and leanings toward art is unfortunate. As he gets deeper and deeper in the study—if he is an artist at heart—his ideals are likely to rise. Most people are not concerned with ideals. Most people want to make money. If your art will help them to make money you can make a little for yourself.

Marcus said: "I can paint signs, all right; I can't draw so well. I can get a lot of sign work. You lay 'em out; I paint 'em. We'll make money. You don't have to worry about getting along in this game." He stood up suddenly and put out his hand. "My name's Marcus."

"Mine is Lankes."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Lingus."

We shook hands.

It was getting toward eating time; I had to run along. Marcus said he would be down to my boarding-house for me after he had eaten.

Marcus & Lingus, Signs!

II

Later in the evening I saw him again as he was coming through his gateway. I was working at an old house nearby. I hailed him. He hurried over. The camera hanging on my shoulder bothered him. He took it off. I worked on till the dusk grew too deep. Then Marcus suggested we go to the drug-store. He spent his early evenings there.

"It's our forum," he said.

The clerk was lighting a cigarette as we entered.

Marcus said, "Tom, meet Mr. Lingus."

We shook hands while Marcus helped himself to Tom's cigarettes and a match. The proprietor came from behind his conjuring screen.

"Doc," Marcus said to him, "meet Mr. Lingus."

We shook hands.

A man came into the store from a back door. I did not get his name. He worked for the county, making roads. I shook hands with him.

A little girl, wearing overalls, came in for a writing tablet and a pen. Doc waited on her; Tom was wiping a table with a dirty rag.

"I ain't got any more five-cent tablets, Laura. I'm giving you a ten-cent one. That's all right, ain't it? You can pay me the five cents when you come in again. Ha, overalls! Those are Jimmie's—I know they are. You look swell in 'em, Laura." He smacked her playfully on her seat a few times, and laughed her out to the door.

Doc turned toward Marcus. "How's your overalls, Marcus? Jewish overalls! Do you know what Jewish overalls are?"

"Rubber ones."

A roar of laughter.

"Do you know the story of the Jew and the farmer's daughter?" Doc asked. His face was disfigured by livid scars. Eyes, nose and forehead. He was side-swiped last Spring while going down to his home town in South Carolina. He was alone in the car. Some one stole his suit-case when he was picked up, or while he was in the hospital unconscious. Nobody knew who he was until he regained consciousness, twenty-four hours later. A full suit-case.

The laugh was on the Jew in the story.

Marcus asked if any of us ever heard the story of the two Jews and the Gentile girl in a country hotel. The laugh was on the Gentiles.

"Well, I've got to make out my whiskey report," Doc said. "I overlooked an item in my last one. The answer was in half a dozen other places, but the government clerks don't use no reason. I've got to make out another report, and an affidavit, and it's gotta be in tomorrow. It's worse'n making out an income-tax report, too. The government is stricter'n hell about these things."

Tom said: "I can always tell when a customer wants whiskey. He always walks up and down the store twice before he asks for it."

"Well," the roadmaker said, "I ain't never bothered none when I want it. I get three permits at a time—three pints. That reminds me of the three Jews in a hotel out West. Ever hear that story?"

Mrs. Jones came in breezily. Her dog was having a fit. "He runs around furiously until he is entirely exhausted," she said. "Poor dog!" She wanted the dog medicine that contained arsenic. "You know, Mr. Black, the kind you gave me once before."

Doc went back to his alchemy. Presently he announced that the solution of one of the ingredients for the fit medicine was too old and weak, and it would take too long to prepare another to warrant Mrs. Jones' waiting for it. He said he would send it over as soon as possible.

After she had gone out, the roadmaker said that the best thing for dog fits is to give the dog all the raw beef he can eat. "Fill him up on it. Then give him a good dose of castor oil. That'll fix him."

"Raw meat, eh," said Marcus.

"No. No raw any kind of meat. I said raw *beef*. It's gotta be beef. Raw beef and castor oil."

A young fellow looked in the doorway —the coal-man's son. This led to talk of the Russian coal imported by New Englanders last Winter, and how Russia would get the

jump on us as soon as she got the machinery.

The roadmaker asked, "You know what a ton of coal costs to dig?"

"Two and a half dollars?" hazarded Marcus.

"No. Guess again."

"Four?"

"Hell, no—fifty-six cents. I worked in a mine in West Virginia, and that's what they pay a man for loadin' a gondola. An' you have to pile the car up with all the coal she'll hold, too. They hold more'n a ton. Long ton. The comp'ny kicked the union check-off man out of the place. You buy coal by the short ton. A long ton is 2,240 pounds. You get maybe 1,800 pounds when you buy a ton."

Some one asked why nobody protested against the injustices at the mines.

"A Chinaman's chance you'd have. The comp'ny imported gunmen. One of 'em killed off the only square sheriff the county had since coal diggin' started. Hell, nobody ain't got nothin' to say except the comp'ny."

"It's a free country," Marcus said. "Anything goes if you got money. Thirteen percent of the people in this country are riding the rest of us."

The roadmaker cut in. "You talk like one of them goddam wobblies we used to get at the mines. We fixed the bastards."

Doc called out from his sanctum: "Don't you guys go spouting any Socialism in this part of the country. This country is all right. No better country in the world."

A neat young Negro woman came into the store. Doc was as affable to her as he was to Mrs. Jones. She wanted an alarm-clock.

The roadmaker stood up and stretched. It was his bed time. Marcus started for the door.

"Let's go for a walk," he said.

III

We found ourselves on the beach. I asked the nature of a large building under construction. It was to be a dance-hall upstairs, and a shower-bath on the ground floor. A light was burning upstairs. Marcus offered to show me the place. We went in and walked around. The owner came in from another entrance. He was giving instructions to a man about some work. Marcus went over to him and introduced me. Mr. Smith, with an oath, called attention to an attempt to burn down the place. Marcus wanted to know what he planned to do about decorating the hall. Mr. Smith supposed he would have to use cloth drapery.

"Use paper," said Marcus.

"Paper?"

"Yeah. Just drape paper along the ceiling. I'll do it for you."

Smith asked what colors ought to be used.

"You got green and light green trim—maize and pastel. Don't you think so?" to me.

"Sure," I said.

"What would you do it for, Marcus?"

Marcus said he could not get the paper. "I can't go to town easy. You get the paper—fifty rolls of crêpe—half and half—maize and pastel. I'll put it up for five dollars. No more."

"All right." Smith switched out the light.

I asked Marcus why any one should want to burn out Smith. He had lost his old dance-hall by fire during the Winter.

"Oh, he's got enemies. Let's go over there."

A low, wide, unpainted frame building. A few fellows were standing around. A few parked cars. An orchestra started to play. The saxophone was especially disagreeable. Marcus hurried over. He saw Pete and introduced me. Pete ran the place. The dance

floor was poorly lighted and empty. A few girls were seated at one side.

We started along the beach again. We came to a lane close to the bank. Marcus said the fellows called it not exactly Lovers' Lane; it was called so only by the unsophisticated. It was very dark under the trees. Suddenly a figure loomed. The figure whispered, "You fellows gotta knife?"

Marcus said, "Let's see it." He reached out and moved toward an opening. "Where'd you get it? What you pay for it?"

The man whispered: "Hey, come back here. A couple's there in the sand. I can't get the cork out."

"Bacardi? What you pay for it? Five dollars! Too much! Where'd you get it?"

"I got it of a guy off a ship. I can't get the cork out. You fellows gotta knife?"

A car came along. Its light flashed down the lane. We moved hastily to keep the bottle in the dark. The man was bareheaded. He was wearing a white belt—a soldier boy. Marcus borrowed my pocket knife, and pried at the stopper.

A man came along. We bunched up and moved on. When the man had passed, Marcus started to curse the obstinacy of the stopper. The soldier whispered to be quiet; there was another couple back of the pile of timbers. The couple that was on the sand started up and went away.

The stopper came out. Marcus handed the bottle to the soldier. The soldier handed it back and told Marcus to have a drink. Marcus handed me the bottle. I passed it on to the soldier and told him to go to it. He gave it back to Marcus. "Go on, take a drink." Marcus smelled carefully of it, paused, and then took a long drag. The bottle was handed to me. I took a drink. Then the soldier helped himself.

"Two more guys are coming in on this," he said.

Another car was coming. The soldier buttoned the bottle under his coat. He said he would have to hide it. Marcus said to give it to him. He cast around for a few moments, bent down and reached the bottle under a barbed-wire fence, back of a clump of jimson weeds. He told the soldier to reach down and feel of the bottle so he would know where to find it, and to notice the relation of the hiding place to a small building nearby.

Marcus handed out Life-savers.

We moved back toward the dance-hall. Two girls were leaning against one of the parked cars, smoking furiously. A third girl sat in the driver's seat. She was smoking furiously. The other cars were in the dark.

Marcus said he was cold. He wanted his coat. We went back to his room. He asked me if I read much. He said there was a swell book—pointing to Strindberg's "Marriage". There was a book on the control of the family. Did it have the real dope? Marcus thought so. He is not married. There was a volume of Voltaire, a copy of "Winesburg, Ohio," and a few other books.

One time, Marcus said, he had it almost fixed with the woman at the soft drink place, down at the ferry. She was willing but afraid. Marcus said he called her a coward right to her face. She was afraid of life.

"The full life. To live splendidly—that's the thing."

Marcus said his brother went to a college in Connecticut where they had an English professor. I do not recall what Marcus said the professor taught—maybe English. Maybe he was not an Englishman but a teacher of English. Anyway, the burden of his lessons was to live splendidly. "Live splendidly!" One morning he asked the class for a topic for discussion.

No one in the class seemed to have any ideas for a topic. "I'll give you one," said the professor, "you weaklings. Suppose"—and there were two or three girls in the class, too—"suppose you asked a girl to hold illicit relations with you, and she refused. What would you do about it? Would you bend her to your will, or would you pass her up?" To live splendidly! He said that at every class.

"Well, what is living splendidly?" I asked. "Is Mussolini living splendidly? He is making big gestures. A lot of tinsel is flashing in Italy. What of this fellow Carol of Rumania? He is making big gestures. He is flashing a lot of tinsel. He threw up his chance of a throne for a woman, and then heaved up the woman—a genuine Hollywood Graustarkian."

"Live splendidly," said Marcus.

IV

We reached the dance-hall again. Marcus had on his coat. He was respectable now. The soldier was dancing with a stout girl in blue. They were clinging tightly to each other. The sides of the hall were open. Quite a few fellows were standing around, looking in. A few more girls were seated against the back wall. The orchestra stopped its squawking. The soldier came out and started up the lane. He seemed like a nice chap. Marcus looked on, edging closer and closer to the entrance.

"They're warming up now," he said.

Several cars pulled up. Only one couple came in each.

Marcus said, "Come on in."

"I've got no coat," I said, and called attention to the camera and sketch-book I was still carrying.

"To hell with them," he said. "You don't need a coat. Come on."

"No," I said, "you run along in. I can't dance, anyway."

"I'm going to grab on to a girl," Marcus said. "I'll see you later. So long."

Marcus spoke to Pete, then to the stout girl in blue—the soldier's girl. They started to dance. They clung tightly to each other.

At the end of the dance Marcus and the girl in blue came out and strolled toward the lane.

The landlady said, while I was eating breakfast: "The beach is a bad place. Lots of college boys come down here with girls. They get drunk and act terrible." She said she had two girl boarders earlier in the season. They came in one morning at five o'clock. Both were drunk. She put them out. She wasn't going to have such trash in her place.

She said Marcus was a nice boy.

I saw him again that morning hustling down the road. But he did not see me.

MUSIC

ABSOLUTE PITCH

By Nicolas Slonimsky

Every friend of a genuine *Wunderkind* must have heard fantastic tales of the infant's prodigious sense of pitch—that is, the ability to name, in a blindfold test, any number of notes simultaneously sounded. Some orchestra leaders are said to possess similar powers of musical clairvoyance (or shall we say, clairaudience?). With the first approach of an experimental hand, however, such tales and legends usually vanish into the realm of naïve nonsense. The cold fact is that the power of tone-detecting is extremely limited, even among phenomenally gifted individuals. The probability of the existence of a 100% absolute pitch which would enable its owner to name, in truth, any number of notes, any tone-cluster, to borrow a fashionable term, appears very slight when we consider the acoustical maze existing in our world of compound tones.

Every sound, at least theoretically, presents a complex system of harmonics built on a fundamental tone. "Actual" tones differ only in degree of intensity from "ghost" tones, which, under the various names of overtones, combinational tones, etc., form a sort of musical ectoplasm around each sounding body. At times, indeed, these spook tones materialize themselves to a confusing degree. Inexpert performers on wind instruments have a hard time ridding themselves of unwelcome octaves and fifths above and below. Some players, on the other hand, cultivate such tones for the sake of color. Evsei Beloussov, the 'cellist, can play octaves on a single string, an effect which he chooses to term—let us hope, metaphorically,—"Yogi tones."

In his classical book, "Music, a Science and an Art," Professor Redfield gives an interesting transcription of our national Danish-British-Austrian-American hymn, "God save the King"—"My country, 'tis of thee," with all the ghost tones written out. The look of it is even more appalling than its sound as performed by military bands at patriotic functions. All this musical exhaust reaches our ears even in the purest of symphonies. We are fortunately unaware of its existence, as we are unaware of the existence of tiny specks constantly floating in our field of vision, but it clouds our perception in finer tests, and proves the eventual undoing of those whose self-assurance prompts the impossible claim of infallibility.

All these parasitical tones are often increased in volume through sympathetic vibration of surrounding objects. *"Jedes Bönchen hat sein Tönchen,"* says an irreverent private in Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front." In a less coprological sense, every quasi-flexible object is attuned to a certain pitch. Our very ears, or rather their external parts, vibrate sympathetically to the tones lying between E and G of the fourth octave—the circumstance that makes these tones disagreeably shrill. If, by inserting a tube of paper into the ears, we change their vibrational number, the tinkling sound peculiar to them disappears.

Yet, limited as they are by the very na-

ture of things, the members of the caste of absolute pitchers possess qualifications which are specific and unmistakable. To qualify for membership, a person must be able to instantly name any single note, struck on the piano or any other instrument with definite pitch, within the range of, say, five octaves, leaving out the extreme high and low registers. The answers must be correct in all cases, not in the majority only. Twenty tests, separated by an interval of time (to avoid the possibility of an accidental guess in the first test, with the subsequent reliance on relative pitch) ought to be sufficient. The answers must be given instantly, without preliminary figuring out.

To a true absolute pitcher there can be no more doubt about a certain note being a C, or a D, than there can be, to an ordinary person, any question that a certain color is red or blue. In fact, it may be said of persons deprived of the sense of absolute pitch that they are tone-deaf, in perfect analogy with persons that are color-blind. Jaques Dalcrose developed a method which enables one to form a sense of absolute pitch through measuring the tension of the vocal cords with the fingers, while intoning a certain note. But this method, even if successful, would be only another Braille's alphabet for the blind, applied to sound. Needless to say, it has nothing in common with an inborn sense of pitch which cannot be acquired as it cannot be lost.

For it is an inborn sense, though its physiological premises are highly uncertain. Children who have it reveal it as soon as they learn the names of the notes, and retain it throughout their lives, whether they become professional musicians or not. On Doomsday they will unhesitatingly recognize the key of the Archangel Gabriel's fanfare. On the other hand, the pariahs of absolute pitch may rise to the height of musical fame, and yet never know whereabouts they are in the scale. They may develop a tolerable sense of relative pitch, and even get to recognize certain tones by the muscular tension of their own vocal cords, unconsciously attuned to the given tone, but ever so often they will slip into a gross error, sometimes missing by several semitones. And always they would have to think before giving their answer, a necessity unknown to the members of the privileged caste.

The importance of the sense of absolute pitch has been greatly stressed by some, and violently attacked by others. The truth is that it is undeniably a great convenience to all musicians, but of more value to conductors than to pianists or other instrumentalists. Composers but rarely possess it, and the absence of it does not seem to interfere with their creative powers. Certainly, the mere possession of it does not predicate great musicianship, though it always points to a musical nature. An International Absolute Pitch Club (the founding of which is hereby urged) would be to the world of music what the Caterpillar Club, formed of pilots who have had to jump for their lives on parachutes, is to the world of aviation. Some distinguished birdmen are its members, but along with them, many aviatorial mediocrities as well.

The possession of absolute pitch may prove of great advantage in everyday life. Commuting from a suburb to town on a trolley, I noticed that the humming sound, rising in proportion to the speed, reached its high at the B flat of the tenor voice, and that riding on that high note through a certain open stretch of the road, I would get to town in so many minutes. It took proportionately more time to reach town with an A, and still longer with an A flat. Having built an experimental table, based on daily practice, I could always tell just

how late I would be at the office. In war the approach of a shrapnel announces itself in the form of a hissing sound. When its pitch rises beyond a certain high note, we know that it is directly headed towards us, and so may gain time to say our prayers. Undoubtedly, there are many other handy applications of absolute pitch.

But the same absolute pitch may be—and very often is—a source of annoyance to its owner. Horatio Parker, who was supersensitive in this respect, complained to William Lyon Phelps of the tortures connected with too fine a sense of hearing, and professed his envy for the latter's blissful imperviousness to music. Yet, Rimsky-Korsakov, who was a champion, composed one of his loveliest operas on a piano in B flat, as he facetiously called it—that is, a piano tuned a full tone lower. Striking a C and hearing a B flat must have been an excruciatingly painful experience for him. But are not clarinet players doomed to play different notes from what they hear? All performers on transposing instruments, indeed, must be suffering from this sort of maladjustment.

But here we come to a debatable point. The standard of pitch has never been definitely set for any lasting period of time. The A of the American Federation of Musicians, assigned 440 vibrations a second, is nearly a semitone higher than the pitch of Händel. Thus, our orchestras in playing Händel's works, or, for that matter, any Eighteenth Century works, perform them a semitone higher than they were intended to sound.

At various times, the standard of pitch deviated from ours even more than that. Some freak readings record an A with but 376 vibrations a second, which corresponds to our F sharp, a minor third below. (A dilapidated small organ of l'Hospice Comptesse at Lille, gives this pitch-number.) At other times, the pitch for A went as high as 570 vibrations a second, corresponding to our C sharp, a major third above. (The North German Church of the Seventeenth Century provides an example of this high pitch.) Thus, we see that our standard A has traveled through the centuries from F sharp to C sharp,—that is, within the interval of a perfect fifth! What price absolute pitch in the light of such perplexing relativity?

But we must not be unduly perturbed. It matters little whether we call our A an A or a B flat, as Händel would. So long as the difference is expressed in complete semitones, we have but to transpose every given note to adapt it to the current standard. The question becomes more confused when there is a difference of a quarter tone between two local standards. This difference is nearly reached between the low pitch of some of the European countries and the American standard pitch. In such a case, a European with a sense of absolute pitch will associate the American A with either A or B flat until he is accustomed to the new pitch.

I have said that the sense of absolute pitch is extremely limited in the number of tones which any person can possibly detect. But few experiments have been made to establish this limit, and find its causes. In 1913, Professor Stumpf of Berlin examined the sense of pitch of Erich Wolfgang Korngold, the most outstanding *Wunderkind* of modern times. (He is thirty now, and disappointing.) He found that Korngold could name chords of from four to five selectively discordant tones.

I have made similar experiments with Messrs. Alfredo Casella, the composer, Jesús Mariá Sanromá, the pianist, Joseph Achron, the violinist and composer, Arie Abileah, a virtuoso on the Theremino-Vox, and others, all clairaudients of rarest pow-

ers. They easily passed the test of two and three notes, simultaneously struck, no matter how discordant. The first casualties announced themselves with the addition of a gratingly dissonant fourth note. Still the majority of guesses were correct. The fifth note—maliciously disagreeable with the rest of the chord—got them all. The jarring interference and the "beats" to which it gave rise must have formed a physiologically insurmountable obstacle to the correct perception of the tones.

The recipe for chords apt to create "beats" is very simple. Take several adjoining notes of the chromatic scale, distribute them liberally so as to form intervals of the major seventh and the minor ninth, and check on all chords that make any sense. Schoenberg's tonal combinations are eminently suitable for such exercises. Then go to your nearest *Wunderkind* or an orchestral monarch and try the chords over on the piano. If he succeeds in disentangling more than four notes at a time without looking at your fingers—communicate with this writer at once.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

PAVANE POUR UNE INFANTE DÉFUNTE. *The Colonne Orchestra*
By Maurice Ravel. *Columbia*
$2 12-inch record *New York*

RAPSODIE ESPAGNOLE. *Symphony Orchestra*
By Maurice Ravel. *Victor*
$3 2 12-inch records *New York*

Ravel's "Bolero" proved as popular upon the discs as it did in the American concert-hall. Whereupon, more Ravel became the slogan of the companies. So shines a good deed in this naughty world of ours. Doubtless all the Ravel works already recorded enjoyed, for a brief period at least, a sudden stimulation in sales. And then, for many, must have come the dawn. For, although there is much of the true Ravel in "Bolero," the piece is hardly a proper tonal image of the man; not so original as some of his disciples may have thought him, Ravel is yet hardly a popular composer. . . . The unnamed orchestra of the Spanish Rhapsody is conducted by Piero Coppola, and with verve. The Colonne band sits under the baton of Gabriel Pierné, who succeeds in bringing out the essential aristocracy of the solemn dance. It would be a pleasure to know now just what the new Bolerophiles think of their friend Ravel in his less bourgeois moments.

LE COQ D'OR—*Introduction & Bridal Cortège.* *The London Symphony Orchestra*
By Rimsky Korsakov. *Victor*
$1.50 12-inch record *New York*

This is a glinting, sonorous recording of a music that is tipped with flame. Rimsky rarely suggests depths; his surfaces, on the other hand, in despite of etymology, escape the mere smoothness of superficiality. They have all the glamour of a pageant costume, glittering with braid and spangles, and marching with firm rhythms to a high goal. Mr. Coates has caught this magic and transferred it to his men.

CONCERTO *in B Flat Minor, Op. 23.* *For Piano & Orchestra*
By P. I. Tschaikowsky. *Columbia*
$8 Album of 4 12-inch records *New York*

The familiar concerto shows signs of wear and tear; it has greatness, but it begins to seem a tattered glory. The more so since the playing of Cutner Solomon, ably supported by Sir Hamilton Harty at the head of the famous Hallé Orchestra, is not of a consistent virtuosity. There are more than a few high moments in this satisfactory recording, but frequently the soloist is engulfed by the orchestra and almost as often he loses the peculiar style of the composer. Tschaikowsky was a great padder, with his everlasting descents of the scale and his repetitions that simply occupy space. He was also a fine tonal lyrist, with emotional crises leading to those outbursts that almost spoke for the individual listener. Too much of the present version is intelligent routine; too little, intuitive reconstruction.

TOCCATA *in D Minor (Reger) For Organ*
WHEN GREAT MISERY WAS OUR BURDEN.
(Sittard) *Brunswick*
$1.50 12-inch record *New York*

Alfred Sittard, performing on the largest organ in Germany, that of St. Michael's Church, Hamburg, plainly revels in the vast resources of his instrument. The organ, aside from occasional echoes, registers beautifully upon the phonograph record.

TANNHÄUSER, *Overture & Venusberg Music.* *The Philadelphia Orchestra*
By Richard Wagner. *Victor*
$6.50 Album of 3 12-inch records *New York*

To make these selections from an opera that begins to be hackneyed sound anything but hackneyed,—to glorify in tones now jeweled, now bursting with majesty, this overplayed depiction of the struggle between asceticism and voluptuousness,—to play as if for the first time this septuagenarian of the music dramas, is a feat that adds another feather to Mr. Stokowski's cap and to the waving plumes of his responsive band. This is the Paris version, so called because Wagner was compelled to write in a ballet for the Parisians at the performance of 1861. He refused absolutely to cut the opera for that purpose; instead, he added to it, with his bacchanal for the opening act, making of the enforced interpolation a truly integral part of the action. . . . The set stands out even from among the brilliant recordings of the Stokowski orchestra.

BOURRÉE FANTASQUE & MARCHE JOYEUSE. *The Lamoureux Orchestra*
By Alexis Emmanuel Chabrier. *Brunswick*
$1.50 12-inch record *New York*

The band is that of the Orchestre de l'Association des Concerts Lamoureux, Paris; the conductor, Albert Wolff. The Bourrée Fantasque is not unfamiliar here on piano programmes, and was originally written for that instrument. . . . Chabrier, in the United States, is known almost exclusively for his remarkable "España," a radiant waltz to melodies that had been used by Waldteufel for one of his numerous polite dances. To place the Waldteufel waltz beside the Chabrier rhapsody is in itself an eloquent study in arrangement and orchestration. It is not at all unlikely that our own better jazz arrangers have learned a thing or two from Chabrier. He scores with a most acute ear for timbre and for color within color. The Marche Joyeuse is just what its name implies—a sort of Nietzchean dance with arms and legs flung to the winds. The Bourrée Fantasque—there is no indication as to the hand that did the orchestration—is in the same capricious, even rowdy, mood and falls upon the ear as gratefully. The two pieces are conducted by M. Wolff with an excellent feeling for their invigorating measures.

SONATA IN A MAJOR.
For Piano & Violin
By César Franck. *Victor*
$10 Album of 4 12-inch records *New York*

With Jacques Thibaut as violinist and Alfred Cortot at the piano this was certain to be an almost unblemished poetic reading of a lyric masterpiece. Franck's sonata is fairly a synthesis of the composer's creative life. It reveals him in every phase that found expression in his writings, whether as religious or as secular spirit.

OVERTURE ON YIDDISH THEMES, *Op. 34.* *Salon Orchestra*
By Serge Prokofiev. *Victor (Spanish list)*
75 cents 10-inch record *New York*

To forestall all argument, let it be known at once that Prokofiev is not a Jew. His overture, which reaches us from his native heath by way of an Argentine orchestra—a roundabout skirting of the continents—testifies to a musical rather than a racial interest. We have heard it played by the combination for which it was originally written: piano, string quartette and clarinet, and find that lucid combination far better than the expanded group which, in the present recording, does dubious justice to the piece. It is not surprising that a Russian composer should be attracted to Yiddish—or, more exactly speaking, Khassidic—themes. The interplay between the Russian and the Jewish characters has been profound; in all likelihood, much of the Khassidic music derives from Russian peasant melody. In any case, Prokofiev is here, as

elsewhere, the composer first and only afterward the musical ethnologist. Indeed, to the Jewish ear, listening chiefly to the music as music, there is relatively little that is Yiddish. From an æsthetic standpoint, however, the music is a novelty of intrinsic value. It deserves a recording at the hands of competent players, without the intrusion of unauthorized instruments.

SYMPHONY NO. 3, "EROICA."

The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra

By L. van Beethoven. *Brunswick*

$9 Album of 6 12-inch records *New York*

Four records of this noble symphony are at present available. Coate's reading for the Victor, and the readings of Wood and Von Schillings for Columbia preceded this Brunswick issue of the Hans Pfitzner recording. The differences between the Von Schillings and the Pfitzner readings are hardly worth dwelling upon, as both alike miss the grandeur of the masterpiece. Not that they are not good, or not excellently adapted to the needs of orchestral students as well as to the simpler pleasures of the music-lover. They do not happen, however, to reach the heights suggested by the epochal and epical Beethoven score.

SHEET MUSIC

YAMEKRAW (NEGRO RHAPSODY).

For Piano

By James P. Johnson. *Perry Bradford*

$2 9¼ x 12⅛; 26 pp. *New York*

Jimmy Johnson is another popular colored composer who has begun his trek out of Tin Pan Alley. He was largely responsible for the introduction of the knock-kneed Charleston, for "Runnin' Wild" and for music to shows of both hues. Yamekraw is the name of a Negro settlement upon the outskirts of Savannah, and it is from this district that Mr. Johnson drew his inspiration for the rhapsody. There are high moods and low, exalted and profane, woven into an interesting tissue of melody. Mr. Johnson's weakness, as might have been expected, is structural. He cannot remain long on the wing. He does not fuse his material into an organic unity. Yet in "Yamekraw" he has groped his way toward a goal that he should unrelentingly pursue. Incidentally, he plays his own music excellently.

IN THE MANDARIN'S ORCHID GARDEN. *For Voice & Piano*

By George Gershwin.

New World Music (Harms)

40 cents 9 x 12; 7 pp. *New York*

This piece, if we are not mistaken, with words by brother Ira, was originally destined for the score of "East Is West"; it was laid aside when that venture was abandoned. Gershwin, with a facile sense of musical costume, wears the garb of the dragon kingdom gracefully. It will not be easy singing for devotees of his musical comedy hits, nor easy playing for the jazz thumpers. It makes an effective concert piece.

SCORES

SYMPHONY NO. 3.

Transcription for Piano

By Camille Saint-Saëns.

The Oliver Ditson Company

$1.25 9¼ x 12½; 55 pp. *Boston*

This is Number 28 in Percy Goetschius's annotated transcriptions for the piano from famous orchestral scores. For the more skilled player, for the student of symphonic form, the series offers the service of a keen, analytic mind. It is well printed.

"THE MINUTE MAN."

Cantata for Mixed Voices

By Franz C. Bornschein.

The Oliver Ditson Company

75 cents 6⅞ x 10⅜; 58 pp. *Boston*

This piece has obviously been inspired by the tercentenary of Boston. The verses by Margaret Sidney should have been enough to discourage any composer, but Mr. Bornschein, undaunted by such lines as

> Single the shot—a volley!
> Two minute men fall—are dead;
> Now speaks America in her guns,
> The waiting time has fled!

blew a few trumpet calls and dashed forth to the fray. He returns with a number of wounds. But he has only himself to blame.

BOOKS

TWENTY LESSONS IN CONDUCTING.
By Karl Wilson Gehrkens.
The Oliver Ditson Company
60 cents 4⅞ x 6⅞; 63 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Gehrkens, who has written a book upon the essentials of conducting, and who is known for his labors upon the fundamentals of music, sets himself in this little monograph no very difficult task and acquits himself with ease. What he has really provided is an exposition of intelligent time-beating. Most of what he writes should be fairly familiar, almost intuitively, to any student with a tolerable ear.

MUSICO-DRAMATIC PRODUCING.
By Charles T. H. Jones & Don Wilson.
The Gamble Hinged Music Company
$2 5½ x 9⅞; 140 pp. *Chicago*

This is a manual for the stage and the musical director, written by a prominent producer and an experienced composer. Mr. Jones, indeed, has directed stage productions for the Shuberts, for Hammerstein and for Henry W. Savage; at present he is director of the Civic Light Opera Company of Chicago. Mr. Wilson is known for several musical comedies and for his skilful orchestrations. Their joint book reveals at every point the value of this practical experience. They get down to cases at once, and leave nothing to chance. Numerous half-tone illustrations, diagrams, and tabulations add to the concrete helpfulness of a series of succinct chapters dealing with everything from the selection of the cast to the palpitant opening.

VERDI.
By Ferruccio Bonavia.
The Oxford University Press
$3 5¾ x 8¾; 161 pp. *New York*

The tale of Verdi's life is by now familiar to all who, in addition to the enjoyment of a composer's music, desire information about his personality. Those who fear—and secretly hope—that the life of an artist, in whatever field, is one of reprehensible moral standards, will find in the story of Verdi a refutation of their beliefs. Verdi the man, considering the life of man as a possible art in itself, is as great an artist as Verdi the glory of Italian romantic opera. It is undeniably true, as Signor Bonavia writes, that "had he not been a composer, he might have forfeited his claims to remembrance, but he would still have been a great man." The integrity of the musician, however, shines also through his labors. Surely he profited by the advance of operatic technique in his day, but he wrote always as Verdi, and made no concessions to styles that he might easily have imitated. Bonavia makes generous use of the famous letters of the good, gray Giuseppe—a collection that takes up no fewer than seven hundred pages. It is these letters that reveal the composer in all his unheralded, and almost concealed, nobility . . . Bonavia, through the use of this correspondence, and by dint of well-accomplished compression, gives us a book that forms an admirable addition to the standard work by Bragnolo and Bettazzi.

THE ACOUSTICS OF ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTS & OF THE ORGAN.
The Oxford University Press
By E. G. Richardson.
$2.50 5½ x 8¾; 158 pp. *New York*

An excellent manual, with many illustrations, including the instruments discussed and graphs of vibrations. It will appeal to all musicians and amateurs who carry their interest beyond the solely sensuous appeal of the art into its physical aspects. For those who deal with the orchestra, whether as players, arrangers or composers, it is replete with pertinent observations.

PRACTICAL MANUAL OF HARMONY.
By N. Rimsky-Korsakov. *Carl Fischer*
$2.50 6½ x 9½; 142 pp. *New York*

The manual has been translated from the twelfth Russian edition by Joseph Achron. It was long overdue; we have for years been familiar, in English, with the Russian master's treatise on orchestration. A manual of harmony by a renowned composer always has an additional attractiveness. It lets one in behind the scenes, as it were, of his accomplishment. We do not find, nor did we expect to find, anything violently radical in Rimsky's scheme of tone relationships. Yet the work offers excellent discipline to the student and is rich in suggestion.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Moonstruck Pastor

EMERSON: THE ENRAPTURED YANKEE, by Régis Michaud. $4. 8⅜ x 5¾; 444 pp. New York: *Harper & Brothers*

It took a Frenchman to write this amusing and instructive book. An American can never regard the dreadful writhings and belchings of the Puritan soul with the right detachment: either he tries to prove absurdly that the bean-burning theologians were Great Thinkers, or he succumbs to indignation and denounces them as mere swindlers and scoundrels. M. Michaud, though he has lived in the United States a long while and can eat without upset all the Heinz 57 varieties, is still thoroughly Gallic at heart, and so he is able to enjoy Emerson immensely without either being taken in by him or losing patience with him. His book is not a biography, nor even a work of criticism. It is simply a character sketch of one of the most fantastic worthies ever come to growth on American soil. As such, it is extraordinarily penetrating, ingenious and diverting. I know of no treatise on Emerson that is better. I know of no other, indeed, that is so good.

It is one of the mysteries of American life that Rotary has never discovered Emerson. His so-called philosophy, even more than that of Elbert Hubbard, seems to be made precisely for the luncheon-table idealists. There is in it an almost incomparable sweep of soothing generalities, a vast marshalling of sugary and not too specific words, a wholesale assurance, a soaring optimism. It sets up a magnificent glow without adding any destructive heat. I can imagine nothing better suited to the spiritual needs of used-car dealers, insurance underwriters, trust company vice-presidents, bath-fixture magnates, and the like, gathered together in the sight of God to take cheer from one another and hoist the Republic along its rocky road. Its effect upon the circulation is as powerful as that of dioxyphenol ethanol-methylamine. And yet the Rotarians neglect this powerful medicine for the feeble philtres of Hubbard, and gulp the even more watery perunas of Roger W. Babson, Bishop Manning and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise as chasers!

M. Michaud is plainly surprised by this blindness. As he points out over and over again, Emerson was always very careful to keep idealism within the bounds of American respectability. He incited to hope, optimism, enterprise, enthusiasm, but never to any downright violation of decorum. Did he preach the sacredness of the individual, the kingship of the lonely soul? Then he always stopped short of Thoreau's corollary that it was unnecessary to pay taxes. Did he view theologians with a fishy eye, and distrust their mumbo-jumbo of sacraments and ceremonials? Then he still found it discreet and decent to go to church on Sunday. Did he call for frank words, honest exultations, dancing with arms and legs? Then he knew how to be cautious when it came to Walt Whitman. And did he praise the simple life and renounce luxury? Then it was always from the security of an ample income. In this last field, indeed, the student scarcely detects any difference between his philosophy and that of Arthur Brisbane. "One can read between the lines," says Michaud,

"that in Emerson's eyes the poor, like the sick, are rogues, that the capitalists are the real 'representative men', that all compensation which pays in specie is divine, and that Wall Street is the true temple of the Over-Soul".

If this is not a philosophy made for enlightened American business men, then I am surely no tailor of the psyche. But, as I say, they pass it over for inferior goods, and so leave it to the New Thoughters and the New Humanists. Both, alas, make a sad hash of it. The New Thoughters force it into a miscegenation with deep breathing, umbilicular contemplation and other borrowings from the heathen Hindus, and the New Humanists try to ram it into the mold of Calvinism. Emerson, if he were alive today, would feel uncomfortable in either camp. He was, for all his ventures into interstellar space, far too realistic a Yankee to believe that reading the Bhagavad-Gita could wake his solar plexus or give him second sight, and he owed far too much to the Romantic movement to countenance the Humanists' saucy denunciations of Rousseau. He was, indeed, the real founder of Romanticism in America, though he took his Rousseau at third hand. It was precisely from Romanticism that he got the ammunition for his revolt against Calvinism. And now the New Humanists try to make a Calvinist of him, as the New Thoughters try to make him a Mugglетonian!

M. Michaud's treatise on him is the fruit of long and careful studies. There are some slips in it, but they are neither many nor important. Various reviewers challenge Michaud's theory that Emerson was in love with Margaret Fuller, but I see nothing improbable in it. To be sure, Margaret was somewhat homely, but homely women often fetch metaphysicians. Moreover, literary movements are always largely sexual, and that which revolved around the *Dial* was probably no exception to the rule. In any case, we may well grant M. Michaud his French nose for a love affair in return for the excellent job that he has done. For the first time Emerson ceases to be a phantasm in a school-book and becomes a genuine human being. The book is very shrewd, unhackneyed and readable.

Books About Boozing

THE ART OF DRINKING, by Dexter Mason. $1. 6⅞ x 4⅜; 76 pp. New York: *Farrar & Rinehart*

THE FUTURE OF DRINKING, by Gilbert Seldes. $2. 8⅛ x 5; 173 pp. Boston: *Little, Brown & Company*

NOBLE EXPERIMENTS: *Series III*, by Judge Jr. $1. 4¾ x 3; 63 pp. New York: *The John Day Company*

A BOOK OF WINES OTHER THAN FRENCH, by P. Morton Shand, $3.50. 8½ x 5½; 185 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf*

Mr. Seldes, it seems to me, is a bit too pessimistic—or can it be that his labors for the *Saturday Evening Post* have infected him with the pudeurs of George Horace Lorimer?

Whatever the true cause, he views the future of the boozeart in America very, very biliously. The current passion for drink, he says, amounts to a sort of religion, and like any other religion it is debilitating and dangerous. Pretty soon it will collide with the Hoover efficiency and come to grief. People will discover that the only man who can afford to drink in the neo-American manner is the man of leisure. Such men being rare, drinking will become the monopoly of women, who do not have to punch time-clocks at 9 A.M. A few moderate drinkers, to be sure, will be left on the male side, but the rest of the sex will be virtually teetotalers.

This is pretty reasoning, but the premisses underlying it are very dubious. Mr. Seldes's observations seem to have been

made in a somewhat narrow circle in New York, the *mores* of which ordain meeting daily at twilight and guzzling furiously until the last guest has uncovered all of his (or her) complexes. No doubt this also goes on elsewhere, but certainly it is no longer typical. The American people in general got over their great Volsteadian souse two or three years ago, and have begun to drink in a more refined and rational manner. What made them so besotted during the first years was mainly the fact that hard liquor was the only kind that was readily obtainable. But now the booticians begin to supply milder and better things in large variety, and so it is quite possible—that is, if one knows anybody save the Broadway literati—to drink decently and even elegantly. Within the past week I have assisted at six parties of antinomians, all of them held in an ancient provincial city. Only once was I offered gin, and not once did anyone so much as mention Scotch.

The drinking of Scotch, indeed, is fast going out. It is good riddance, for of all the drinks ever invented by man Scotch is manifestly the worst. Its taste is revolting to any civilized palate, and its effects are disgusting and deleterious. In Scotland, perhaps, it may have its uses, for Scotland is a land shrouded in mists and infested by theologians, and its inhabitants may be excused for wanting to get drunk quickly, at whatever cost to æsthetics. So, too, in England, Scotch may find some justification, for the country has no native beverages that are fit to drink, not even beer, and Scotland is next door.

But in this glorious land of America there was never any real excuse for consuming such vile stuff, for we have plenty of good drinks of high quality. Our rye whiskey is to Scotch as the best dinner obtainable in Paris is to an English slice from the joint with two vegetables, and even our Bourbon is better. Scotch was brought in before the war by the same sort of Anglomaniacs who wear heavy English clothes all Summer and put preposterous English coal-grates into their houses. It rose to popularity under Prohibition simply because it was cheap and could be imitated easily. Not one Scotch drinker out of fifty can distinguish the imitation from the real. The actual difference, in fact, is no more than 2%.

Rye was very scarce immediately after the Methodist millennium dawned. The stocks in the bonded warehouses were "stolen" at once, and consumed quickly. There ensued an era of bogus rye, almost as bad as Scotch. But now rye distilleries are in operation in great number, and very fair stuff is obtainable in all the principal centers of culture, and at plausible prices. Some of this rye is yet too young for straight drinking—but who wants to drink it straight? It already makes a very fair mint-julep, and in another year or two it will be fit for high-balls. I do not mention whiskey cocktails, for I believe that they will be *déclassé* before this new rye reaches puberty. Cocktails of all kinds, indeed, are fast going out. They may survive along Broadway, in Kansas and in the Pennsylvania mining regions, but elsewhere they will be curiosities in five years, along with the dreadful blue blazers, horse collars, Mamie Taylors and silver fizzes of the McKinley administration.

Thus most of the formulæ in Mr. Mason's "Art of Drinking" and in the little book called "Noble Experiments" are already somewhat old-fashioned. Moreover, most of them were repulsive when they were new. Can you imagine any civilized man beginning dinner with the thing that Mr. Mason calls (apparently without conscious irony) a New Yorker:

1 part gin
1 part lemon juice
2 tablespoons of orange marmalade
The white of an egg

Or poisoning his guests with the horror that Heywood Broun, in "Noble Experiments", calls a September Morn:

3 parts gin
1 part grenadine
1 part cream
1 white of egg
The juice of half a lemon
Ditto of half a lime

My suspicion, indeed, is that not a few of the contributors to "Noble Experiments" sent in their formulæ with tongue in cheek. One of them, who shall be nameless, actually proposes to mix cream and orange juice, and then to douse the mixture with gin and grenadine! Another compounds Jamaica rum, allspice—and butter! Another adds *Kirschwasser* and the white of an egg to black coffee! It must be obvious that if such vile gallimaufries are drunk today they will not be drunk very long, for the drinkers will perish as surely as the Arkansas Baptists who die of Jamaica ginger. I predict formally that before Dr. Hoover retires to the shades such drinking will be confined to New York wiseacres and small-town Elks. Where towels are not served with dinner people will be drinking sherry again, and if not sherry then at least a decent grade of shoe polish.

Mr. Shand's book, after the depressing treatises that I have been discussing, comes like a burst of Schubert after an hour of jazz. He is an Englishman, but has had the advantage of a Continental education. It would be impossible to imagine him subscribing to Mr. Seldes's grotesque doctrine that "the only great wines" are made in France. He has tender and understanding chapters on the magnificent wines of Germany, on those of Italy—less royal, but still interesting—, on the sherries, ports and malagas, and even on the late wines of California, now no more. In a previous work, "A Book of Wines", he was tartly critical of California's produce, but now he revises his view and is very polite. It is a pity that his knowledge of Cresta Blanca and of the vintages of the Italian-Swiss Colony is based only on hearsay, for they were wines of merit, and deserve the measured judgment of so gifted a connoisseur. A few bottles survive—some in my cellar. If Mr. Shand ever honors the Republic with a visit I shall be glad to hold services for him. His defense of the Moselles against such cultural ignoramuses as Seldes is eloquent and convincing. At their best they are undoubtedly the greatest of all wines. It is sad that they do not last. My own are all losing their bouquet, and so I drink them in a resigned and melancholy spirit, as Abraham prepared to slay Isaac.

Fortunately, the booticians now bring in the later years, and in sufficient variety to meet every private taste. The prices, of course, range very high, for there is never enough Moselles to go 'round. But by God's gracious will I have always managed to get samples of what there is. I hope to do so until the last tragic scene—if not in this Wesleyan *Polizeistaat*, then in the liberated countries across the Atlantic. A man owes it to his pylorus to drink such wines at every opportunity. They are inconceivably lovely. They rank, on their different but by no means inferior plane, with the Rasoumovsky quartettes, "An Elegy in a Country Churchyard", and Holbein's portrait of Erasmus. Let us repair to our respective houses of worship and give thanks for such incomparable boons—and let us not forget to add a courteous hope that Bishop Cannon will be a long while in Hell.

The Land of Rackets

ONLY SAPS WORK, by Courtney Terrett. $2. 8⅛ x 5⅜; 235 pp. New York: *The Vanguard Press*

Mr. Terrett, who is a reporter for the New York *World*, is very hopeful about the future of racketeering in the United States, and especially in New York. The effort to put it down by legal process, as he shows, is an almost complete failure: for every racketeer who goes to prison a dozen new ones spring up and a hundred old ones continue unmolested. The profession is no longer the monopoly of former stick-up men and honky-tonk bouncers: it has been entered and is now being adorned by hosts of more genteel operators, including district attorneys, newspaper men, otherwise reputable business men, and even judges. Mr. Terrett might have added, without stretching the facts, four-fifths of the executive secretaries now in practice in the United States. Charity today is mainly a racket, and so is Law Enforcement. As for journalism, the revelations in the Lingel case in Chicago show how far it has gone in the prevailing direction. I wish Mr. Terrett had added a chapter on press clubs. They operated the first rackets within my personal knowledge, and not a few of them, I suspect, are still hard at it.

Morris L. Ernest, in his preface to what is an extremely instructive book, shows that racketeering, in its higher phases, has ceased to be mere brigandage, for its ostensible victims really get some benefit from it. What they buy, in brief, is relief from excessive and ruinous competition. "Prices for pressing clothes, cleaning autos or washing shirts are more or less standardized. New enterprises are kept out of the zones already served by members [*i.e.*, customers] of the racket. The little shop owner can again make a profit in his business." Is this profit loaded upon his patrons? If so, what have they to complain of? Do they want to be served at a loss? Or do they prefer to be squeezed by the big chain men?

Mr. Terrett hints that the current obese development of racketeering began during the Harding administration, and is a product of the gaudy stealing which then went on at Washington. It may be so, but I somehow doubt it. The thing probably goes back a great deal further, and I incline to suspect that it had its rise among labor leaders, a class of men whose doings have been imperfectly investigated by sociologists. To this day all of the more considerable rackets, excluding only the booze racket, have close affiliations with the unions and their bosses. These bosses began by selling out to the employers they were supposed to combat: it was an easy step to joining the more "reasonable" employers against those who were less accommodating. Soon strong-arm men were needed to carry out the agreements made—and thus racketeering became an organized branch of crime.

Mr. Terrett discusses the business from the rather light-hearted viewpoint of a newspaper man. There is no indignation in him; on the contrary, he regards the racketeers with an amused tolerance. Perhaps that is the best way, after all, to look at them. Inasmuch as there seems to be no feasible way, under our laws, to put them down, it would be futile to get into a rage about them. They cost us something, but so does the government. They invade our rights and menace our happiness, but so does the Supreme Court.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

LOUIS ADAMIC *was born in what is now Czechoslovakia, and during the World War served in the United States Army. His first book, "Dynamo," will be published in the Spring.*

SHERWOOD ANDERSON *is the well-known novelist. Among his books are "Winesburg, Ohio," "Many Marriages," "The Triumph of the Egg," and "Dark Laughter."*

H. L. BLAKE *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

JORGE J. BLANCO *is a Porto Rican, formerly engaged in business in South America.*

E. L. M. BURNS *is a major in the Canadian Army.*

BERT COOKSLEY *has been a hobo, a sailor and an editor. He was born in England and educated at the University of California.*

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD *is editor-in-chief of the* Household Magazine. *He is the author of several books.*

J. FREDERICK ESSARY *entered newspaper work at Norfolk, Va., in 1903, and is now chief correspondent at Washington for the Baltimore* Sun, *which paper he has also served in London. He is the author of six books.*

JOSEPHINE HERBST *is the author of "Nothing Is Sacred" and "Money for Love."*

STEWART H. HOLBROOK *has worked in numerous logging camps in the United States and Canada. He is now living in Portland, Oregon, where he edits a loggers' and lumbermen's magazine.*

PHILIP HUDSON *was born in Iowa, but is now engaged in business in New York.*

FRED C. KELLY *was in newspaper work in Cleveland and Washington for many years, but is now living on a 600-acre farm in Ohio, his native State. His "Why You Win or Lose" was recently published.*

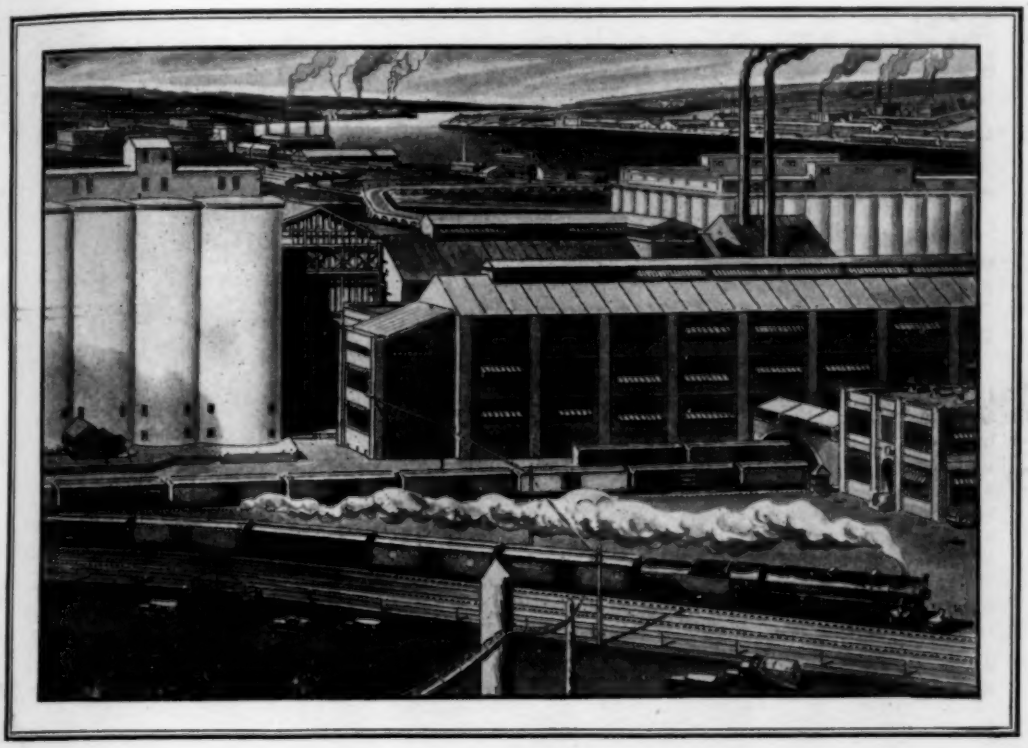
J. J. LANKES *is the well-known wood-engraver. He has exhibited in many cities and is represented in all the principal American collections. He was born at Buffalo and is now living in Hilton Village, Va., on the lower James river.*

DUDLEY CAMMETT LUNT *was born in Maine, and educated at Yale College and the Harvard Law School. He is practising law in Wilmington, Del.*

NICOLAS SLONIMSKY *was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, but left the country after the Bolshevik Revolution. He came to the United States in 1923, and has been here ever since. He now lives in Jamaica Plain, Mass. He has composed a good deal in the ultra-modern manner, and is conductor of the Boston Chamber Orchestra.*

PHILIP WAGNER *was born in New Haven, Conn., and educated at the University of Michigan. He was formerly the editor of a group of employé magazines. He is now engaged in newspaper work.*

SAMUEL YELLEN *was born in Russia in 1906. He received his bachelor's degree at Western Reserve University. At present he is instructor in English at Indiana University. "A Socialist Boyhood" is his first published article.*



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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page xxii

FICTION

THE WAY HOME.
By Henry Handel Richardson.
W. W. Norton & Company
$2.50 7½ x 5; 321 pp. *New York*

"The Way Home," the second volume of Henry Handel Richardson's trilogy, tells the story of Richard and Mary Mahony's return to England; their disillusionment there as poor lonely colonials; their return to Australia, where they find they have become wealthy; the birth of their children; their second voyage to England and the Continent with its belated pleasures; and the news of their financial ruin that is the beginning of the heart-breaking tragedy of "Ultima Thule." The book is distinguished by the superlative characterizations revealed in Mrs. Richardson's previous works.

RIDE THE NIGHTMARE.
By Ward Greene.
Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
$2 7⅝ x 5; 327 pp. *New York*

There is little in common between this story and Mr. Greene's "Cora Potts," published in 1929. The latter was almost pure farce; the former is a dramatic and often horrible story of personality in disintegration. Jake Perry, born in a meagre parsonage in the backwoods of Kentucky, runs away from home in early boyhood, and is soon a figure of consequence in the lower reaches of journalism. He marries the daughter of a small city magnate, proceeds to New York, and there cuts a wide swath in Greenwich Village. The moving force in his life is a sort of grotesque sadism; he gets on by manhandling and devouring those who stand in his way. There is nothing left in him in the end save an insensate rage; he tries to pull down his whole world, and to destroy himself with it. The curtain falls upon his ironical failure. The story is well managed, and has a considerable effectiveness. Mr. Greene writes very well. But most readers, no doubt, will prefer him in the mood of "Cora Potts."

MR. GOLDBERG'S PARTY, *or, Leaves From the Travel Diary of a Young French Nobleman in America.*
By Vicomte Alain de Léché. Louis Carrier & Company
$2 7½ x 5; 127 pp. *Montreal*

Mr. Goldberg is the owner of a chain of coffee stores in Illinois. It is his ambition to be an ambassador, and in Paris he meets two women who promise to help him to that end—one of them an English-

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Editorial NOTES

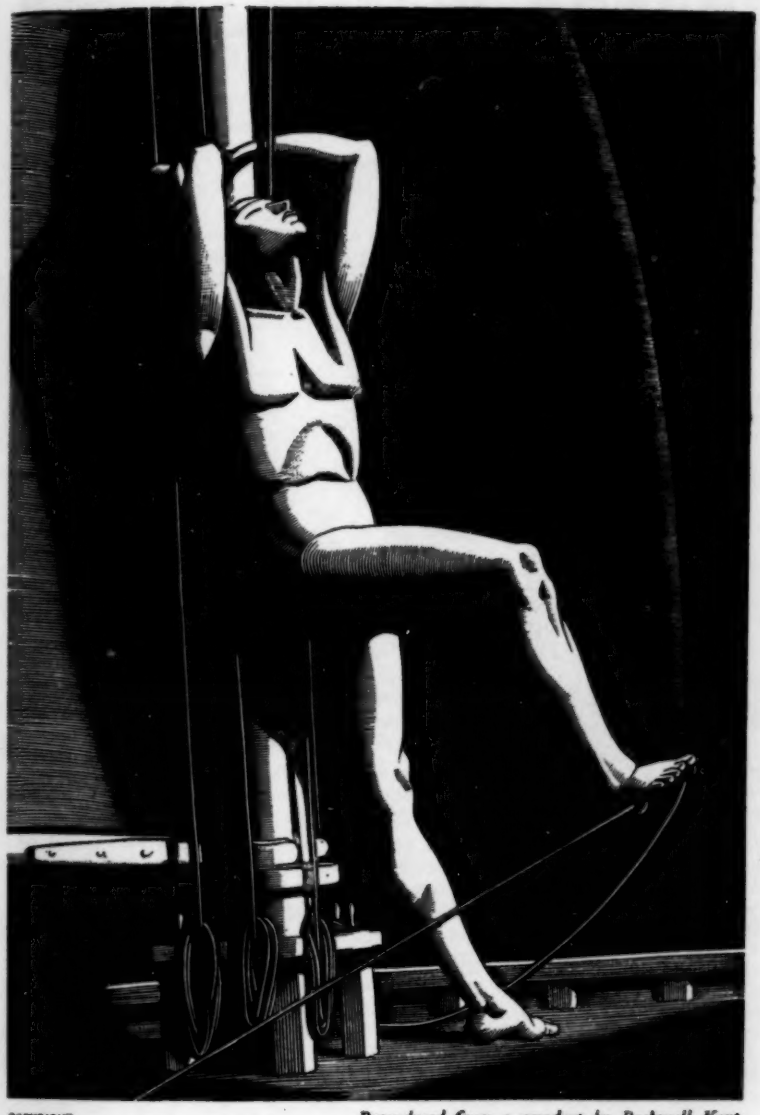
H. L. Blake, author of "Freeman Street Panorama" in this issue, was born on Second avenue in New York City and now lives in the Bronx. He sends in the following autobiographical notes:

My father was an obscure actor until the time of his marriage; after that he was offered featured rôles with stock companies, but it was too late. Always, on his return from a performance in Bayonne or Hoboken, my mother would ask first for his pay; then she would deplore his absences. In the end, he forsook Thespis for a kalsomine brush.

We moved to the Bronx when I was six years old; there I received my grammar-school education. I was inept at mathematics and biology. Offered my choice of high-schools, I chose a downtown *Gymnasium*, famous for its football teams. Somehow, I managed to complete the course in three and a half years.

I had become obsessed with the idea of a stage career and, when I was graduated from high-school I decided I'd go to Broadway rather than to City College, or N. Y. U. I was introduced to a casting agent and spent eight months asking him for a chance. Then I went to work.

I got into the employ of Warner Brothers Pictures, was fired, and then worked for a jeweler, an advertising agency, a press agent and a messenger service. I spent a six months' vacation in employment agencies and finally got another job through a hitherto unexploited method: I went to the office manager of a rubber concern and asked him for work. The job proved unusually noxious, involving yards of statistics on bloomers and brassières. I am working now for Warner Brothers, but somehow I regret the bloomers and brassières.



NIGHT WATCH

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Mediterranean and Morocco

The highway of historical jewels strung on a golden cord of desert sand

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxvi

woman named Lady Juliet and the other a Parisienne known as Mme. Pharaon. Mme. Pharaon returns with him to the United States, and they visit New York, New England, Washington and Chicago. Their adventures, it appears, are supposed to be humorous, but there is actually no more humor in the volume than in a report of the Census Bureau. Anything more dismally fatuous and dull it would be hard to imagine.

HUNTSMAN IN THE SKY.
By Granville Toogood. *Brewer & Warren*
$2.50 7⅜ x 5; 447 pp. *New York*

Bartram Garrison, the prodigal child of one of Philadelphia's first families, goes abroad to study music and there loses the Prix de Rome to a little Jew who tells him that he can't write music because he has never lived anything. "Look at me," Bartram imagines him saying, "I've been along the keel-plates of hell, the grand tour of purgatory. I've known want, hunger, sin and disease, joy, passion, ecstasy and love. And I can write music. . . ." Yet in spite of this illumination Bartram returns to the uninspiring society into which he was born, and has a completely ineffectual love affair with Elaine Anthony, the beautiful daughter of a newly-rich family. In the end he renounces her—though he has never possessed her—as well as Anne Lovell, the other woman who sincerely cares for him, and embraces his ideal of the artist's life. "The artist! The word rang in his mind with a fine, clear clangor, a Hellenic gleam. . . . No other word could ever hold its meaning, nothing on earth could equal its appeal. . . . The artist! . . . To win that name he would go lonely through all eternity." A first novel well above the average.

BOTTOM DOGS.
By Edward Dahlberg. *Simon & Schuster*
$2.50 7¾ x 4½; 269 pp. *New York*

In this story of Lorry Lewis and his mother Lizzie, a lady barber, Mr. Dahlberg has presented a horrifying picture of the lowest level of American life; it is essentially a document rather than a novel, but a document written in the vernacular, rich in detail, and full of casual but vivid characterizations. Witness Lorry's mother and her dreadful aura: "Her face, white with sweaty lines, like that old oily oilcloth he had to eat off on the table. . . . He didn't want to go back to that, watch his mother cook soup in black, sooty pots on that rusty, cockroachy gas range behind the shop; or try to eat his meat while one of the barber girls, coming backshop in her hair-cutting apron, flushed the toilet, which was right next to the

Continued on page xxx

A PICTURE NO ROBOT CAN PAINT!

ONE cannot produce art without feeling. Hence the inadequacy of mechanical rendition of music as a substitute for Living Music.

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icebox, and whose wooden partition only rose half way up to the ceiling and had no roof." D. H. Lawrence has contributed a brief introduction.

PETAL-OF-THE-ROSE.
By Charles Pettit. *Horace Liveright*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 250 pp. *New York*

Petal-of-the-Rose barely escapes death upon the very threshold of her existence when a black hog charges into her bedroom and upsets her cradle. A few months later her mother dies of melancholy and consumption, her father marries "an extremely distinguished young person, and quite as stupid as are many pretty women," and she is well launched upon her regrettable career. At the age of ten, she is confined to the women's apartments and instructed to "speak gently and to maintain in all circumstances an amiable serenity"; but her teacher's back is no sooner turned that she shamelessly exhibits her tiny feet to a handsome young man who confesses that he is a eunuch. And so it goes. . . . She loses her virginity to a Japanese infidel captain who captures the town, and sacks her father's house; she is again ruined by a lama, the manager of a living Buddha, who promises to purify her from her defilement. In the end, she secures a husband of rare merits through the lama's good offices, but long before this has been achieved her life is made a burden by the harangues of her tiresome old father, the scholar Chu Taong Ling. A fairly entertaining book.

THIS IS MY BODY.
By Margery Latimer.
Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
$3 8 x 5¼; 351 pp. *New York*

Megan Foster, the precocious, neurotic daughter of middle class parents, sets out for the State university to experience life. "I love myself! . . . There's no one in the world like me," she tells Miss Holmes, the lady who has "one hundred and fifty little souls on her mind." "I want to develop my highest faculties," she tells the dean of the College of Letters and Science, "I'm going to be a great writer." "I have everything in myself," she tells Thuris Taylor, a member of her English class. "I'm not satisfied with the life people like. I want something better." Whereupon she is cruelly misunderstood and condemned to loneliness. She leaves the university and goes to New York, determined to make her way as a writer; but that likewise fails. She returns to the university, postures as a campus intellectual, and falls in love with Ronald Chadron, editor of the literary magazine. When they are expelled for "being immoral," they set up housekeeping in a dingy room in Greenwich

Continued on page xxxii

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[THE HUMILIATING MOMENT]

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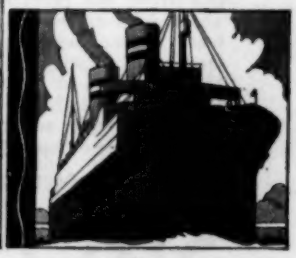

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Village, and spend their days wrangling hopelessly about life and marriage. In the end, when Megan discovers that she is pregnant, she has an abortion and goes to the Salvation Army Headquarters to live. "Oh, where is the good life? Oh, what do I do?" A very uneven performance: Miss Latimer writes with considerable skill but many of the subjective passages in her book are completely unintelligible.

OREGON DETOUR.
By Nard Jones. *Payson & Clarke*
$2.50 7¾ x 5; 283 pp. *New York*

The town of Creston is situated in the midst of the wheat lands of Eastern Oregon. Its civilization is typically American: the people grow wheat, earn comfortable livings, speculate upon the crops, buy new automobiles and houses and radios, drive, with a sense of superiority, to the neighboring towns of Athena and Pendleton for dances, neck half-heartedly but with a thrilling sense of guilt, raise families, affect the sophistications of Portland, the nearest city, drink white whiskey, flirt with one another's wives, and gossip endlessly. Against this background Mr. Jones sketches the love story of Etta Dant and Charlie Fraser, two adolescents who come to an impasse when Charlie falls in love with the wanton Peg Mongsen, but who are reconciled when Peg is killed riding with Charlie after a dance. "So many Creston affairs were like that," muses Etta. "The wife or the husband knowing and the people of Creston all knowing. And then it would stop, and you would think that nothing had ever happened. . . . Now she was one of these, and she was curious to know whether all such wives just let it pass. . . . But she and Charlie weren't through. They would go on and on until one of them died—with always this thing between them which didn't make it any easier." A distinguished first novel.

NEW FINANCIAL BOOKS

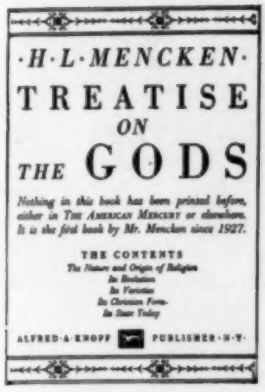
A HISTORY OF FINANCIAL SPECULATION.
By R. H. Mottram. *Little, Brown & Company*
$4 8¼ x 6; 317 pp. *Boston*

This is the first history of financial speculation. Mr. Mottram, author of "The Spanish Farm" trilogy, approaches the subject with something more than a facile pen, for he was for many years a banker. In swift-moving pages he sketches the early history of finance and credit in the Italian and Northern European cities. John Law and the Mississippi Bubble, Walpole and the Mississippi Scheme, and the rise of the house of Rothschild are vividly sketched. The distinguishing feature of the modern period is the sense of responsibility to the community of leading

Continued on page xxxiv

H. L. MENCKEN'S BEST-SELLER

TREATISE ON THE GODS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ON
THE GODS
Nothing in this book has been printed before, either in The American Mercury or elsewhere. It is the first book by Mr. Mencken since 1927.
THE CONTENTS
The Nature and Origin of Religion
Its Evolution
Its Varieties
Its Christian Form
Its State Today
ALFRED·A·KNOPF PUBLISHER·N·Y·

This daring survey of religion is the greatest triumph of Mr. Mencken's career. He has been read widely in the past and has received his share of appreciation and more than his share of abuse, but never before has he written a book so universal in its scope, so undeniably provocative, that it has become a best-seller. Never before has his audience been so wide. The following excerpt is from one of the many reviews that have appeared in all parts of the country in an astonishingly diversified list of periodicals.

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financiers who, when it is necessary, pledge, in the interests of common safety, the credit of their own institutions to support firms who have no legal claim upon them. London's supremacy, the writer believes, has been lost to New York. South African gold production and not the South African War "dealt a mortal blow to that unique security known in England as consols." The book has an index, and a bibliography. The illustrations are well chosen.

FOREIGN SECURITIES.
By John T. Madden & Marcus Nadler.
The Ronald Press
$5 8¾ x 6; 452 pp. *New York*

Dr. Maden, dean of the School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance at New York University, and Dr. Nadler, research director of the Institute of International Finance, have analyzed the financial, legal and political factors of foreign government and mortgage bank bonds. The chief contribution which they have made is a detailed analysis of the gold clause. It seems that foreign governments have not hesitated to take advantage of flimsy pretexts to pay their debts in depreciated currency. The attitude of the French courts toward foreign debtors has been exceptionally fair. With regard to the position of secured loans in case of default, the conclusion is reached that "the lending banking house or the investor, by appealing for relief through intervention to his government, usually has a better chance of obtaining the coöperation of the government if there exists a specific pledge." Issue is taken with the economists who regard the transfer problem of Germany as a myth. Such documents as the regulations in Germany concerning the issue of foreign loans and the Peruvian Enabling Act might better have been summarized in the text, and placed in an appendix. There is an excellent bibliography, and an index.

THE ECONOMIC EFFECTS OF PUBLIC DEBTS.
By Shutaro Matsushita. The Columbia University Press
$3 9 x 6; 186 pp. *New York*

This is a theoretical analysis of the economic effects of public debts. Heretofore, the literature on the subject has been scattered and fragmentary. The views of both leading and obscure economists and publicists are presented. That the essay is not purely theoretical is obvious from the criticism of tax exempt securities, and from such a statement as this: "The financial condition of the United States has been abnormal for the last seven or eight years, and it cannot continue very long without destroying the credit of the European countries." The contention that it is economi-

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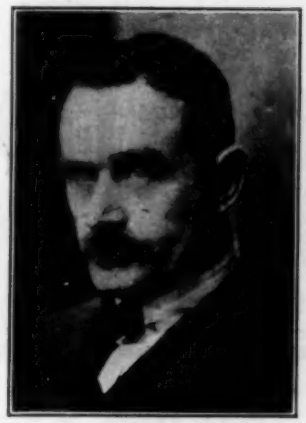
By THOMAS MANN

Author of THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN

WINNER IN 1929
OF THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE

A MAN AND HIS DOG

Translated by Herman George Scheffauer



THOMAS MANN

Was born in Lübeck in 1875 where his father was a merchant. His mother, though brought up in Germany, was South American of German Creole descent, and presumably it is from her that he inherited his fondness for the Latin countries which later centered on Italy. When Thomas Mann was nineteen his father died, and he and his mother moved to Munich, where he went to work in an insurance office. Although he had done some writing as a boy at school, the first work to appear with his name was a poem published in 1893. In 1894 he gave up his position in order to devote his entire time to writing. He married in 1905 four years after the publication of his first great novel, Buddenbrooks. He is the father of three girls and three boys.

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cally disadvantageous for a nation to maintain the principal of a debt because the bondholders form a class which is guaranteed a living without labor is strange in a book by an author who is opposed to the capital levy. Dr. Matsushita is a student of Dr. E. R. A. Seligman. The book has a bibliography and an index.

HIGH FINANCE IN THE SIXTIES.
Edited by Frederick C. Hicks.
The Yale University Press
$5 9½ x 6¼; 410 pp. *New Haven*

"A Chapter of Erie," by Charles Francis Adams, Jr., is the most famous paper on American financial history, but it was long out of print. Professor Frederick C. Hicks of the Yale School of Law has performed a distinct service in reprinting this essay, together with others illustrating financial buccaneering of seventy years ago. Among the latter are articles by Jeremiah S. Black and George Ticknor Curtis, two bigwigs of the day, in defence of the Erie interests and of Mr. David Dudley Field's actions. Looking back at the episodes, with their multitudinous injunctions, suits and counter-suits, and the looting of the Erie treasury, one wonders whether better material for comic opera ever existed. At that time, however, it required courage to attack Fisk, Drew and Vanderbilt. In fact, Samuel Bowles, editor of the Springfield *Republican*, spent a night in jail for a critical editorial on Jim Fisk. Mr. Black, a noted constitutional lawyer, defended Mr. Field's repeated "influencing" of the accommodating Judge Barnard. Because of Barnard's alleged corruption, Mr. Field's applications for *ex parte* injunctions were made before him to down suspicion. Eventually, the judge was impeached by the virtuous New York Assembly. Professor Hicks contributes an introduction supplying the necessary background, as well as a chronology of events, and a bibliography.

MISCELLANEOUS

MENTAL RADIO.
By Upton Sinclair. *Upton Sinclair*
$3 8¼ x 5⅛; 239 pp. *Pasadena, Calif.*

Mr. Sinclair's interest in scientific matters is well known. He was one of the first to hail the revolutionary reforms in diagnosis and therapeutics of the late Albert Abrams of San Francisco, and he has himself helped to develop the fasting treatment for epilepsy, locomotor ataxia, ulcerated leg, chills and fever, tuberculosis, asthma, pleurisy and cancer. He is also adept in sociology, and has proved that "there never would have been any capitalism in the world

Continued on page xxxviii

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if it had not been for alcohol." In the present volume he turns to the realm of the mind. The transference of thought, he says, is not a mere supposition; it is a provable fact. And so, in twenty-six chapters, he proceeds to prove it. No doubt there are materialists who will greet his evidence with ribald winks, but it will probably be convincing enough to his fellow Socialists. His treatise is well illustrated, but lacks an index.

21 DELIGHTFUL WAYS OF COMMITTING SUICIDE.
By Jean Bruller. *Covici-Friede*
$2 9½ x 6¼; 86 pp. *New York*

This pioneering and instructive book was first published in Paris by the author two years ago, under the title, "21 Recettes Pratiques de Mort Violente." It was reviewed in The Library for January, 1928. The present English translation is a good one, but unfortunately the name of the translator is not given. There is a preface by Corey Ford, which adds nothing to the value of the volume. The illustrations by the author are superb.

WHY YOU WIN OR LOSE.
By Fred C. Kelly. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$2 7½ x 4¼; 177 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Kelly is a Scotsman, a newspaper man, and a very shrewd amateur psychologist. Some years ago, becoming interested in the stock market, he began to play it regularly—but only in his imagination: no money was actually put down. Having got the hang of the game and come to certain conclusions about its basic rules, he finally ventured to buy some actual stocks, and since then he has been in the market steadily. His success has been extraordinary; he even avoided losses "during much of 1929." In this little book he sets forth his principles. The chief of them is that the winning speculator is simply that one who finds out what the crowd is likely to do, and then does the opposite. In other words, he sees speculation as a practical exercise in mob psychology. It must be said for him that he sets forth his ideas very plausibly, and is unfailingly interesting. Part of his book has appeared in the form of contributions to THE AMERICAN MERCURY. There is a preface by Dr. John B. Watson, the behaviorist.

SHEEP.
By Archer B. Gilfillan. *Little, Brown & Company*
$2.50 8⅛ x 5⅜; 272 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Gilfillan was born in Minnesota, the son of a missionary to the Ojibwa Indians, and in youth aspired to the shroud of a theologian. But just before

Continued on page xl

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taking orders he found himself harboring doubts, and so he went to the Far West to grow up with the country. He is now a sheepherder in North Dakota, and in his book he describes his daily work and tells a lot that is unfamiliar about the sheep industry. The herds out in those wilds are of large size, and caring for them has been put on a more or less scientific basis. Mr. Gilfillan goes the round of the seasons with his flock, from the lambing in the Spring to the horrible blizzards of Winter. He writes pleasantly and his narrative is very charming.

NEW-YORK.
By Paul Morand. *Ernest Flammarion*
Fr. 12 7⅛ x 4¾; 283 pp. *Paris*

M. Morand divides New York into three parts, the lower city, the middle and the upper, and describes each of them separately. His acquaintance with the town is wide and intimate, and embraces all sorts of oddities. Like most foreigners, he is greatly impressed by its feverish and unceasing activity, its incessant air of circus day. "New York," he says, "never rests, never relaxes." All the amenities of life in other great capitals have given way to a childish, somewhat pathetic yearning for ever fresh and more thumping sensations. M. Morand reports his observations in great detail: not much that is worth noting escapes him. His nervous, electric prose well matches his theme.

AMERICAN BOOK-PRICES CURRENT, 1929.
Compiled by Mary Houston Warren.
The R. R. Bowker Company
$20 8⅛ x 5⅜; 798 pp. *New York*

The auction sales reported in this volume are 79 in number and include the Kern sale at the Anderson Galleries, in January, 1929. The dates run from June 26, 1928, to May 11, 1929. Since then there have been lamentable events in Wall Street, and rare-book prices have taken a considerable tumble. The present, indeed, is an excellent time to buy. Most of the books here listed could probably be bought, at the moment, for much less than the prices given, and most of them, soon or late, will go on to prices even higher. This is especially true of such things as the 1855 "Leaves of Grass," which brought $3300 at the Raymond sale, $3450 at the Cohen sale, and, with some autographs added, $3400 at the Kern sale. It will be bringing $10,000 before all the men now alive are angels, and maybe more. Miss Warren has done her work competently and the volume is clearly printed and substantially bound. A list of American dealers in rare books appears at the end. It is not complete, and

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those dealers whose names appear in bold-faced type are not always the leaders in their towns.

THE PRINT COLLECTOR.
By Muriel Clayton. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$4 8¾ x 5⅝; 282 pp. *New York*

They who collect prints will feel a debt of gratitude to Miss Clayton for this book. It is full of odd and out-of-the-way information. There are chapters on lithography, soft-ground etching, wood-engraving, line-engraving, mezzotint engraving, stipple engraving, aquatint engraving, color prints, and modern etching. Throughout there are many charming biographical sketches of the masters, and a generous number of superb illustrations. Miss Clayton commands a pleasing style. She is assistant in the Department of Engraving, Illustration and Design of Victoria and Albert Museum. There is a bibliography, and also an index.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF JOHN DEWEY.
By Milton Halsey Thomas & Herbert Wallace Schneider. *The Columbia University Press*
$3 8⅞ x 5¾; 151 pp. *New York*

This is the most complete bibliography of Dewey in print. It lists all of his writings up to and including June, 1929, and all that has been written about him. There are more than 500 Dewey items, and about 200 dealing with him. Reviews of his books and translations are also listed. Mr. Thomas is curator of the Columbiana Collection of Columbia, and Dr. Schneider is professor of religion at the same university. For a frontispiece there is a reproduction of a painting of Dr. Dewey, and for an introduction there is a brief discussion of his empiricism. There is also an excellent index.

EDGAR ALLAN POE: *A Series of 17 Letters.*
By Alfred Russell Wallace.
The Union Square Bookshop
$2 8 x 5½; 18 pp. *New York*

The dates of these letters run from October, 1903, to March, 1904, and all of them are addressed to one Ernest Marriott. They throw an amusing light upon Wallace's credulity, so obvious otherwise in his well-known belief in table-tapping. His brother in California sent him a copy of a poem, "Leonainie" by title, credited to Poe, and he accepted Poe's authorship at once, and proceeded to praise it as superior to "The Raven" and "Annabel Lee." When he was told that the piece was actually written by James Whitcomb Riley, as a hoax, he refused to believe it. Incidentally, he induced W. L. Courtney, then editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, to give him space to discuss the matter, and before he had finished he had made a thumping ass of himself. The letters are full of odd nonsense.